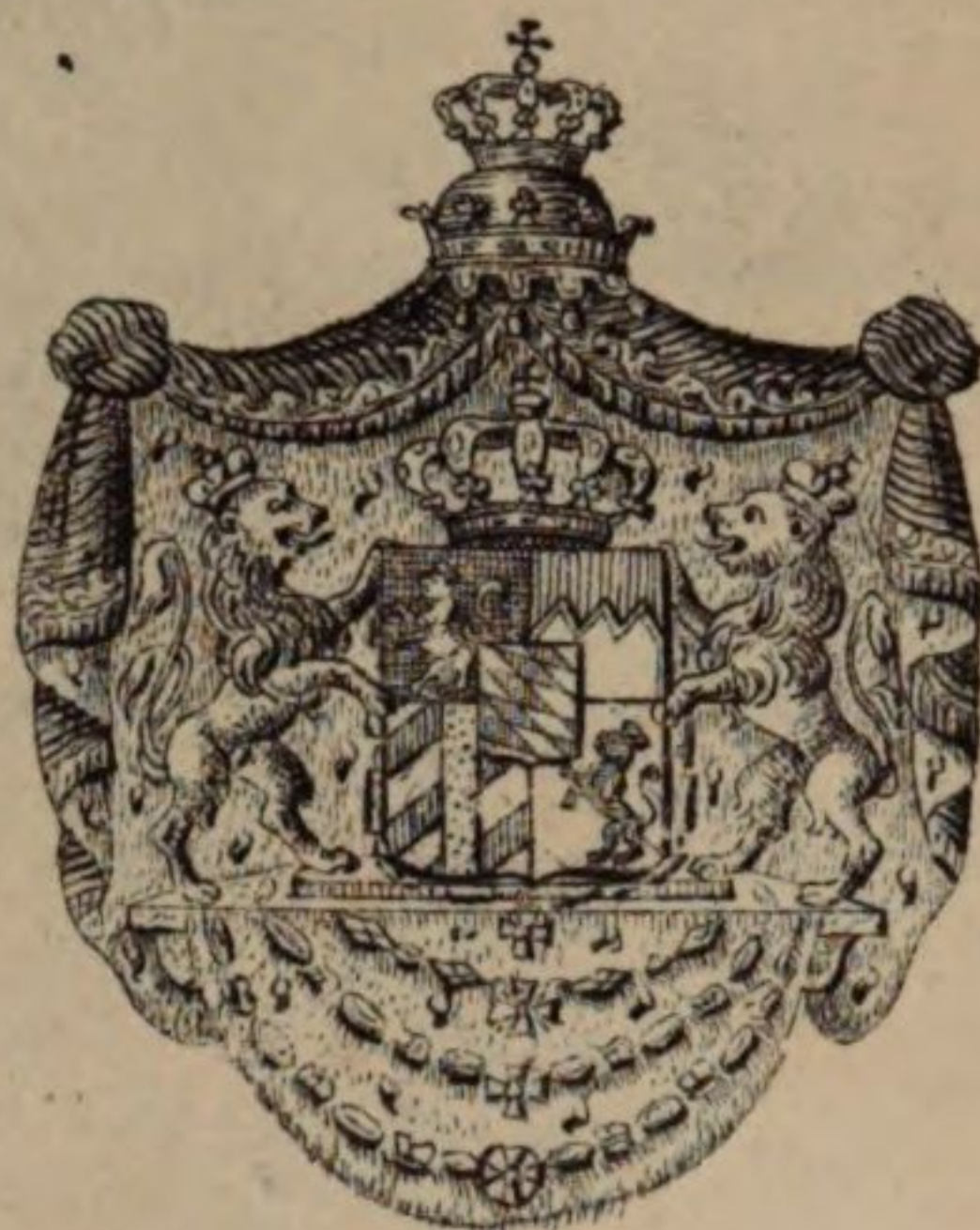




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THE
WORKS
OF
Sir JOHN SUCKLING.
Containing His
POEMS,
LETTERS
AND
PLAYS.



L O N D O N :

Printed for Jacob Tonson, within Grays-Inn
Gate, next Grays-Inn Lane. MDCCIX.





THE
PREFACE.

IT is not from any Necessity these Poems lye under of being recommended to the World, but from a Sense of Justice due to the Memory of the Author, that I have taken this Occasion of prefixing a short Account of his Life and Writings.

He was Son to Sir *John Suckling*, Comptroller of the Household to King *Charles I.* He was born at *Witham*, in the County of *Middlesex*, in the Year 1613, with a remarkable circumstance of his Mother's going'till the Eleventh Month with him, which the Naturalists look upon as a Sign of an hardy and vigorous Constitution; and it is certain, the Slowness of his Birth was sufficiently made up in the

Quickness, Strength, and Pregnancy of his Parts, which he first discovered by his strange Propensity to Languages; infomuch that he is said to have spoke *Latin* at five Years old, and to have writ it at nine.

From this early Foundation, he proceeded in the course of his Studies, to apply the use of Words to the attainment of the Arts and Sciences, most of which he arrived to in an eminent degree. Those which he more particularly admired, were *Musick* and *Poetry*; and tho' he excelled in both, he professed neither, so as to make them his Business, but used them rather as his Mistresses, to soften the harshness and driness of his other Studies, just as his Leisure or Fancy inclined him. His Learning in other kinds was polite and general; and tho' the Sprightliness and Vivacity of his Temper would not suffer him to be long intent upon one Study, yet he had that which made amends for it in his Strength of Genius and Capacity, which required less Pains and Application in him, than it did in others, to make himself Master of it.

When he had taken a Survey of the most remarkable things at Home, he Travell'd to digest and enlarge his Notions from a view of
other

other Countries; where he made a Collection of their Virtues, without any tincture of their Vices and Follies, only that some thought he had a little too much of the *French* Air, which being not so agreeable to the Gravity and Solidity, for which his Father was remarkable, or indeed to the Severity of the Times he lived in, was imputed to him as a Fault, and the effect of his Travels. But it was certainly rather Natural than acquired in him, the easiness of his Carriage and Address being suitable to the openness of his Heart, and to the Gaiety, Wit and Gallantry, which were so conspicuous in him; and he seems all along to have piqued himself upon nothing more than the Character of a *Courtier*, and a *Fine Gentleman*, which he so far attained to, that he was allowed to have the peculiar happiness of making every thing he did, become him.

He was not so devoted to the Muses, or to the softness and luxury of Courts, as to be wholly a Stranger to the Camp. In his Travels he made a Campaign under the Great *Gustavus Adolphus*, where he was present at three Battels, and five Sieges, besides other Skirmishes between Parties; and from such a considerable Scene of Action, gain'd as much Experience in six Months, as otherwise he might

might have done in as many Years. And after his return to his Country, he raised a Troop of Horfe for the King's Service entirely at his own Charge, and so richly and compleatly mounted, that it stood him in 12000 *l.* But his Endeavours did not meet with the Success he promised himself for his Majesty's Service, which he laid very much to Heart, and soon after this Miscarriage was seized with a Fever, of which he died at 28 Years of Age. In which short space he had done enough to procure him the Love and Esteem of all the Politest Men who conversed with him: But as he had set out in the World with all the advantages of Birth and Person, Education, Parts and Fortune, he had raised Peoples Expectation of him to a prodigious height; and if his Character does not appear enough distinguish'd in the History of those Times, it can be ascribed to nothing but the Immaturity of his Death, which did not allow him time for Action.

I will not trouble the Reader with any other Character of his Writings, than what has been given of them by Mr. *Lloyd* in his *Memoirs*; That his Poems are clean, sprightly and Natural; his Discourses full and convincing; his Plays well-humour'd and taking; his

his Letters fragrant and sparkling. He observes further, that his Thoughts were not so loose as his Expressions, nor his Life so vain as his Thoughts, and at the same time makes an allowance for his Youth and Sanguine Complexion, which would easily have been rectified by a little more Time and Experience. Of this we have Instances in his Occasional Discourse about Religion to *My Lord Dorset*, to whom he had the honour to be related, and in his Thoughts of the Posture of Affairs in the State to *Mr. Fermin*, afterwards *Earl of St. Albans*; in both which he has discovered, that he could think as coolly, and reason as justly, as Men of more Years, and less Fire. 'Tis in regard to these Thoughts, with some other Sentences of Religion and Morality, which he delivered to his Friends about him in the time of his Sickneſs, that *Mr. Lloyd* thus concludes his Account of him.

Ne hæ Zelantis animæ Sacriores

Scintillulæ ipsum, unde deciderant, spirantes

*Cælum, & Author Magnus ipsâ, quam
Aliis dedit, careret memoriâ; Interesse*

Posteris putavimus brevem Honoratissimi

Viri Johannis Sucklingii vitam historiâ

Esse perennandam.

Ut

Utpote qui Nobilissimâ Sucklingiorum Fa-
miliâ oriundus, cui tantum reddidit, quantum
accepit, honorem, Nat. Cal. April 1613. Wi-
thamiæ in Agro Middlef. Renatus ibid. Maii
7^{mo}. & denatus 164— haud jam Trigesimus, &
scriptu dignissima fecit, & factu dignissima scrip-
sit, Calamo pariter & gladio celebris, pacis
Artium gnarus, & belli.

ON



O N
New-Year's DAY, 1640.
To the KING.

I.



Wake, great Sir! the Sun shines here,
Gives all your Subjects a New-Year,
Only we stay till you appear;
For thus by us your Pow'r is understood,
He may make fair Days, you must make
Awake, awake, [them good.
And take

Such Presents as poor Men can make:
They can add little unto Bliss
Who cannot wish.



II.

May no ill Vapour cloud the Sky,
Bold Storms invade the Sovereignty;
But Gales of Joy, so fresh, so high,
That you may think Heav'n sent to try this Year,
What Sail or Burthen, a King's Mind cou'd bear.
Awake, awake, &c.

III.

May all the Discords in your State,
Like those in Musick we create,
Be govern'd at so wise a rate,

B

That

That what wou'd of it self sound harsh, or fright,
May be so temper'd that it may delight.

Awake, awake, &c.

IV.

What Conquerors from Battels find,
Or Lovers when their Doves are kind,
Take up henceforth our Master's Mind,
Make such strange Rapes upon the Place, 't may be
No longer Joy there, but an Extasie.

Awake, awake, &c.

V.

May every Pleasure and Delight
That has or does your Sense invite
Double this Year, save those o'th' Night:
For such a Marriage-Bed must know no more
Than Repetition of what was before.

Awake, awake,

And take

Such Presents as poor Men can make;

They can add little unto Biss

Who cannot wish.

Loving and Belov'd.

I.

THERE never yet was honest Man
That ever drove the Trade of Love;
It is impossible, nor can
Integrity our Ends promote:
For Kings and Lovers are alike in this
That their chief Art in Reign Dissembling is.

II.

Here we are lov'd, and there we love;
Good Nature now and Passion strive

Which

Which of the two shou'd be above,
And Laws unto the other give,
So we false Fire with Art sometimes discover,
And the true Fire with the same Art do cover.

III.

What Rack can Fancy find so high?
Here we must court, and here ingage;
Tho' in the other Place we die.

'Tis Torture all, and Cozenage;
And which the harder is I cannot tell,
To hide true Love, or make false Love look well.

IV.

Since it is thus, God of Desire,
Give me my Honesty again,
And take thy Brands back, and thy Fire;
I'm weary of the State I'm in:
Since, if the very best should now befall,
Love's Triumph, must be Honour's Funeral.

I.

IF, when Don *Cupid's* Dart
Doth wound a Heart,
We hide our Grief
And shun Relief;
The Smart increaseth on that Score;
For Wounds unsearcht but rankle more.

II.

Then if we whine, look pale,
And tell our Tale,
Men are in Pain
For us again;
So neither speaking doth become
The Lovers State, nor being dumb.

III.

When this I do descry,
Then thus think I,

Love is the Fart
Of every Heart:

It pains a Man when 'tis kept close,
And others does offend, when 'tis let loose.

A Session of the POETS.

A Session was held the other Day,
And *Apollo* himself was at it, they say,
The Laurel that had been so long reserv'd,
Was now to be given to him best deserv'd.

And therefore the Wits of the Town came thither,
'Twas strange to see how they flocked together,
Each strongly confident of his own Way,
Thought to gain the Laurel away that Day.

There was *Selden*, and he sat close by the Chair;
Wainman not far off, which was very fair;
Sands with *Townsend*, for they kept no Order;
Digby and *Shillingworth* a little further:

There was *Lucan's* Translator too, and he
That makes God speak so big in's Poetry:
Selwin and *Waller*, and *Bartlets* both the Brothers;
Jack Vaughan and *Porter*, and divers others.

The first that broke Silence was good old *Ben*,
Prepar'd before with Canary Wine,
And he told them plainly he deserv'd the Bays,
For his were call'd Works, where others were but Plays.

And bid them remember how he had purg'd the Stage
Of Errors that had lasted many an Age,
And he hop'd they did not think the *silent Woman*,
The *Fox*, and the *Alchymist* out done, by no Man.

Apollo

Apollo stopt him there, and bid him not go on,
'Twas Merit, he said, and not Presumption
Must carry't; at which *Ben* turned about
And in great Choler offer'd to go out:

But those that were there thought it not fit
To discontent so ancient a Wit;
And therefore *Apollo* call'd him back again,
And made him mine Host of his own *New Inn*.

Tom Carew was next, but he had a Fault
That wou'd not well stand with a Laureat;
His Muse was hard bound, and th' Issue of's Brain
Was seldom brought forth but with Trouble and Pain.

And all that were present there did agree,
A Laureat Muse shou'd be easie and free,
Yet sure 'twas not that, but 'twas thought that his Grace
Consider'd he was well he had a Cup-Bearer's Place.

Will Davenant, asham'd of a foolish Mischance
That he had got lately travelling in *France*,
Modestly hop'd the Handsomeness of's Muse
Might any Deformity about him excuse.

And surely the Company wou'd have been content,
If they cou'd have found any President;
But in all their Records, either in Verse or Prose,
There was not one Laureat without a Nose.

To *Will Bartlet* sure all the Wits meant well,
But first they wou'd see how his Snow wou'd sell:
Will smil'd, and swore in their Judgments they went less,
That concluded of Merit upon Success.

Suddenly taking his Place again,
He gave way to *Selwin*, who streight stept in;
But alas! he had been so lately a Wit,
That *Apollo* himself scarce knew him yet.

Toby Matthews (Pox on him) how came he there?
 Was whispering Nothing in Somebody's Ear,
 When he had the Honour to be nam'd in Court,
 But Sir, you may thank my *Lady Carleil* for't:

For had not her Character furnisht you out
 With something of handsome, without all doubt
 You and your sorry Lady-Muse had been
 In the Number of those that were not let in.

In haſt from the Court two or three came in,
 And they brought Letters, forſooth, from the Queen,
 'Twas diſcreetly done too, for if th' had come
 Without them, th' had ſcarce been let into the Room.

This made a Diſpute; for 'twas plain to be ſeen
 Each Man had a Mind to gratifie the Queen:
 But *Apollo* himſelf could not think it fit;
 There was Difference, he ſaid, betwixt Fooling and Wit.

SUCKLING next was call'd, but did not appear,
 But ſtreight one whiſper'd *Apollo* i' th' Ear,
 That of all Men living he cared not for't,
 He lov'd not the Muſes ſo well as his Sport;

And priz'd black Eyes, or a lucky Hit
 At Bowls, above all the Trophies of Wit;
 But *Apollo* was angry, and publickly ſaid
 Twere fit that a Fine were ſet upon's Head.

Wat Montague now ſtood forth to his Trial,
 And did not ſo much as ſuſpect a Denial;
 But witty *Apollo* as'd him firſt of all
 If he underſtood his own Paſtoral.

For if he cou'd do it, 'twou'd plainly appear
 He underſtood more than any Man there,
 And did merit the Bays above all the reſt,
 But the *Monſieur* was modeſt; and Silence confeſt.

During

During these Troubles in the Court was hid
One that *Apollo* soon mis'd, little *Cid*;
And having spy'd him, call'd him out of the Throng,
And advis'd him in his Ear not to write so strong.

Murrey was summon'd, but 'twas urg'd, that he
Was chief already of another Company,

Hales set by himself most gravely did smile
To see them about nothing keep such a Coil;
Apollo had spy'd him, but knowing his Mind
Past by, and call'd *Falkland*, that fate just behind;

But he was of late so gone with Divinity,
That he had almost forgot his Poetry,
Though to say the Truth, and *Apollo* did know it,
He might have been both his Priest and his Poet.

At length who but an Alderman did appear,
At which *Will Davenant* began to swear;
But wiser *Apollo* bade him draw nigher,
And, when he was mounted a little higher,

He openly declar'd, that the best Sign
Of good Store of Wit's to have good Store of Coyn,
And without a Syllable more or less said,
He put the Laurel on the Alderman's Head.

At this all the Wits were in such a maze
That, for a good while, they did nothing but gaze
One upon another; not a Man in the Place
But had Discontent writ at large in his Face.

Only the small Poets chear'd up again,
Out of Hope, as 'twas thought, of borrowing;
But sure they were out, for he forfeits his Crown
When he lends to any Poet about the Town.

LOVE's WORLD.

IN each Man's Heart that doth begin
 To love, there's ever fram'd within
 A little World, for so I found,
 When first my Passion Reason drown'd.

Instead of *Earth* unto this Frame,
 I had a Faith was still the same,
 For to be right it doth behoove
 It be as that, fixt and not move.

Yet, as the Earth may sometimes shake
 (For Winds shut up will cause a quake)
 So often Jealousie, and Fear,
 Stoll'n into mine, cause Tremblings there.

My *Flora* was my *Sun*, for as
 One *Sun*, so but one *Flora* was:
 All other Faces borrow'd hence
 Their Light and Grace, as Stars do thence.

My Hopes I call my *Moon*; for they
 Inconstant still, were at no stay;
 But as my Sun inclin'd to me,
 Or more or less were sure to be.

Sometimes it would be full, and then
 Oh! too too soon decrease again;
 Eclips'd sometimes, that 'twou'd so fall
 There wou'd appear no Hope at all.

My Thoughts, cause infinite they be,
 Must be those many *Stars* we see;
 Of which some wander'd at their Will,
 But most on her were *fixed* still.

My burning Flame and hot Desire
 Must be the *Element of Fire*,

Which

Which hath as yet so secret been
That it as that was never seen:

No Kitchen Fire, nor eating Flame,
But innocent, hot, but in Name;
A Fire that's starv'd when fed, and gone
When too much Fuel is laid on;

But, as it plainly doth appear,
That Fire subsists by being near
The Moon's bright Orb, so I believe
Ours doth, for Hope keeps Love alive.

My Fancy was the *Air*, most free
And full of Mutability,
Big with Chimera's, Vapours here
Innumerable hatch'd as there.

The *Sea's* my Mind, which calm would be
Were it from Winds, my Passions, free;
But out alas! no Sea I find
Is troubled like a Lover's Mind.

Within it Rocks and Shallows be,
Despair, and fond Credulity.

But in this World it were good Reason
We did distinguish time and Season;
Her Presence then did make the *Day*,
And *Night* shall come when she's away.

Long Absence in far distant Place
Creates the *Winter*; and the Space
She tarry'd with me, well I might
Call it my *Summer* of Delight.

Diversity of Weather came
From what she did, and thence had Name;
Sometimes she'd smile, that made it fair;
And when she laught, the Sun shin'd clear.

Sometimes she'd frown, and sometimes weep,
 So Clouds and Rain their turns do keep;
 Sometimes again she'd be all Ice,
 Extreemly cold, extreemly nice.

But soft my Muse, the World is wide,
 And all at once was not descry'd:
 It may fall out some honest Lover
 The rest hereafter will discover.

S O N G.

WH Y so pale and wan, fond Lover?
 Prethee why so pale?
 Will, when looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill prevail?
 Prethee why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young Sinner?
 Prethee why so mute?
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing do't?
 Prethee why so mute?

Quit, quit for Shame! this will not move,
 This cannot take her;
 If of her self she will not love,
 Nothing can make her: —
 The Devil take her.

S O N N E T I.

I.

DO S T see how unregarded now
 That Piece of Beauty passes?
 There was a time when I did vow
 To that alone;
 But mark the Fate of Faces;

That

That Red and White works now no more on me,
Than if it cou'd not charm, or I not see.

II.

And yet the Face continues good,
And I have still Desires,
Am still the self-same Flesh and Blood,
As apt to melt
And suffer from those Fires ;
Oh ! some kind Power unriddle where it lyes,
Whether my Heart be faulty, or her Eyes.

III.

She every Day her Man does kill,
And I as often die ;
Neither her Power then, nor my Will
Can question'd be,
What is the Mystery ?
Sure Beauty's Empires, like to greater States,
Have certain Periods set, and hidden Fates.

SONNET II.

I.

OF thee, kind Boy, I ask no Red and White
To make up my Delight,
No odd becoming Graces,
Black Eyes, or little know-not-whats, in Faces ;
Make me but mad enough, give me good Store
Of Love, for her I court,
I ask no more ;
'Tis Love in Love that makes the Sport.

II.

There's no such thing as that we Beauty call,
It is meer Cozenage all ;

For,

For, tho' some long ago
 Lik'd certain Colours mingl'd so and so,
 That does not tie me now from chusing new,
 If I a Fancy take
 To black and blue,
 That Fancy doth it Beauty make.

III.

'Tis not the Meat, but 'tis the Appetite
 Makes eating a Delight,
 And if I like one Dish
 More than another, That a Pheasant is;
 What in our Watches, that in us is found,
 So to the height and nick
 We up be wound.
 No matter by what Hand or Trick.

SONNET III.

I.

OH! for some honest Lover's Ghost,
 Some kind unbody'd Post
 Sent from the Shades below;
 I strangely long to know
 Whether the nobler Chaplets wear,
 Those that their Mistress Scorn did bear.
 Or those that were us'd kindly.

II.

For what-foe'er they tell us here
 To make those Sufferings dear;
 'Twill there, I fear, be found,
 That to the being crown'd,
 T'have lov'd alone will not suffice,
 Unless we also have been Wise,
 And have our Loves enjoy'd.

III. What

III.

What Posture can we think him in,
 That here unlov'd again
 Departs, and's thither gone
 Where each sits by his own?
 Or how can that *Elizium* be,
 Were I my Mistress still must see
 Circled in others Arms?

IV.

For there the Judges all are just,
 And *Sophonisba* must
 Be his whom she held dear:
 Not his who lov'd her here:
 The sweet *Philoclea*, since she dy'd
 Lyes by her *Pirocles* his Side.
 Not by *Amphialus*.

V.

Some Bays, perchance, or Myrtle bought
 For Difference crowns the Brow
 Of those kind Souls that were
 The noble Martyrs here;
 And if that be the only odds,
 As who can tell? ye kinder Gods,
 Give me the Woman here.

*To the Lord Lepington, upon his
 Translation of Malvezzi his Ro-
 mulus and Tarquin.*

IT is so rare and a new thing to see
 I Ought that belongs to young Nobility
 In Print (but their own Cloaths) that we must praise.
 You, as we wou'd do those first shew the Ways

To

To Arts, or to new Worlds: You have begun,
 Taught travell'd Youth what 'tis it shou'd have done:
 For't has indeed too strong a Custom been
 To carry out more Wit than we bring in.
 You have done otherwise, brought home (my Lord)
 The choicest things fam'd Countries do afford:
Malvezzi by your Means is *English* grown,
 And speaks our Tongue now as well as his own,
Malvezzi, he, whom 'tis as hard to praise
 To merit, as to imitate his Ways.
 He does not shew us *Rome* great suddenly,
 As if the Empire were a Tympany,
 But gives it natural Growth, tells how, and why
 The little Body grew so large and high,
 Describes each thing so lively, that we are
 Concern'd our selves before we are aware:
 And at the Wars they and their Neighbours wag'd,
 Each Man is present still and still engag'd.
 Like a good Perspective he strangely brings
 Things distant to us; and in these two Kings
 We see what made Greatness, and what 't has been
 Made that Greatness contemptible again.
 And all this not tediously deriv'd,
 But like the Worlds in little Maps contriv'd.
 'Tis he that does the *Roman* Dame restore,
 Makes *Lucrece* chaster for her being Whore;
 Gives her a kind Revenge for *Tarquin's* Sin;
 For ravish'd first, she ravishes again.
 She says such fine things after, that we must
 In spite of Virtue thank foul Rape and Lust,
 Since 'twas the cause no Woman wou'd have had,
 Though she's of *Lucrece* Side, *Tarquin* less bad.
 But stay; — like one that thinks to bring his Friend
 A Mile or two, and sees the Journey's end,
 I straggle on too far: Long Graces do
 But keep good Stomachs off that wou'd fall too.

Against

Against Fruition.

STAY here, fond Youth! and ask no more, be wise,
Knowing too much long since lost Paradise;
The virtuous Joys thou hast, thou wou'dst shou'd still
Last in their Pride; and wou'dst not take it ill
If rudely from sweet Dreams, and for a Toy,
Thou wert wak'd? he wakes himself that does enjoy.

Fruition adds no new Wealth, but destroys,
And, while it pleases much, the Palate cloyes;
Who thinks he shall be happier for that,
As reasonably might hope he might grow fat
By eating to a Surfeit; this once past,
What relishes? even Kisses lose their Taste.

Urge not 'tis necessary, alas! we know
The homeliest thing which Mankind does is so;
The World is of a vast Extent, we see,
And must be peopled; Children there must be;
So must Bread too; but since there are enough
Born to the Drudgery, what need we plough?

Women enjoy'd, whate'er before they've been,
Are like Romances read, or Sights once seen:
Fruition's dull, and spoils the Play much more
Than if one read or knew the Plot before;
'Tis Expectation makes a Blessing dear,
Heav'n were not Heav'n, if we knew what it were.

And as in Prospects we are there pleas'd most
Where something keeps the Eye from being lost,
And leaves us room to guess; so here Restraint
Holds up Delight, that with Excess wou'd faint.
They who know all the Wealth they have, are poor,
He's only rich that cannot tell his Store.

I.

THER E never yet was Woman made,
 Nor shall, but to be curst;
 And oh! that I (fond I) should first
 Of any Lover
 This Truth at my own charge to other Fools discover.

II.

You that have promis'd to your selves
 Propriety in Love,
 Know Womens Hearts like Straws do move,
 And what we call
 Their Sympathy, is but Love to jett in general.

III.

All Mankind is alike to them;
 And tho' we Iron find
 That never with a Loadstone join'd,
 'Tis not its Fault:
 It is because the Loadstone yet was never brought.

IV.

If where a gentle Bee hath fallen
 And labour'd to his Power,
 A new succeeds not to that Flower,
 But passes by;
 'Tis to be thought, the Gallant else-where loads his Thigh.

V.

For still the Flowers ready stand,
 One buzzes round about,
 One lights and tafts, gets in, gets out,
 All, all ways use them,
 'Till all their Sweets are gone, and then again refuse them.

SONG.

I.

NO, no, fair Heretick, it needs must be
 But an ill Love in me,
 And worse for thee;
 For were it in my Power,
 To love thee now this Hour
 More than I did the last;
 I wou'd then so fall
 I might not love at all;
 Love that can flow, and can admit Encrease,
 Admits as well an Ebb, and may grow less.

II.

True Love is still the same; the Torrid Zones,
 And those more Frigid ones
 It must not know;
 For Love grown cold or hot
 Is Lust or Friendship, not
 The thing we have,
 For that's a Flame wou'd die
 Held down, or up too high:
 Then think I love more than I can express,
 And wou'd love more, cou'd I but love thee less.

*To my Friend Will. Davenant; up-
 on his Poem of Madagascar.*

WHAT mighty Princes Poets are? those Things
 The great Ones stick at, and our very Kings
 Lay down, they venture on; and with great Ease,
 Discover, conquer what and where you please.

C

Some

Some flegmetick Sea Captain wou'd have stay'd
 For Mony now, or Victuals; not have weigh'd
 Anchor without 'em; Thou, *Will*, dost not stay
 So much as for a Wind, but go'st away,
 Land'st, view'st the Country; fight'st, put'st all to rout,
 Before another cou'd be putting out!
 And now the News in Town is, *Davenant's* come
 From *Madagascar*, fraught with Laurel home;
 And welcome, *Will*! for the first time, but prithee
 In thy next Voyage, bring the Gold too with thee.

*To my Friend Will. Davenant, on
 his other Poems.*

THOU hast redeem'd us, *Will*, and future Times
 Shall not account unto the Age's Crimes
 Death of pure Wit: Since the great Lord of it,
Donne, parted hence, no Man has ever writ
 So near him in his own Way; I wou'd commend
 Particulars, but then, how shou'd I end
 Without a Volume; every Line of thine
 Wou'd ask, to praise it right, twenty of mine.

I.

LOVE, Reason, Hate, did once bespeak
 Three Mates to play at Barley-break;
 Love, Folly took; and Reason, Fancy;
 And Hate consorts with Pride; so dance they:
 Love coupled last, and so it fell
 That Love and Folly were in Hell.

II.

They break, and Love wou'd Reason meet,
 But Hate was nimbler on her Feet;

Fancy

Fancy looks for Pride, and thither
Hyes, and they two hug together:
Yet this new coupling still doth tell
That Love and Folly were in Hell.

III.

The rest do break again, and Pride
Hath now got Reason on her Side;
Hate and Fancy meet, and stand
Untouch'd by Love in Folly's Hand;
Folly was dull, but Love ran well,
So Love and Folly were in Hell.

S O N G.

I.

I Prithee spare me, gentle Boy!
Press me no more for that slight Toy,
That foolish Trifle of an Heart;
I swear it will not do its part,
Though thou dost thine, employ't thy Power and Art.

II.

For thro' long Custom it has known
The little Secrets, and is grown
Sullen and wise, will have its Will,
And, like old Hawks, pursues That still
Which makes least Sport, flies only where't can kill.

III.

Some Youth that has not made his Story,
Will think perchance the Pain's the Glory;
And mannerly sit out Love's Feast;
I shall be carving of the best,
Rudely call for the last Course'fore the rest.

IV.

And oh! when once that Course is past,
 How short a time the Feast doth last!
 Men rise away, and scarce say Grace,
 Or civilly once thank the Face
 That did invite; but seek another Place.

*Upon the Lady Carlisle's walking in
 Hampton-Court Garden.*

DIALOGUE.

T. C.

I. S.

T. C.

DIDST thou not find the Place inspir'd,
 And Flowers, as if they had desir'd
 No other Sun, start from their Beds,
 And for a Sight steal out their Heads?
 Heardst thou not Musick when she talkt?
 And didst not find, that as she walkt
 She threw rare Perfumes all about,
 Such as Bean-Blossoms newly out,
 Or chafed Spices give? —

I. S. I must confess those Perfumes, *Tom*,
 I did not smell; nor found that from
 Her passing by, ought sprung up new,
 The Flowers had all their Birth from you:
 For I past o'er the self-same Walk,
 And did not find one single Stalk
 Of any thing that was to bring
 This unknown after after Spring.

T. C. Dull and insensible, could'st see
 A thing so near a Deity

Move

Move up and down, and feel no Change?

I S. None and so great, were alike strange.

I had my Thoughts, but not your Way;

All are not born, Sir, to the Bay;

Alas! *Tom*, I am Flesh and Blood,

And was consulting how I could

In spite of Masks and Hoods descry

The Parts deny'd unto the Eye;

I was undoing all she wore,

And had she walkt but one turn more,

Eve in her first State had not been

More naked or more plainly seen.

T. C. 'Twas well for thee she left the Place,

There is great Danger in that Face;

But hadst thou view'd her Leg and Thigh,

And upon that Discovery

Search'd after Parts that are more dear

(As Fancy seldom stops so near)

No Time or Age had ever seen

So lost a thing as thou hadst been.

To Mr. Davenant, for Absence.

Wonder not if I stay not here,
Hurt Lovers, like to wounded Deer,
Must shift the Place; for standing still
Leaves too much Time to know our ill:

Where is a Traitor Eye

That lets in from th' Enemy,

All that may supplant a Heart,

'Tis time the Chief shou'd use some Art;

What parts the Object from the Sense,

Wisely cuts off Intelligence,

Oh how quickly Men must die,

Should they stand all Love's Battery;

Perfinda's Eyes great Mischief do,

So do we know the Cannon too;

But Men are safe at distance still,
 Where they reach not, they cannot kill,
 Love is a Fit and soon is past,
 Ill Diet only makes it last:
 Who is still looking, gazing ever,
 Drinks Wine i'th' very Height of Fever.

Against Absence.

MY whining Lover, what needs all
 These Vows of Life Monastical?
 Despairs, Retirements, Jealousies,
 And subtile sealing up of Eyes?
 Come, come, be wise; return again,
 A Finger burnt's as great a Pain;
 And the same Phyfick, self same Art
 Cures that, wou'd cure a flaming Heart;
 Wou'dst thou whilst yet the Fire is in
 But hold it to the Fire again.
 If you, dear Sir, the Plague have got,
 What matter is't whether or not
 They let you in the same House lye,
 Or carry you abroad to die?
 He whom the Plague, or Love once takes,
 Every Room a Pest-House makes.
 Absence were good, if it were but Sense
 That only holds the Intelligence:
 Pure Love alone no hurt wou'd do,
 But Love is Love, and Magick too;
 Brings a Mistress a thousand Miles,
 And the sleight of Looks beguiles,
 Makes her entertain thee there,
 And the same time your Rival here;
 And — oh, the Devil! that she shou'd
 Say finer things now than she wou'd;
 So nobly Fancy doth supply
 What the dull Sense lets fall and die.

Beauty,

Beauty, like Mans old Enemy's, known
To tempt him most when he's alone.
The Air of some wild o'er-grown Wood,
Or pathless Grove is the Boy's Food.
Return then back, and feed thine Eye,
Feed all thy Senses, and feast high.
Spare Diet is the Cause Love lasts,
For Surfeits sooner kill than Fasts.

*A Supplement of an imperfect Copy of
Verses of Mr. Will. Shakespear's,*

By the Author.

I.

ONE of her Hands, one of her Cheeks lay under,
Cozening the Pillow of a lawful Kiss,
Which therefore swell'd, and seem'd to part asunder,
As angry to be robb'd of such a Bliss:
The one look'd pale, and for Revenge did long,
While t'other blush'd, cause it had done the wrong.

II.

Out of the Bed the other fair Hand was
On a green Sattin Quilt, whose perfect white
Look'd like a Dazy in a Field of Grass,
* And show'd like unmelt Snow unto the Sight,* Thus sat
There lay this pretty Perdue, safe to keep *Shakespear.*
The rest o'th' Body that lay fast asleep.

III.

Her Eyes (and therefore it was Night) close laid,
Strove to imprison Beauty 'till the Morn,

But yet the Doors were of such fine Stuff made,
 That it broke through, and shew'd it self in Scorn,
 Throwing a kind of Light about the Place,
 Which turn'd to Smiles still as't came near her Face.

IV.

Her Beams (which some dull Men call'd Hair) divided,
 Part with her Cheeks, part with her Lips did sport,
 But these, as rude, her Breath put by still; some
 Wiselier downwards sought, but falling short
 Curl'd back in Rings, and seem'd to turn again
 To bite the part so unkindly held them in.

THAT none beguiled be by Time's quick flowing,
 Lovers have in their Hearts a Clock still going;
 For though Time be nimble, his Motions
 Are quicker
 And thicker

 Where Love hath its Notions:
 Hope is the main Spring on which moves Desire,
 And these do the less Wheels, Fear, Joy inspire;
 The Ballance is Thought, evermore
 Clicking
 And striking,
 And ne'er giving o'er.

Occasion's the Hand which still's moving round,
 'Till by it the critical Hour may be found,
 And when that falls out, it will strike
 Kisses,
 Strange Blisses,
 And what you best like.

I.

TIS now, since I fate down before
 That foolish Fort, a Heart;
 (Time strangely spent) a Year and more,
 And still I did my Part;

II.

Made my Approaches, from her Hand
 Unto her Lip did rise,
 And did already understand
 The Language of her Eyes.

III.

Proceeded on with no less Art,
 My Tongue was Engineer;
 I thought to undermine the Heart
 By whispering in the Ear.

IV.

When this did nothing, I brought down
 Great Cannon-Oaths, and shot
 A thousand thousand to the Town,
 And still it yielded not.

V.

I then resolv'd to starve the Place
 By cutting off all Kisses,
 Praising and Gazing on her Face,
 And all such little Blissess.

VI.

To draw her out, and from her Strength,
 I drew all Batteries in:
 And brought my self to lye at length
 As if no Siege had been.

VII. When

VII.

When I had done what Man cou'd do,
And thought the Place mine own,
The Enemy lay quiet too,
And smil'd at all was done.

VIII.

I sent to know from whence and where,
These Hopes, and this Relief?
A Spie inform'd, Honour was there,
And did command in chief.

IX.

March, march, (quoth I) the Word straight give,
Let's lose no time, but leave her;
That Giant upon Air will live,
And hold it out for ever.

X.

To such a Place our Camp remove
As will not Siege abide;
I hate a Fool that starves her Love
Only to feed her Pride.

Upon my Lord Brohall's Wedding.

D I A L O G U E.

S.

B.

IN Bed, dull Man?
When Love and *Hymen's* Revels are begun,
And the Church Ceremonies past and done.
B. Why, who's gone mad to Day?
S. Dull Heretick, thou woud'st say,
He that is gone to Heav'n is gone astray;

Brohall

Broball our gallant Friend
Is gone to Church, as Martyrs to the Fire :

Who marry differ but i'th' end,

Since both do take

The hardest Way to what they most desire :

Nor stay'd he 'till the formal Priest had done,

But e'er that Part was finish'd, his begun :

Which did reveal

The Haste and Eagerness Men have to seal

That long to tell the Mony.

A Sprig of Willow in his Hat he wore,

(The Loser's Badge and Liv'ry heretofore)

But now so order'd that it may be taken

By lookers on, forsaking as forsaken :

And now and then

A careless Smile broke forth, which spoke his Mind,

And seem'd to say she might have been more kind.

When this (dear *Jack*) I saw

Thought I

How weak is Lovers Law?

The Bonds made there (like Gypsies Knots) with Ease

Are fast and loose, as they that hold them please,

But was the fair Nymph's Praise or Power less

That lead him captive now to Happiness?

'Cause she did not a foreign Aid despise,

But enter'd Breaches made by others Eyes :

The Gods forbid,

There must be some to shoot and batter down,

Others to force and to take in the Town.

To Hawks (good *Jack*) and Hearts

There may

Be several Ways and Arts;

One watches them perchance, and makes them tame :

Another, when they're ready, shews them Game.

S I R,

WHether these Lines do find you out,
 Putting or clearing of a Doubt;
 (Whether Predestination,
 Or reconciling Three in one,
 Or the unridling how Men die,
 And live at once eternally,
 Now take you up) know 'tis decreed
 You straight bestride the College Steed.
 Leave *Socinus* and the Schoolmen.
 (Which *Jack Bond* swears do but fool Men)
 And come to Town; 'tis fit you show
 Your self abroad, that Men may know
 (What-e'er some learned Men have gueſt)
 That Oracles are not yet ceas'd:
 There you ſhall find the Wit, and Wine
 Flowing alike, and both Divine:
 Diſhes, with Names not known in Books,
 And leſs amongſt the College Cooks,
 With Sauce ſo poignant that you need
 Not ſtay 'till Hunger bids you feed.
 The Sweat of learned *Johnson's* Brain,
 And gentle *Shakeſpear's* eaſier Strain
 A Hackney-Coach conveys you to,
 In ſpite of all that Rain can do:
 And for your eighteen Pence you fit
 The Lord and Judge of all freſh Wit.
 News in one Day as much we've here
 As ſerves all *Windſor* for a Year;
 And which the Carrier brings to you,
 After t' has here been found not true.
 Then think what Company's deſign'd
 To meet you here, Men ſo refin'd,
 Their very common Talk at board,
 Makes wiſe, or mad, a young Court-Lord:
 And makes him capable to be
 Umpire in's Father's Company.

Where

Where no Disputes nor forc'd Defence
 Of a Man's Person for his Sense
 Take up the time; all strive to be
 Masters of Truth, as Victory:
 And were you come, I'd boldly swear
 A Synod might as eas'ly err.

Against Fruition.

FY E upon Hearts that burn with mutual Fire;
 I hate two Minds that breath but one Desire:
 Were I to curse th' unhallow'd sort of Men,
 I'd wish them to love, and be lov'd again.
 Love's a Camelion, that lives on meer Air;
 And surfeits when it comes to grosser Fare:
 'Tis petty Jealousies, and little Fears,
 Hopes join'd with Doubts, and Joys with *April* Tears,
 That crown our Love with Pleasures: These are gone
 When once we come to full Fruition.
 Like waking in a Morning, when all Night
 Our Fancy has been fed with true Delight.
 Oh! what a Stroke 'twou'd be! Sure I shou'd die,
 Shou'd I but hear my Mistress once say, I.
 That Monster Expectation feeds too high
 For any Woman e'er to satisfy:
 And no brave Spirit ever car'd for that
 Which in Down-Beds with Ease he cou'd come at.
 She's but an honest Whore that yields, although
 She be as cold as Ice, as pure as Snow:
 He that enjoys her has no more to say,
 But keep us fasting if you'll have us pray.
 Then, fairest Mistress, hold the Power you have,
 By still denying what we still do crave:
 In keeping us in Hopes strange Things to see
 That never were, nor are, nor e'er shall be.

A BALLAD upon a Wedding.

I Tell thee, *Dick*, where I have been,
 Where I the rarest Things have seen:
 Oh Things without compare!
 Such Sights again cannot be found
 In any Place on *English* Ground,
 Be it at Wake, or Fair.

At *Charing-Cross*, hard by the Way
 Where we (thou know'st) do sell our Hay,
 There is a House with Stairs;
 And there did I see coming down
 Such Folks as are not in our Town,
 Vorty at least, in Pairs.

Amongst the rest, one Pest'lent fine,
 (His Beard no bigger tho' than thine)
 Walk'd on before the rest:
 Our Landlord looks like nothing to him:
 The King (God bless him) 'twou'd undo him;
 Shou'd he go still so drest.

At Course a-Park, without all doubt,
 He should have first been taken out
 By all the Maids i'th' Town:
 Though lusty *Roger* there had been,
 Or little *George* upon the Green,
 Or *Vincent* of the Crown.

But wot you what? The Youth was going
 To make an end of all his Wooing;
 The Parson for him staid:
 Yet by his Leave, for all his haste,
 He did not so much with all past
 (Perchance) as did the Maid.

The Maid — and thereby hangs a Tale —
 For such a Maid no *Whitson-Ale*

Could

Could ever yet produce:
No Grape that's kindly ripe, could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of Juice.

Her Finger was so small, the Ring
Wou'd not stay on which they did bring,
It was too wide a Peck:
And to say truth (for out it must)
It look'd like the great Collar (just)
About our young Colt's Neck

Her Feet beneath her Petticoat,
Like little Mice stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the Light:
But oh! she dances such a way!
No Sun upon an *Easter-Day*,
Is half so fine a Sight.

He wou'd have kiss'd her once or twice,
But she wou'd not, she was so nice,
She wou'd not do't in Sight;
And then she look'd as who shou'd say
I will do what I list to Day;
And you shall do't at Night.

Her Cheeks so rare a white was on,
No Dazy makes Comparison,
(Who sees them is undone)
For Streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a *Katherine Pear*,
The Side that's next the Sun.

Her Lips were red, and one was thin
Compar'd to that was next her Chin,
Some Bee had stung it newly.
But (*Dick*) her Eyes so guard her Face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,
Than on the Sun in *July*.

Her

Her Mouth so small when she does speak,
 Thou'dst swear her Teeth her Words did break,
 That they might Passage get,
 But she so handled still the Matter,
 They came as good as ours, or better,
 And are not spent a whit.

If wishing shou'd be any Sin,
 The Parson himself had guilty been,
 She look'd that Day so purely:
 And did the Youth so oft the Feat
 At Night, as some did in Conceit,
 It would have spoil'd him, surely.

Passion o' me! how I run on!
 There's that that wou'd be thought upon,
 I trow; besides the Bride.
 The Bus'ness of the Kitchen's great,
 For it is fit that Men shou'd eat;
 Nor was it there deny'd.

Just in the nick the Cook knock'd thrice,
 And all the Waiters in a trice
 His Summons did obey,
 Each serving-Man with Dish in Hand,
 March'd boldly up, like our train'd Band,
 Presented and away.

When all the Meat was on the Table,
 What Man of Knife, or Teeth, was able
 To stay to be intreated:
 And this the very Reason was,
 Before the Parson could say Grace,
 The Company was seated.

How Hats fly off, and Youths carouse;
 Healths first go round, and then the House,
 The Bride's came thick and thick;
 And when 'twas nam'd anothers Health,
 Perhaps he made it hers by stealth,
 And who could help it, Dick?

O'th'

O'th' sudden up they rise and dance;
Then sit again, and sigh and glance:
Then dance again and kiss.

Thus sev'ral Ways the time did pass,
Whilst ev'ry Woman wish'd her Place,
And ev'ry Man wish'd his.

By this time all were stoln aside
To counsel and undress the Bride;
But that he must not know:
But yet 'twas thought he guest her Mind,
And did not mean to stay behind
Above an Hour or so.

When in he came (*Dick*) there she lay.
Like new-faln Snow melting away,
'Twas time, I trow, to part.
Kisses were now the only stay,
Which soon she gave, as who wou'd say,
Good bw'y, with all my Heart.

But just as Heav'n's wou'd have to cross it,
In came the Bride-Maids with the Posset:
The Bridegroom eat in spight;
For had he left the Women to't
It wou'd have cost two Hours to do't,
Which were too much that Night.

At length the Candles out; and now,
All that they had not done, they do:
What that is, who can tell?
But I believe it was no more
Than thou and I have done before
With *Bridget*, and with *Nell*.

MY dearest Rival, lest our Love
Should with excentrique Motion move,
Before it learn to go astray,
We'll teach and set it in a Way;
D

And

And such Directions give unto't,
That it shall never wander Foot.
Know first then, we will serve as true
For one poor Smile, as we wou'd do
If we had what our higher Fame,
Or our vainer Wish cou'd frame.
Impossible shall be our Hope;
And Love shall only have his Scope
To join with Fancy now and then,
And think what Reason wou'd condemn:
And on these Grounds we'll love as true,
As if they were most sure t'ensue:
And chastly for these things we'll stay,
As if to Morrow were the Day.
Mean time we two will teach our Hearts
In Love's Burdens to bear their Parts:
Thou first shalt sigh, and say she's fair;
And I'll still answer, past compare.
Thou shalt set out each part o'th' Face,
While I extol each little Grace;
Thou shalt be ravish'd at her Wit;
And I, that she so governs it.
Thou shalt like well that Hand, that Eye,
That Lip, that Look, that Majesty;
And in good Language them adore:
While I want Words, and do it more.
Yea, we will sit and sigh a while,
And with soft Thoughts some time beguile;
But straight again break out, and praise
All we had done before, new ways.
Thus will we do, 'till paler Death
Come with a Warrant for our Breath;
And then whose Fate shall be to die
First of us two, by Legacy
Shall all his Store bequeath, and give
His Love to him that shall survive:
For no one Stock can ever serve
To love so much as she'll deserve.

S O N G.

I.

H Oneſt Lover whoſoever,
If in all thy Love there ever
Was one wav'ring Thought, if thy Flame
Were not ſtill even, ſtill the ſame:

Know this,
Thou lov'ſt amiſs,
And to love true,
Thou muſt begin again, and love anew.

II.

If, when ſhe appears i'th' Room,
Thou doſt not quake, and art ſtruck dumb;
And in ſtriving this to cover
Doſt not ſpeak thy Words twice over,

Know this,
Thou lov'ſt amiſs,
And to love true,
Thou muſt begin again, and love anew.

III.

If fondly thou doſt not miſtake,
And all Defects for Graces take,
Perſwad'ſt thy ſelf that Jeſts are broken,
When ſhe has little or nothing ſpoken:

Know this,
Thou lov'ſt amiſs,
And to love true,
Thou muſt begin again, and love anew,

VI.

If when thou appear'ſt to be within,
Thou let'ſt not Men ask and ask agen;

And when thou answer'st, if it be
 To what was ask'd thee properly,
 Know this,
 Thou lov'st amiss,
 And to love true,
 Thou must begin again, and love anew.

V.

If when thy Stomach calls to eat,
 Thou cut'st not Fingers 'stead of Meat;
 And with much gazing on her Face
 Dost not rise hungry from the Place,
 Know this,
 Thou lov'st amiss,
 And to love true,
 Thou must begin again, and love anew.

VI.

If by this thou dost discover
 That thou art no perfect Lover,
 And desiring to love true,
 Thou dost begin to love anew :
 Know this,
 Thou lov'st amiss,
 And to love true,
 Thou must begin again, and love anew.

Upon two SISTERS.

BEliev't, young Man, I can as eas'ly tell
 How many Yards and Inches 'tis to Hell;
 Unriddle all Predestination,
 Or the nice Points we now dispute upon.
 Had the three Goddesses been just as fair,

It had not been so easily decided,
 And sure the Apple must have been divided:
 It must, it must; He's impudent, dares say
 Which is the handsomer 'till one's away.
 And it was necessary it shou'd be so;
 Wise Nature did foresee it, and did know
 When she had fram'd the Eldest, that each Heart
 Must at the first Sight feel the blind God's Dart:
 And sure as can be, had she made but one,
 No Plague had been more sure Destruction;
 For we had lik'd, lov'd, burnt to Ashes too,
 In half the time that we are chusing now:
 Variety, and equal Objects make
 The busie Eye still doubtful which to take;
 This Lip, this Hand, this Foot, this Eye, this Face,
 The others Body, Gesture, or her Grace:
 And whilst we thus dispute which of the two,
 We unresolv'd go out, and nothing do.
 He sure is happy'st that has Hopes of either,
 Next him is he that sees them both together.

To his Rival.

NOW we have taught our Love to know
 That it must creep where't cannot go,
 And be for once content to live,
 Since here it cannot have to thrive;
 It will not be amiss t'enquire
 What Fuel shou'd maintain the Fire:
 For Fires do either flame too high,
 Or where they cannot flame, they die.
 First then (my half but better Heart)
 Know this must wholly be her part;
 (For thou and I, like Clocks, are wound
 Up to the height, and must move round)

She then by still denying what
We fondly crave, shall such a rate
Set on each Trifle, that a Kiss
Shall come to be the utmost Bliss.
Where Sparks and Fire do meet with Tinder,
Those Sparks meer Fire will still engender:
To make this good, no Debt shall be
From Service or Fidelity;
For she shall ever pay that Score,
By only bidding us do more:
So, tho' she still a Niggard be,
In gracing, where none's due, she's free:
The Favours she shall cast on us,
Lest we shou'd grow presumptuous,
Shall not with too much Love be shown,
Nor yet the common way still done;
But ev'ry Smile and little Glance
Shall look half lent, and half by Chance:
The Ribbon, Fan, or Muff, that she
Wou'd shou'd be kept by thee or me,
Shou'd not be giv'n before too many,
But neither thrown to's, when there's any;
So that her self shou'd doubtful be
Whether 'twere Fortune flung't, or she.
She shall not like the thing we do
Sometimes, and yet shall like it too;
Nor any Notice take at all
Of what, we gone, she wou'd extol:
Love she shall feed, but fear to nourish,
For where Fear is, Love cannot flourish;
Yet live it must, nay must and shall,
While *Desdemona* is at all;
But when she's gone, then Love shall die,
And in her Grave shall buried lie.

Fare-

Farewel to LOVE.

I.

WELL shadow'd Landskip, fare-ye-well:
How I have lov'd you, none can tell,
At least so well
As he that now hates more
Than e'er he lov'd before.

II.

But my dear nothings, take your Leave,
No longer must you me deceive,
Since I perceive
All the Deceit, and know
Whence the Mistake did grow.

III.

As he whose quicker Eye do's trace
A false Star shot to a mark'd Place,
Do's run apace,
And thinking it to catch,
A Gelly up do's snatch.

IV.

So our dull Souls tasting Delight
Far off, by Sense, and Appetite,
Think that is right
And real Good; when yet
'Tis but the Counterfeit.

V.

Oh! how I glory now! that I
Have made this new Discovery!
Each wanton Eye
Enflam'd before: no more
Will I encrease that Score.

VI.

If I gaze, now, 'tis but to see
 What manner of Death's-head 'twill be,
 When it is free
 From that fresh upper Skin;
 The Gazers Joy, and Sin.

VII.

The Gum and glistning which with Art
 And study'd Method, in each Part
 Hangs down the Heart,
 Looks just as if that Day
 Snails there had crawl'd the Hay.

VIII.

The Locks, that curl'd o'er each Ear be,
 Hang like two Master-Worms to me,
 That, as we see
 Have tasted to the rest
 Two Holes, where they lik'd best.

IX.

A quick Coarse me-thinks I spy
 In ev'ry Woman; and mine Eye,
 At passing by,
 Check, and is troubled, just
 As if it rose from Dust.

X.

They mortifie, not heighten me;
 These of my Sins the Glasses be:
 And here I see
 How I have lov'd before,
And so I love no more.

The INVOCATION.

YE juster Powers of Love and Fate
 Give me the reason why
 A Lover crost,
 And all Hopes lost,
 May not have Leave to die.

It is but just, and Love needs must
 Confess it is his Part,
 When he do's spie,
 One wounded lie,
 To pierce the others Heart.

But yet if he so cruel be
 To have one Breast to hate,
 If I must live,
 And thus survive,
 How far more cruel's Fate?

In this same State I find too late
 I am; and here's the Grief:
Cupid can cure,
 Death heal I'm sure,
 Yet neither sends Relief.

To live, or die, beg only I,
 Just Powers some end me give;
 And Traitor-like,
 Thus force me not
 Without a Heart to live.

Sir J. S.

I.

OUT upon it, I have lov'd
 Three whole Days together;
 And am like to love three more,
 If it prove fair Weather.

II. Time

II.

Time shall moult away his Wings
 E'er he shall discover
 In the whole wide World again
 Such a constant Lover.

III.

But the spite on't is, no Praise
 Is due at all to me:
 Love with me had made no staies,
 Had it any been but she.

IV.

Had it any been but she,
 And that very Face,
 There had been at least e'er this
 A Dozen Dozen in her Place.

Sir TOBY MATHEWS.

I.

SAY, but did you love so long?
 In truth I needs must blame you:
 Passion did your Judgment wrong.
 Or want of Reason shame you.

II.

But, Time's fair and witty Daughter,
 Shortly shall discover,
 Y'are a Subject fit for Laughter,
 And more Fool than Lover.

III.

But I grant you merit Praise
 For your constant Folly:

Since

Since you doted three whole Days,
Were you not melancholy?

IV.

She to whom you prov'd so true,
And that very very Face,
Puts each Minute such as you
A Dozen Dozen to Disgrace.

Love turn'd to Hatred.

I Will not Love one Minute more, I swear,
No not a Minute; not a Sigh or Tear
Thou gett'st from me, or one kind Look agen,
Tho' thou shou'dst court me to't, and woud'st begin.
I will not think of thee but as Men do
Of Debts and Sins, and then I'll curse thee too:
For thy sake Woman shall be now to me
Less welcome, than at Midnight Ghosts shall be:
I'll hate so perfectly, that it shall be
Treason to love that Man that loves a She;
Nay, I will hate the very good, I swear,
That's in thy Sex, because it do's lie there;
Their very Virtue, Grace, Discourse and Wit,
And all for thee; what, wilt thou love me yet?

The careless Lover.

NEver believe me if I love,
Or know what 'tis, or mean to prove;
And yet in Faith I lye, I do,
And she's extreamly handsome too;
She's fair, she's wond'rous fair,
But I care not who knows it,
E'er I'll die for Love, I fairly will forgo it.

This

This Heat of Hope, or Cold of Fear,
 My foolish Heart cou'd never bear :
 One Sigh imprison'd ruins more
 Than Earthquakes have done heretofore:
 She's fair, &c.

When I am hungry I do eat,
 And cut no Fingers 'stead of Meat;
 Nor with much gazing on her Face,
 Do e'er rise hungry from the Place:
 She's fair, &c.

A gentle round fill'd to the Brink,
 To this and t'other Friend I drink;
 And if 'tis nam'd another's Health,
 I never make it hers by stealth:
 She's fair, &c.

Black Fryars to me, and old *Whitehall*,
 Is even as much as is the Fall
 Of Fountains on a pathless Grove,
 And nourishes as much as my Love:
 She's fair, &c.

I visit, talk, do Business, play,
 And for a need laugh out a Day:
 Who does not thus in *Cupid's* School,
 He makes not Love, but plays the Fool:
 She's fair, &c,

Love and Debt alike troublesome.

THIS one Request I make to him that sits the Clouds
 above,
 That I were freely out of Debt, as I am out of Love;
 Then for to dance, to drink and sing, I shou'd be very
 willing;
 I should not owe one Lass a Kiss, nor ne'er a Knave a
 Shilling.

'Tis

'Tis only being in Love and Debt, that breaks us of our Rest.

And he that is quite out of both, of all the World is blest:
He sees the golden Age wherein all Things were free and common;

He eats, he drinks, he takes his rest, he fears no Man nor Woman.

Tho' *Cræsus* compassed great Wealth, yet he still craved more,

He was as needy a Beggar still, as goes from Door to Door.

Tho' *Ovid* was a merry Man, Love ever kept him sad;

He was as far from Happiness, as one that is stark mad.

Our Merchant he in Goods is rich, and full of Gold and Treasure;

But when he thinks upon his Debts, that Thought destroys his Pleasure.

Our Courtier thinks that he's preferr'd, whom every Man envies;

When Love so rumbles in his Pate, no Sleep comes in his Eyes.

Our Gallant's Case is worst of all, he lies so just betwixt them;

For he's in Love, and he's in Debt, and knows not which most vex him.

But he that can eat Beef, and feed on Bread which is so brown,

May satisfy his Appetite, and owe no Man a Crown:

And he that is content with Lasses cloathed in plain Woollen,

May cool his Heat in every Place, he need not to be fullen,

Nor sigh for Love of Lady fair; for this each wise Man knows,

As good Stuff under Flannel lies, as under silken Cloaths.

J. S.

S O N G.

I Prethee send me back my Heart,
 Since I cannot have thine:
 For if from Yours you will not part,
 Why then shoud'st thou have mine?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie,
 To find it were in vain,
 For thou'st a Thief in either Eye
 Wou'd steal it back again.

Why shou'd two Hearts in one Breast lie,
 And yet not lodge together?
 Oh Love! where is thy sympathie,
 If thus our Breasts thou sever?

But Love is such a Mystery
 I cannot find it out:
 For when I think I'm best resolv'd,
 I then am in most doubt.

Then farewell Care, and farewell Wo,
 I will no longer pine:
 For I'll believe I have her Heart,
 As much as she has mine.

*To a Lady that forbade to love before
 Company.*

WHAT no more Favours, not a Ribbon more,
 Not Fan not Muff to hold as heretofore?
 Must all the little Bliss'es then be left,
 And what was once Love's Gift, become our Theft?

May

May we not look our selves into a Trance,
 Teach our Souls parley at our Eyes, not glance,
 Not touch the Hand, not by soft wringing there,
 Whisper a Love that only yes can hear?
 Not free a Sigh, a Sigh that's there for you,
 Dear must I love you, and not love you too?
 Be wise, nice Fair: for sooner shall they trace
 The feather'd Choristers from Place to Place,
 By Prints they make in th' Air, and sooner say
 By what right Line the last Star made his Way
 That fled from Heav'n to Earth, then guess to know
 How our Loves first did spring, or how they grow.
 Love is all Spirit, Fairies sooner may
 Be taken tardy, when they night-tricks play,
 Than we, we are too dull and lumpish rather,
 Wou'd they cou'd find us both in Bed together.

The guiltless Inconstant.

MY first Love, whom all Beauties did adorn,
 Firing my Heart, suppress it with her Scorn;
 Since like the Tinder in my Breast it lies,
 By every Sparkle made a Sacrifice,
 Each wanton Eye can kindle my Desire,
 And that is free to all which was entire,
 Desiring more by the Desire I lost,
 As those that in Consumptions linger most.
 And now my wandring Thoughts are not confin'd
 Unto one Woman, but to Womankind:
 This for her Shape I love, that for her Face;
 This for her Gesture, or some other Grace:
 And where that none of all these Things I find,
 I chuse her by the Kernel not the Rhind:
 And so I hope, since my first Hope is gone,
 To find in many what I lost in one;

And

And like to Merchants after some great Loss,
 Trade by retail, that cannot do in gross.
 The Fault is hers that made me go astray,
 He needs must wander that has lost his Way:
 Guiltless I am; she do's this Change provoke,
 And made that Charcoal, which to her was Oak.
 And as a Looking-Glass from the Aspect,
 Whilst it is whole, do's but one Face reflect,
 But being crackt or broken, there are grown
 Many less Faces, where there was but one:
 So Love unto my Heart did first prefer
 Her Image, and there placed none but her;
 But since 'twas broke and martyr'd by her Scorn,
 Many less Faces in her Place are born.

Love's Representation.

Leaning her Hand upon my Breast,
 There on Love's Bed she lay to rest;
 My panting Heart rock'd her asleep,
 My heedful Eyes the Watch did keep,
 Then Love by me being harbour'd there,
 Chose Hope to be his Harbinger;
 Desire, his Rival, kept the Door;
 For this of him I begg'd no more,
 But that, our Mistress t'entertain,
 Some pretty Fancy he wou'd frame,
 And represent it in a Dream,
 Of which my self shou'd give the Theam.
 Then first these Thoughts I bid him show,
 Which only he and I did know,
 Array'd in Duty and Respect,
 And not in Fancies that reflect;
 Then those of value next present,
 Approv'd by all the World's consent;

But

But to distinguish mine afunder,
Apparell'd they must be in Wonder.
Such a Device then I wou'd have,
As Service, not Reward, shou'd crave,
Attir'd in spotless Innocence,
Not self-respect, nor no Pretence:
Then such a Faith I wou'd have shown,
As heretofore was never known,
Cloath'd with a constant clear Intent,
Professing always as it meant.
And if Love no such Garments have,
My Mind a Wardrobe is so brave,
That there sufficient he may see
To cloath Impossibility.
Then beamy Fetters he shall find,
By Admiration subt'ly twin'd,
That will keep fast the wantonest Thought;
That e'er Imagination wrought:
There he shall find of Joy a Chain,
Fram'd by Despair of her Disdain,
So curiously that it can't tie
The smallest Hopes that Thoughts now spie.
There Acts as glorious as the Sun,
Are by her Veneration spun,
In one of which I wou'd have brought
A pure unspotted abstract Thought.
Considering her as she is good,
Not in her Frame of Flesh and Blood.
These Atoms then, all in her Sight,
I bad him joyn, that so he might
Discern between true Love's Creation,
And that Love's Form that's now in Fashion.
Love, granting unto my Request;
Began to labour in my Breast;
But with the Motion he did make,
It heav'd so high that she did wake.
Blush'd at the Favour she had done,
Then smil'd, and then away did run.

S O N G.

THE crafty Boy, that had full oft essay'd
 To pierce my stubborn and resisting Breast,
 But still the bluntness of his Darts betray'd,
 Resolv'd at last of setting up his Rest,
 Either my wild unruly Heart to tame,
 Or quit his Godhead, and his Bow disclaim.

So all his lovely Looks, his pleasing Fires,
 All his sweet Motions, all his taking Smiles;
 All that awakes, all that inflames Desires,
 All that sweetly Commands, all that beguiles,
 He does into one Pair of Eyes convey,
 And there begs Leave that he himself may stay.

And there he brings me, where his Ambush lay
 Secure, and careless to a stranger Land:
 And never warning me, which was foul Play,
 Does make me close by all this Beauty stand.
 Where first struck dead, I did at last recover,
 To know that I might only live to love her.

So I'll be sworn I do, and do confess,
 The blind Lad's Pow'r, whilst he inhabits there;
 But I'll be ev'n with him nevertheless,
 If e'er I chance to meet with him elsewhere.
 If other Eyes invite the Boy to tarry,
 I'll flie to hers as to a Sanctuary.

*Upon the Black Spots worn by my
 Lady D. E.*

Madam,

I Know your Heart cannot so guilty be,
 That you shou'd wear those Spots for Vanity;

Or

Or as your Beauties Trophies, put on one
For every Murther which your Eyes have done;
No, they're your Mourning-weeds for Hearts forlorn,
Which tho' you must not Love, you cou'd not scorn;
To whom since cruel Honour do's deny
Those Joys cou'd only cure their Misery;
Yet you this noble Way to grace 'em found,
Whilst thus your Grief their Martyrdom has crown'd:
Of which take heed you prove not Prodigal,
For if to every common Funeral,
By your Eyes martyr'd, such Grace were allow'd,
Your Face wou'd wear not Patches, but a Cloud.

S O N G.

IF you refuse me once, and think again,
I will complain,
You are deceiv'd; Love is no Work of Art,
It must be got and born,
Not made and worn,
By every one that has a Heart.

Or do you think they more than once can dye,
Whom you deny.

Who tell you of a thousand Deaths a Day,
Like the old Poets feign
And tell the Pain

They met, but in the common Way.

Or do you think't too soon to yield,
And quit the Field.

Nor is that right they yield that first intreat;
Once one may crave for Love,
But more wou'd prove

This Heart too little, that too great.

Oh that I were all Soul, that I might prove
For you as fit a Love,

As you are for an Angel; for I know
 None but pure Spirits are fit Loves for you.
 You are all Etherial, there's in you no Dross,
 Nor any Part that's gross,
 Your courtest Part is like a curious Lawn,
 The Vestal Relicks for a Covering drawn.

Your other Parts, Part of the purest Fire,
 That e'er Heav'n did inspire;
 Make every Thought that is refin'd by it,
 A Quintessence of Goodness and of Wit.

Thus have your Raptures reach'd to that Degree
 In Love's Philosophy,
 That you can figure to your self a Fire
 Void of all Heat, a Love without Desire.

Nor in Divinity do you go less,
 You think, and you profess,
 That Souls may have a Plenitude of Joy,
 Altho' their Bodies meet not to employ.

But I must needs confess, I do not find
 The Motions of my Mind
 So purify'd as yet, but at the best
 My Body claims in them an Interest.

I hold that perfect Joy makes all our Parts
 As joyful as our Hearts.
 Our Senses tell us, if we please not them,
 Our Love is but a Dotage or a Dream.

How shall we then agree? You may descend,
 But will not, to my End.
 I fain wou'd tune my Fancy to your Key,
 But cannot reach to that obstructed Way.

There rests but this, that whilst we sorrow here
 Our Bodies may draw near:
 And when no more their Joys they can extend,
 Then let our Souls begin where they did end.

Profer'd Love rejected.

IT is not four Years ago,
I offer'd Forty Crowns,
To lye with her a Night or so:
She answer'd me in Frowns.

Not two Years since, she meeting me
Did whisper in my Ear,
That she wou'd at my Service be,
If I contented were.

I told her I was cold as Snow,
And had no great Desire;
But shou'd be well content to go
To Twenty, but no higher.

Some three Months since, or thereabout,
She that so coy had been,
Bethought her self, and found me out,
And was content to sin.

I smil'd at that, and told her, I
Did think it something late:
And that I'd not Repentance buy,
At above half the Rate.

This present Morning early she,
Forsooth, came to my Bed,
And *Gratis* there she offer'd me
Her High-priz'd Maiden-head.

I told her that I thought it then
Far dearer than I did,
When I at first the Forty Crowns
For one Night's Lodging bid.

DISDAIN.

I.

A Quoy servent d'artifices
Et serments aux vent jettez,
Si vos amours & vos services
Me sont des importunitiez?

II.

L'amour a d'autres vœux m' appelle,
Entendez jamais rien de moy,
Ne pensez nous rendre infidele,
A me tesmoignant vostre foy.

III.

L'amant qui mon amour possede
Est trop plein de perfection,
Et doublement il vous excede
De merit & d'affection.

IV.

Je ne puis estre refroidie,
Ni rompre un cordage si doux,
Ni le rompre sans perfidie,
En d'estre perfidi pour vous.

V.

Vos attentes sont toutes en vain,
Le vous dire est nous obliger,
Pour vous faire epergner vos peines
Du vous & du temps mesnager.

English'd

English'd thus by the Author.

I.

TO what end serve the Promises
And Oaths lost in the Air?
Since all your proffer'd Services
To me but Tortures are.

II.

Another now enjoys my Love,
Set you your Heart at rest;
Think not me from my Faith to move,
Because you Faith pretest.

III.

The Man that do's possess my Heart,
Has twice as much Perfection,
And does excel you in Desert,
As much as in Affection.

IV.

I cannot break so sweet a Bond,
Unless I prove untrue:
Nor can I ever be so fond,
To prove untrue for you.

V.

Your Attempts are but in vain,
To tell you is a Favour:
For things that may be, rack your Brain;
Then lose not thus your Labour.

LUTEA ALLANSON.

Si sola es, nulla es.

THO' you, *Diana*-like, have liv'd still chaste,
 Yet must you not, Fair, die a Maid at last;
 The Roses on your Cheeks were never made
 To bless the Eye alone, and so to fade;
 Nor had the Cherries on your Lips there being
 To please no other Sense than that of seeing:
 You were not made to look on, tho' that be
 A Bliss too great for poor Mortality:
 In that alone those rarer Parts you have,
 To better Uses sure wise Nature gave,
 Than that you put 'em to; to Love, to Wed,
 For *Hymen's* Rights, and for the Marriage-Bed
 You were ordain'd, and not to lye alone;
 One is no Number, 'till that two be one.
 To keep a Maiden-Head but 'till fifteen,
 Is worse than Murder, and a greater Sin,
 Than to have lost it in the lawful Sheets,
 With one that shou'd want Skill to reap those Sweets:
 But not to lose't at all, by *Venus*, this,
 And by her Son, inexpiable is;
 And shou'd each Female guilty be o'th' Crime,
 The World wou'd have its End before its Time.

Perjury excus'd.

ALAS it is too late! I can no more
 Love now, than I have lov'd before:
 My *Flora*, 'tis my Fate, not I;
 And what you call Contempt, is Destiny.

I am no Monster sure, I cannot show
Two Hearts, one I already owe:
And I have bound my self with Oaths, and vow'd
Oftner, I fear, then Heaven has e'er allow'd,
That Faces now shou'd work no more on me,
Than if they cou'd not charm, or I not see.
And shall I break 'em? shall I think you can
Love, if I cou'd, so foul a perjur'd Man?
Oh no, 'tis equally impossible that I
Shou'd love again, or you love Perjury.

A S O N G.

HAST thou seen the Down in the Air,
When wanton Blasts have tost it?
Or the Ship on the Sea,
When ruder Winds have crost it?
Hast thou mark'd the Crocodiles Weeping,
Or the Foxes sleeping?
Or hast thou view'd the Peacock in his Pride,
Or the Dove by his Bride,
When he courts for his Leachery?
Oh! so fickle, oh! so vain, oh! so false, so false is she!

Upon T. C. having the P.

TROTH, *Tom*, I must confess I much admire
Thy Water shou'd find Passage thro' the Fire:
For Fire and Water never cou'd agree,
These now by Nature have some Sympathy:
Sure then his Way he forces; for all know
The *French* ne'er grants a Passage to his Foe:
If it be so, his Valour I must praise,
That being the weaker, yet can force his Ways;

And

And wish, that to his Valour he had Strength,
That he might drive the Fire quite out, at length:
For, troth, as yet the Fire gets the Day.
For evermore the Water runs away

Upon the first Sight of my LADY **SEIMOUR.**

Wonder not much if thus amaz'd I look,
Since I saw you, I have been Planet-strook:
A Beauty, and so rare I did descrie,
As shou'd I set her forth, you all, as I,
Wou'd lose your Hearts; for he that can
Know her and live, he must be more than Man.
An Apparition of so sweet a Creature,
That, credit me, she had not any Feature
That did not speak her Angel. But no more
Such Heav'nly Things as these we must adore,
Nor prattle of; lest when we do but touch,
Or strive to know, we wrong her too too much.

Upon L. M. weeping.

Whoever was the Cause your Tears were shed,
May these my Curses light upon his Head:
May he be first in Love, and let it be
With a most known and black Deformity,
Nay, far surpass all Witches that have been
Since our first Parents taught us how to sin!
Then let this Hag be coy, and he run mad
For that which no Man else wou'd e'er have had:
And in this Fit may he commit the Thing
May him impenitent to th' Gallows bring!
Then might he for one Tear his Pardon have,
But want that single Grief his Life to save!

And

And being dead, may he at Heav'n venture,
But for the Guilt of this one Fact ne'er enter.

The deform'd Mistress.

I Know there are some Fools that care
Not for the Body, so the Face be fair;
Some others too that in a Female Creature
Respect not Beauty, but a comely Feature:
And others too, that for those Parts in sight
Care not so much, so that the rest be right.
Each Man his Humour has; and, faith, 'tis mine
To love that Woman which I now define.
First I wou'd have her Wainscot Foot and Hand
More wrinkled far than any pleited Band;
That in those Furrows, if I'd take the Pains,
I might both sow and reap all sorts of Grains:
Her Nose I'd have a Foot long, not above,
With Pimples embroider'd, for those I love;
And at the end a comely Pearl of Snot,
Considering whether it should fall or not:
Provided next that half her Teeth be out,
Nor do I care much if her pretty Snout
Meet with her furrow'd Chin, and both together
Hem in her Lips, as dry as good Whit-Leather.
One Wall-Eye she shall have; for that's a Sign
In other Beasts the best, why not in mine?
Her Neck I'll have to be pure Jet at least,
With yellow Spots enamel'd; and her Breast
Like a Grasshopper's Wing both thin and lean,
Not to be touch'd for Dirt, unless swept clean;
As for her Belly, 'tis no matter, so
There be a Belly, and ——
Yet if you will, let it be something high,
And always let there be a Timpany.

But

But soft, where am I now! here I shou'd stride,
 Lest I fall in the Place must be so wide;
 And pass unto her Thighs, which shall be just
 Like to an Ants that scraping in the Dust:
 Into her Legs I'd have Loves Issues fall,
 And all her Calf into a gouty Small:
 Her Feet both thick, and Eagle-like displaid
 The Symptoms of a comely handsome Maid.
 As for her Parts behind, I ask no more,
 If they but answer those that are before,
 I have my utmost Wish, and having so,
 Judge whether I am happy, yea or no.

Non est mortale quod opto.

Upon Mrs. A. L.

THOU think'st I flatter when thy Praise I tell,
 But thou dost all Hyperboles excel:
 For I am sure thou art no Mortal Creature,
 But a Divine one thron'd in human Feature.
 Thy Piety is such, that Heav'n by Merit,
 If ever any did, thou shou'dst inherit:
 Thy Modesty is such, that hadst thou been
 Tempted as *Eve*, thou wou'dst have shunn'd her Sin:
 So lovely fair thou art, that sure Dame Nature
 Meant thee the Pattern of the Female Creature:
 Besides all this, thy flowing Wit is such,
 That were it not in thee, 'thad been too much
 For Woman-kind: shou'd Envy look thee o'er,
 I wou'd confess thus much, if not much more.
 I love thee well, yet wish some bad in thee,
 For, sure I am, thou art too good for me.

His

His D R E A M.

ON a still silent Night, scarce cou'd I number
 One of the Clock, but that a golden Slumber
 Had lock'd my Senses fast, and carry'd me
 Into a World of blest Felicity,
 I know not how: First to a Garden, where
 The Apricock, the Cherry, and the Pear,
 The Strawberry, and Plumb, were fairer far
 Than that Eye-pleasing Fruit that caus'd the Jar
 Betwixt the Goddeses, and tempted more
 Than fair *Atlanta's* Ball tho' gilded o'er:
 I gaz'd a while on these, and presently
 A Silver Stream ran softly gliding by;
 Upon whose Banks, Lillies more white than Snow
 New fall'n from Heav'n, with Violets mix'd, did grow;
 Whose Scent so chaf'd the Neighbour-Air, that you
 Wou'd surely swear *Arabick* Spices grew
 Not far from thence, or that the Place had been
 With Musk prepar'd to entertain Love's Queen.
 Whilst I admir'd, the River past away,
 And up a Grove did spring, green as in *May*,
 When *April* had been moist: upon whose Bushes
 The pretty Robins, Nightingals, and Thrushes
 Warbled their Notes so sweetly, that my Ears
 Did judge at least the Musick of the Sphears.
 But here my gentle Dream conveyed me
 Into the Place which I most long'd to see,
 My Mistress Bed; who, some few Blushes past,
 And smiling Frowns, contented was at last
 To let me touch her Neck; I not content
 With that, slipt to her Breast, thence lower went,
 And then — I awak'd.

Upon A. M.

YIELD all, my Love; but be withal as coy,
 As if thou knew'st not how to sport and toy:
 The Fort resign'd with ease, Men Cowards prove
 And lazie grow. Let me besiege my Love,
 Let me despair at least three times a Day,
 And take Repulses upon each Essay:
 If I but ask a Kiss, strait blush as red
 As if I tempted for thy Maidenhead:
 Contract thy Smiles, if that they go too far;
 And let thy Frowns be such as threaten War.
 That Face which Nature sure never intended
 Shou'd e'er be marr'd, because 't cou'd ne'er be mended,
 Take no Corruption from thy Grandame Eve;
 Rather want Faith to save thee, than believe
 Too soon: For, credit me, 'tis true,
 Men most of all enjoy, when least they do.

A CANDLE.

THERE is a thing which in the Light
 Is seldom us'd, but in the Night
 It serves the Maiden Female Crew,
 The Ladies, and the Good-Wives too:
 They use to take it in their Hand,
 And then it will uprightly stand;
 And to a Hole they it apply,
 Where by its good will it would dye.
 It spends, goes out, and still within
 It leaves its Moisture thick and thin.

The Metamorphosis.

THE little Boy, to shew his Might and Pow'r,
 Turn'd *Io* to a Cow, *Narcissus* to a Flow'r;
 Transform'd *Apollo* to a homely Swain,
 And *Jove* himself into a golden Rain.
 These Shapes were tolerable, but by th' Mafs
 H'as Metamorphos'd me into an Afs.

To B. C.

WHEN first, fair Mistress, I did see your Face,
 I brought, but carried no Eyes from the Place:
 And since that time God *Cupid* has me led,
 In hope that once I shall enjoy your Bed.
 But I despair; for now, alas, I find,
 Too late for me, The blind does lead the blind.

*Upon Sir John Laurence's bringing
 Water over the Hills to my Lord
 Middlesex's House at Witten.*

AND is the Water come? sure 't cannot be;
 It runs too much against Philosophy;
 For heavy Bodies to the Centre bend,
 Light Bodies only naturally ascend.
 How comes this then to pass? The good Knight's Skill
 Cou'd nothing do without the Water's Will:
 Then 'twas the Water's Love that made it flow,
 For Love will creep where well it cannot go.

A BARBER.

I Am a Barber, and I'd have you know,
 A Shaver too, sometimes no mad one tho'.
 The Reason why you see me now thus bare,
 Is 'cause I always trade against the Hair:
 But yet I keep a State; Who comes to me,
 Who e'er he is, he must uncover'd be,
 When I'm at work, I'm bound to find Discourse
 To no great Purpose, of great Sweden's Force,
 Of *Witel*, and the Burse, and what 'twill cost
 To get that back which was this Summer lost.
 So fall to praising of his Lordship's Hair,
 Ne'er so deform'd, I swear 'tis *sans* compare:
 I tell him that the King's do's fit no fuller,
 And yet his is not half so good a Colour:
 Then reach a pleasing Glass, that's made to lye
 Like to its Master, most notoriously:
 And if he must his Mistress see that Day,
 I with a Powder send him strait away.

A SOLDIER.

I Am a Man of War and Might,
 And know thus much, that I can fight,
 Whether I am i'th' wrong or right,
 devoutly.

No Woman under Heav'n I fear,
 New Oaths I can exactly swear,
 And forty Healths my Brains will bear
 most stoutly.

I cannot speak, but I can do
 As much as any of our Crew;
 And if you doubt it, some of you
 may prove me.

I dare be bold thus much to say,
 If that my Bullets do but play,
 You would be hurt so Night and Day,
 Yet love me.

*To my Lady E. C at her going out of
 England.*

I Must confess, when I did part from you,
 I cou'd not force an Artificial Dew
 Upon my Cheeks, nor with a gilded Phrase
 Express how many hundred several ways
 My Heart was tortur'd, nor with Arms across
 In discontented Garbs set forth my Loss:
 Such loud Expressions many times do come
 From lightest Hearts, great Grievs are always dumb;
 The shallow Rivers roar, the deep are still;
 Numbers of painted Words may shew much Skill;
 But little Anguish and a cloudy Face
 Is oft put on, to serve both Time and Place:
 The blazing Wood may to the Eye seem great,
 But 'tis the Fire rak'd up that has the Heat,
 And keeps it long: True Sorrow's like to Wine,
 That which is good does never need a Sign.
 My Eyes were Channels far too small to be
 Conveyers of such Floods of Misery:
 And so pray think; or if you'd entertain
 A Thought more charitable, suppose some Strain
 Of sad Repentance had, not long before,
 Quite empty'd for my Sins, that watry Store.
 So shall you him oblige that still will be
 Your Servant to his best Ability.

A PEDLER of Small Wares.

A Pedler I am, that take great care
And mickle Pains for to sell Small Ware:
I had need so, when Women do buy,
That in Small Wares trade so unwillingly.

L. W. A Looking-Glass, wilt please you Madam, buy,
A rare one 'tis indeed; for in it I
Can shew what all the World besides can't do,
A Face like to your own, so fair, so true.

L. E. For you a Girdle, Madam; but I doubt me
Nature has order'd there's no Waste about ye:
Pray therefore be but pleas'd to search my Pack,
There's no Ware that I have that you shall lack.

L. E. L. M. You Ladies, want you Pins? If that you do,
I have those will enter, and that stily too:
It's time you chuse in troth, you will bemoan
Too late your tarrying, when my Pack's once gone.

L. B. L. A. As for you Ladies, there are those behind
Whose Ware perchance may better take your mind:
One cannot please ye all; the Pedler will draw back,
And wish against himself, that you may have the Knack.

An Answer to some Verses made in his Praise.

THE Ancient Poets, and their learned Rhimes,
We still admire in these our latter Times,
And celebrate their Fames. Thus tho' they die,
Their Names can never taste Mortality:
Blind *Homer's* Muse, and *Virgil's* stately Verse,
While any live, shall never need a Herse.

Since

Since then to these such Praise was justly due
 For what they did, what shall be said to you?
 These had their Helps; they write of Gods and Kings,
 Of Temples, Battels, and such gallant Things:
 But you of nothing; how cou'd you have writ,
 Had you but chose a Subject to your Wit?
 To praise *Achilles*, or the *Trojan* Crew,
 Shew'd little Art, for Praise was but their due.
 To say she's fair that's fair, this is no Pains:
 He shews himself most Poet, that most feigns:
 To find out Virtues strangely hid in me;
 Ay there's the Art, and Learned Poetry!
 To make one striding of a Barbed Steed,
 Prancing a stately round: I use indeed
 To ride *Bat Jewel's* Jade; this is the Skill,
 This shews the Poet wants not Wit at Will.

I must admire aloof, and for my part
 Be well contented, since you do't with Art.

Love's BURNING-GLASS.

Wondering long how I cou'd harmless see
 Men gazing on those Beams that fired me;
 At last I found, it was the Chrystal Love
 Before my Heart, that did the Heat improve:
 Which by contracting of those scatter'd Rays
 Into it self, did so produce my Blaze.
 Now lighted by my Love, I see the same
 Beams dazle those, that me are wont t' inflame.
 And now I blefs my Love, when I do think
 By how much I had rather burn than wink.
 But how much happier were it thus to burn,
 If I had Liberty to chuse my Urn?
 But since those Beams do promise only Fire,
 This Flame shall purge me of the Dross, Desire.

The M I R A C L E.

IF thou be'st Ice, I do admire
 How thou cou'dst set my Heart on fire;
 Or how thy Fire cou'd kindle me,
 Thou being Ice, and not melt thee;
 But even my Flames, light at thy own,
 Have hardned thee into a Stone!
 Wonder of Love! that canst fulfil,
 Inverting Nature thus, thy Will;
 Making Ice one another burn,
 Whilst it self do's harder turn.

Εἰ μὲν ἦν μαθεῖν
 Ἄ δεῖ παθεῖν;
 Καὶ μὴ παθεῖν
 Καλὸν ἦν τὸ μαθεῖν:
 Εἰ δὲ δεῖ παθεῖν
 Ἄ δεῖ μαθεῖν;
 Τὶ δεῖ μαθεῖν
 Χρὴ γὰρ παθεῖν.

*Scire si liceret quæ debes subire,
 Et non subire, pulchrum est scire:
 Sed si subire debes quæ debes scire,
 Quorsum vis scire, nam debes subire?*

English'd thus,

If Man might know
 The Ill he must undergo,
 And shun it so,
 Then it were good to know:
 But if he undergo it,
 Tho' he know it,
 What boots him know it?
 He must undergo it.

S O N G.

S O N G.

WHEN, Dearest, I but think of thee,
Methinks all things that lovely be
Are present, and my Soul delighted;
For Beauties that from Worth arise,
Are like the Grace of Deities,
Still present with us, tho' unfighted.

Thus whilst I sit, and sigh the Day
With all his borrow'd Lights away,
'Till Night's black Wings do overtake me,
Thinking on thee, thy Beauties then,
As sudden Lights do sleepy Men,
So they by their bright Rays awake me.

Thus Absence dies, and dying proves
No Absence can subsist with Loves
That do partake of fair Perfection;
Since in the darkest Night they may,
By Love's quick Motion, find a Way
To see each other by Reflection.

The waving Sea can with each Flood
Bath some high Promont, that has stood
Far from the Main up in the River:
Oh think not then but Love can do
As much, for that's an Ocean too,
Which flows not every Day, but ever.

The Expostulation.

TELL me, ye Juster Deities,
That pity Lovers Miseries,
Why shou'd my own Unworthiness
Light me to seek my Happiness?

It is as natural, as just,
Him for to love whom needs I must:
All Men confess that Love's a Fire,
Then who denies it to aspire?

Tell me, if thou wert Fortune's Thrall,
Wou'dst thou not raise thee from the Fall?
Seek only to o'erlook thy State
Whereto thou art condemn'd by Fate?
Then let me love my *Coridon*,
And by Love's Leave, him Love alone:
For I have read in Stories oft,
That Love has Wings, and soars aloft.

Then let me grow in my Desire,
Though I be martyr'd in that Fire:
For Grace it is enough for me
But only to love such as he:
For never shall my Thoughts be base,
Though luckless, yet without Disgrace:
Then let him that my Love shall blame,
Or clip Love's Wings, or quench Love's Flame.

Detraction execrated.

THOU Vermin Slander, bred in abject Minds
Of Thoughts impure, by vile Tongues animate,
Canker of Conversation! cou'dst thou find
Nought but our Love, whereon to shew thy Hate?
Thou never wert, when we two were alone;
What canst thou witness then? thou base dull Aid
Was useless in our Conversation,
Where each meant more than cou'd by both be said.
Whence hadst thou thy Intelligence, from Earth?
That part of us ne'er knew that we did love:
Or from the Air: Our gentle Sighs had Birth
From such sweet Raptures as to Joy did move:

Our

Our Thoughts, as pure as the chaste Morning's Breath,
 When from the Night's cold Arms it creeps away,
 Were cloth'd in Words; and Maiden's Blush that hath
 More Purity, more Innocence than they,
 Nor from the Water cou'dst, thou have this Tale,
 No briny Tear has furrow'd her smooth Cheek;
 And I was pleas'd, I pray what shou'd he ail
 That had her Love, for what else cou'd he seek?
 We shortned Days to Moments by Love's Art,
 Whilst our two Souls in amorous Extasy
 Perceiv'd no passing time, as if a part
 Our Love had been of still Eternity,
 Much less cou'd have it from the purer Fire,
 Our Heat exhales no Vapour from course Sense,
 Such as are Hopes, or Fears, or fond Desire;
 Our mutual Love it self did recompence,
 Thou hast no Correspondence had in Heav'n,
 And th' Elemental World, thou seest, is free:
 Whence hadst thou then this, talking Monster? even
 From Hell, a Harbor fit for it and thee.
 Curst be th' Officious Tongue that did address
 Thee to her Ears, to ruin my Content:
 May it one Minute taste such Happiness,
 Deserving loos'd unpitied it lament!
 I must forbear her Sight, and so repay
 In Grief, those Hours Joy shortned to a Dram:
 Each Minute I will lengthen to a Day,
 And in one Year out-live *Metbusalem*.

S O N G.

UNjust Decrees, that do at once exact
 From such a Love as worthy Hearts shou'd own,
 So wild a Passion,
 And yet so tame a Presence

As holding no Proportion,
Changes into impossible Obedience.

Let it suffice, that neither I do love
In such a calm Observance, as to weigh
Each Word I say,

And each examin'd Look t'approve
That towards her do's move,
Without so much of Fire

As might, in time, kindle into Desire.

Or give me Leave to burst into a Flame.

And at the Scope of my unbounded Will

Love her my fill,
No Supercriptions of Fame,

Of Honour or good Name,

No Thought but to improve
The gentle and quick Approaches of my Love.

But thus to throng and overlade a Soul

With Love, and then to have a Room for Fear,

That shall all that controul,

What is it but to rear

Our Passions and our Hopes on high,

That thence they may descrie

The noblest way how to despair and die?

A Prologue of the Author's, to a Masque at WITTEN.

EXpect not here a curious River fine,
Our Wits are short of that: alas the Time!
The neat refined Language of the Court
We know not; if we did, our Country Sport
Must not be too ambitious; 'tis for Kings,
Not for their Subjects, to have such rare Things.

Besides

Besides tho', I confess, *Parnassus* hardly,
Yet *Helicon* this Summer-time is dry:
Our Wits were at an ebb, or very low,
And to say truth, I think they cannot flow,
But yet a gracious Influence from you
May alter Nature in our Brow-sick Crew;
Have Patience then, we pray, and sit a while;
And, if a Laugh be too much, lend a Smile.



LET-

Better tho' I confess, I confess hardly
Yet Alas on this Summer-morn is this
Our Wave were at an ebb, or very low,
And to say truth, I think they cannot show
But yet a good one, I think from you
May after Nature in our bow be crew
Have patience then, we pray, and sit a while
And if a laugh be too much, I bid a smile

THE
FARMER
ON
THE
OCEAN
A
PASTORAL
POEM
IN
SEVEN
BOOKS
BY
JOHN
WILKINSON
ESQ.
OF
THE
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LONDON
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1794

A Prologue of the Author's, to a
Mistress WITTEN.

LET

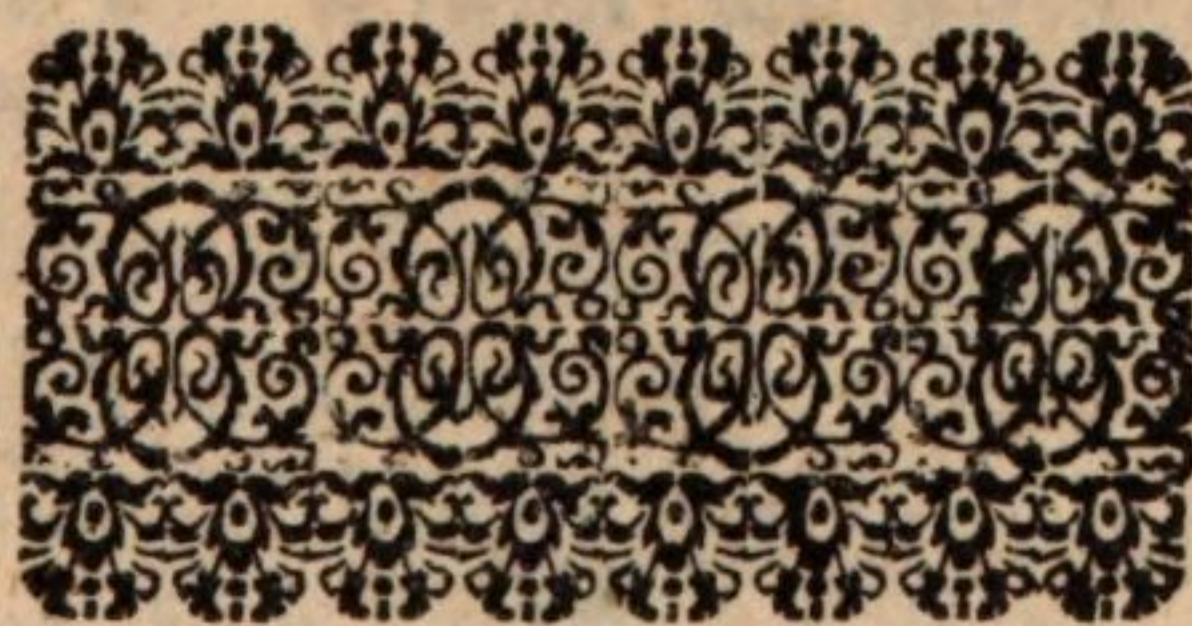
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TO SEVERAL

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Written on several Occasions,

By Sir *JOHN SUCKLING*.



Printed in the YEAR 1709.

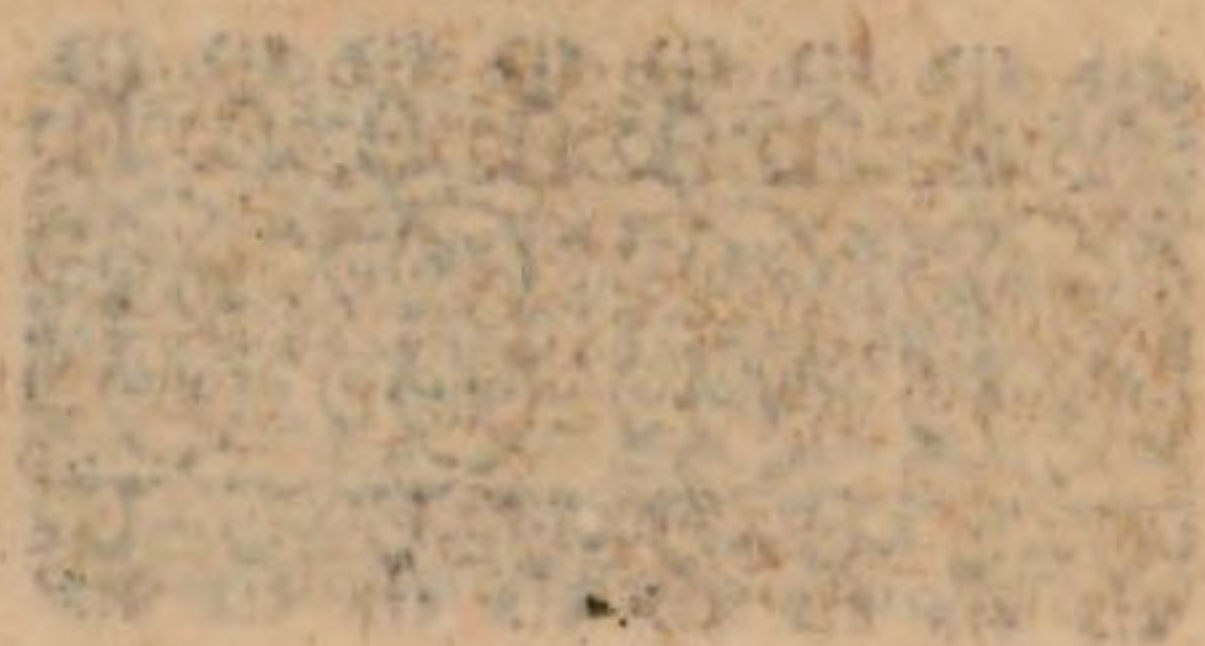
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LETTERS

TO SEVERAL

Eminent Persons, &c.



Fortune and Love have ever been so incompatible, that it is no Wonder, Madam, if having had so much of the one for you, I have ever found so little of the other for my self: Coming to Town (and having rid as if I had brought Intelligence of a new-landed Enemy to the State) I find you gone the Day before, and with you, Madam, all that is considerable upon the Place; for though you have left behind you Faces, whose Beauties might well excuse Perjury in others, yet in me they cannot, since to the making that no Sin, Loves Casuists have most rationally resolved, that she for whom we forsake, ought to be handsomer than the forsaken, which would be here impossible: So that now a Gallery hung with *Titians* or *Vandike's* Hand, and a Chamber fill'd with living Excellence, are the same Things to me; and the use that I shall make of that Sex now, will be no other than that which the wiser sort of Catholicks do of Pictures; at the highest, they but serve to raise my Devotion to you: Should a great Beauty now resolve to take me in (as that is all they think belongs to it) with the Artillery of her Eyes, it would be as vain, as for a Thief to set upon a new robb'd Passenger; You, Madam, have my Heart already, nor can you use it unkindly but with some Injustice, since (besides that it left a good Service
to

to wait on you) it was never known to stay so long, or so willingly before with any; After all, the Wages will not be high; for it hath been brought up under Platonicks, and knows no other Way of being paid for Service, then by being commanded more; which Truth when you doubt, you have but to send to its Master and

Your humble Servant,
J. S.

A Disswasion from Love.

Jack,

THough your Disease be in the Number of those that are better cured with Time than Precept, yet since it is lawful for every Man to practise upon them that are forsaken and given over (which I take to be your State) I will adventure to prescribe to you; and of the Innocence of the Physick you shall not need to doubt, since I can assure you I take it daily my self.

To begin Methodically, I should enjoin you Travel; for Absence doth in a kind remove the Cause (removing the Object) and answers the Physicians first Recipe, vomiting and purging; but this would be too harsh, and indeed not agreeing to my Way. I therefore advise you to see her as often as you can, for (besides that the Rarity of Visits endears them) this may bring you to surprize her, and to discover little Defects, which though they cure not absolutely, yet they qualifie the Fury of the Feaver: As near as you can, let it be unseasonably, when she is in Sicknes, and Disorder; for that will let you know she is mortal, and a Woman, and the last would be enough to a wise Man: If you could draw her to discourse of things she understands not, it would not be amiss.

Contrive your self often into the Company of the cry'd up Beauties; for if you read but one Book, it will be no Wonder

Wonder if you speak or write that stile; Variety will breed Distraction, and that will be a kind of diverting the Humour.

I would not have you deny your self the little Things, (for these Agues are easier cured with Surfeits than Abstinence) rather, if you can, taste all: for that (as an old Author saith) will let you see

*That the Thing for which we wooe,
Is not worth so much ado.*

But since that here would be impossible, you must be content to take it where you can get it. And this for your Comfort I must tell you, *Jack*, that Mistress and Woman differ no otherwise then *Frontiniack* and ordinary Grapes; which though a Man loves never so well, yet if he surfeit of the last, he will care but little for the first.

I would have you leave that foolish Humour, *Jack*, of saying you are not in love with her, and pretending you care not for her; for smother'd Fires are dangerous, and malicious Humours are best and safest vented and breathed out. Continue your Affection to your Rival still, that will secure you from one way of loving, which is in spite; and preserve your Friendship with her Woman; for who knows but she may help you to the Remedy.

A jolly Glas and right Company would much conduce to the Cure; for though in the Scripture (by the way it is but *Apocbrypha*) Woman is resolved stronger than Wine, yet whether it will be so or not, when Wit is joined to it, may prove a fresh Question.

Marrying, as our Friend the late Ambassador hath wittily observed, would certainly cure it; but that is a kind of live Pigeons laid to the Soles of the Feet, a last Remedy, and, to say truth, worse than the Disease.

But, *Jack*, I remember I promis'd you a Letter, not a Treaty; I now expect you should be just, and as I have shewed you how to get out of Love, so you (according to our Bargain) should teach me how to get in-

to it. I know you have but one way, and will prescribe me now to look upon Mistress *Howard*; but for that I must tell you afore-hand, that it is love as in Antipathy; The Capers which will make my Lord of *Dorset* go from the Table, another Man will eat up. And, *Jack*, if you would make a visit to *Bedlam*, you shall find, that there are rarely two there mad for the same thing.

Your humble Servant.

THough, *Madam*, I have ever hitherto believ'd Play to be a thing in it self as meerly indifferent as Religion to a States-Man, or Love made in a Privy-Chamber; yet hearing you have resolv'd it otherwise for me, my Faith shall alter without becoming more learned upon it, or once knowing why it should do so; so great and just a Sovereignty is That your Reason hath above all others, that mine must be a Rebel to it self, should it not obey thus easily; and indeed all the Infalibility of Judgment we poor Protestants have, is at this time wholly in your Hands.

The Loss of a Mistress (which kills Men only in Romances, and is still digested with the first Meat we eat after it) had yet in me raised up so much Passion, and so just a Quarrel (as I thought) to Fortune for it, that I could not but tempt her to do me right upon the first occasion: yet, *Madam*, has it not made me so desperate but that I can sit down a loser both of that Time and Money too, when there shall be the least fear of losing you.

And now, since I know your Ladship is too wise to suppose to your self Impossibilities, and therefore cannot think of such a thing, as of making me absolutely good; it will not be without some Impatience that I shall attend to know what Sin you will be pleased to assign me in the room of this: Something that has less Danger about it (I conceive it would be) and therefore if you please, *Madam*, let it not be Women: For to say truth,
it

it is a Diet I cannot yet relish, otherwise than Men do that on which they surfeited last.

Your humble Servant,
F. S.

MADAM,

BEfore this Instant I did not believe *Warwickshire* the other World, or that *Milcot Walks* had been the blessed Shades. At my Arrival here I am saluted by all as risen from the dead, and have had Joy given me as preposterously and as impertinently as they give it to Men who marry where they do not love. If I shou'd now die in earnest, my Friends have nothing to pay me, for they have discharg'd the Rites of Funeral Sorrow before hand. Nor do I take it ill, that Report, which made *Richard* the Second alive so often after he was dead, shou'd kill me as often when I am alive; The Advantage is on my side: The only Quarrel I have, is, that they have made use of the whole Book of Martyrs upon me; and without all question the first Christians under the great Persecution suffered not, in 500 Years, so many several Ways as I have done in six Days in this lewd Town. This, *Madam*, may seem strange unto you now, who know the Company I was in; and certainly if at that time I had departed this transitory World, it had been a Way they had never thought on; and this Epitaph of the *Spaniards* (changing the Names) would better have become my Grave-Stone, than any other my Friends the Poets wou'd have found out for me:

E P I T A P H.

Here lyes Don Alonzo,
Slain by a Wound receiv'd under
His left Pap,
The Orifice of which was so
Small, no Chirurgeon cou'd

G

Disco-

Discover it.

Reader,

If thou wou'dst avoid so strange

A Death,

Look not upon Lucinda's Eyes.

Now all this Discourse of dying, *Madam*, is but to let you know how dangerous a thing it is to be long from *London*, especially in a Place which is concluded out of the World. If you are not to be frightened hither, I hope you are to be persuaded; and if good Sermons, or good Plays, new Braveries, or fresh Wit, Revels, *Madam*, Masks that are to be, have any Rhetorick about them, here they are, I assure you, in Perfection; without asking leave of the Provinces beyond Seas, or the Assent of ——— I write not this, that you should think I value these Pleasures above those of *Milcot*: For I must here protest, I prefer the single Tabor and Pipe in the great Hall, far above them: And were there no more belonging to a Journey than riding so many Miles (wou'd my Affairs conspire with my Desires) your Ladiship shou'd find there, not at the Bottom of a Letter,

Madam,

Your humble Servant.

MADAM,

I Thank Heav'n we live in an Age in which the Widows wear Colours, and in a Country where the Women that lose their Husbands may be trusted with Poison, Knives, and all the burning Coals in *Europe*, notwithstanding the President of *Sophonisba* and *Portia*: Considering the Estate you are in now, I shou'd reasonably imagine meaner Physicians than *Seneca* or *Cicero* might administer Comfort. It is so far from me to imagine this Accident shou'd surprize you, that in my Opinion it shou'd not make you wonder; it being not strange at all

all that a Man who had liv'd ill all his time in a House, thou'd break a Window, or steal away in the Night through an unusual Postern: You are now free, and what matter is it to a Prisoner whether the Fetters be taken off the ordinary way or not? If instead of putting off handsomely the Chain of Matrimony, he hath rudely broke it, 'tis at his own Charge, nor thou'd it cost you a Tear; Nothing, *Madam*, has worse Mien than counterfeit Sorrow, and you must have the height of Woman's Art to make yours appear other, especially when the Spectators shall consider all the Story.

The Sword that is plac'd betwixt a contracted Princess and an Ambassador, was as much a Husband, and the only difference was, that that Sword laid in the Bed, allow'd one to supply its Place; this Husband deny'd all, like a false Crow set up in a Garden, which keeps others from the Fruit it cannot taste it self: I wou'd not have you so much as enquire whether it were with his Garters or his Cloak-bag Strings, not engage your self to fresh Sighs by hearing new Relations.

The *Spanish* Princess *Leonina* (whom *Balzac* delivers the Ornament of the last Age) was wise; who hearing a Post was sent to tell her, her Husband was dead, and knowing the Secretary was in the way for that Purpose, sent to stay the Post 'till the arrival of the Secretary, that she might not be obliged to shed Tears twice. Of ill Things the less we know, the better. Curiosity wou'd here be as vain, as if a Cuckold thou'd enquire whether it were upon the Couch or a Bed, and whether the Cavalier pull'd off his Spurs first or not.

I must confess it is a just Subject for our Sorrow, to hear of any that does quit his Station without his leave that placed him there; and yet as ill a Mien as this Act has; 'twas *a-la-Romansci*, as you may see by a Line of Mr. *Shakespear's*, who bringing in *Titinius* after a lost Battel, speaking to his Sword, and bidding it find out his Heart, adds

By your leave, Gods, this is a Roman's part

'Tis true, I think Cloak-Bag Strings were not then so much in Fashion; but to those that are not Sword-Men, the way is not so despicable; and for my own Part, I assure you Christianity highly governs me in the Minute in which I do not wish, with all my Heart, that all the Discontents in his Majesty's three Kingdoms would find out this very Way of satisfying themselves and the World.

J. S.

S I R,

Since the settling of your Family wou'd certainly much conduce to the settling of your Mind (the care of the one being the trouble of the other) I cannot but reckon it in the Number of my Misfortunes, that my Affairs deny me the Content I shou'd take to serve you in it.

It wou'd be too late now for me, I suppose, to advance or confirm you in those good Resolutions I left you in, being confident your own Reason has been so just to you, as long before this to have represented a necessity of redeeming Time and Fame, and of taking an handsome Revenge upon your self for the Injuries you would have done your self.

Change, I confess (to them that think all at once) must needs be strange, and to you hateful, whom first your own Nature, and then Custom, another Nature, have brought to delight in those narrow and uncouth Ways we found you in. You must therefore consider that you have entred into one of those near Conjunctions of which Death is the only honourable Divorce; and that you have now to please another as well as your self; who though she be a Woman, and by the Patent she hath from Nature, hath Liberty to do simply; yet can she never be so strongly bribed against her self, as to betray at once all her Hopes and Ends, and for your sake resolve to live miserably. Examples of such loving Folly our Times

Times afford but few; and in those there are, you shall find the Stock of Love to have been greater, and their Strengths richer to maintain it, than is to be feared yours can be.

Woman (besides the Trouble) has ever been thought a Rent-Charge, and though, through the vain Curiosity of Man, it has often been inclosed, yet has it seldom been brought to improve or become profitable; it faring with marry'd Men, for the most part, as with those that at great Charges wall in Grounds, and plant, who cheaper might have eaten Mellons elsewhere, than in their own Gardens Cucumbers. The Ruins that either Time, Sickness, or the Melancholy you shall give her, shall bring, must all be made up at your Cost: For that thing a Husband is but Tenant for Life in what he holds, and is bound to leave the Place Tenantable to the next that shall take it. To conclude, a young Woman is a Hawk upon her Wings; and if she be handsome, she is the more subject to go out at check; Falkners that can but seldom spring right Game, shou'd still have something about them to take them down with. The Lure to which all stoop in this World, is either garnish'd with Profit or Pleasure, and when you cannot throw her the one, you must be content to shew out the other. This I speak, not out of a Desire to increase your Fears, which are already but too many, but out of a Hope that when you know the worst, you will at once leap into the River, and swim through handsomely, and not (weather-beaten with the divers Blasts of Irresolution) stand shivering upon the Brink.

Doubts and Fears are of all the sharpest Passions, and are still turning Distempers to Diseases; through these false Opticks 'tis, all that you see is like Evening Shadows, disproportionable to the Truth, and strangely longer than the true Substance: These (when a handsome way of living and Expence, suitable to your Fortune, is represented to you) makes you in their stead see Want and Beggary; thrusting upon your Judgment Impossibilities

for Likelyhoods, which they with ease may do; since, as *Solomon* saith, they betray the Succours that Reason offers.

'Tis true, that all here below is but diversify'd Folly, and that the little Things we laugh at Children for, we do but act our selves in great; yet is there difference of Lunacy, and of the two, I had much rather be mad with him, that (when he had nothing) thought all the Ships that came into the Haven his; than with you, who (when you have so much coming in) think you have nothing: This Fear of losing all in you, is the ill Issue of a worse Parent, desire of getting in you: So that if you wou'd not be Passion-rent, you must cease to be covetous: Mony in your Hand is like the Conjurers Devil, which, while you think you have, that has you.

The rich Talent that God hath given, or rather lent you, you have hid up in a Napkin, and Man knows no difference betwixt that and Treasures kept by Spirits, but that yours is the harder to come by. To the guarding of these golden Apples, of necessity must be kept those never-sleeping Dragons, Fear, Jealousie, Distrust, and the like; so that you are come to moralize *Æsop*, and his Fables of Beasts are become Prophecies of you; for while you catch'd at the Shadow, uncertain Riches, you have lost the Substance, true Content.

The Desire I have ye shou'd be yet your self, and that your Friends shou'd have occasion to bless the Providence of Misfortune, has made me take the Boldness to give you your own Character; and to shew you your self out of your own Glass: And though all this tells you but where you are, yet it is some part of a Cure to have search'd the Wound. And for this time we must be content to do like Travellers, who first find out the Place, and then the nearest Way.

My noble Lord,

YOUR humble Servant had the honour to receive from your Hand a Letter, and had the Grace upon the sight of it to blush. I but then found my own Negligence, and but now cou'd have the Opportunity to ask Pardon for it. We have ever since been upon a March, and the Places we are come to, have afforded rather Blood than Ink: And of all things, Sheets have been the hardest to come by, especially those of Paper. If these few Lines shall have the Happiness to kiss your Hand, they can assure, that he that sent them knows none to whom he owes more Obligation than to your Lordship, and to whom he would more willingly pay it; and that it must be no less than necessity it self that can hinder him from often presenting it. *Germany* hath no whit altered me, I am still the humble Servant of my Lord — that I was, and when I cease to be so, I must cease to be

John Suckling.

SINCE you can breath no one Desire that was not mine before it was yours — or full as soon, (for Hearts united never knew divided Wishes) I must chide you, dear Princess, not thank you, for your present; and (if at least I knew how) be angry with you for sending him a Blush, who needs must blush because you sent him one. If you are conscious of much, what am I then? who guilty am of all you can pretend to, and something more — unworthiness. But why shou'd you at all (Heart of my Heart) disturb the Happiness you have so newly given me? or make Love feed on Doubts, that never yet cou'd thrive on such a Diet? *If I have granted your Request* ——— Oh! ——— Why will you ever say that you have study'd me, and give so great an Instance to the contrary? that wretched *If* ——— speaks as

if I wou'd refuse what you desire, or cou'd; both which are equally impossible. My dear Princess, there needs no new Approaches where the Breach is made already; nor must you ever ask any where, but of your fair self, for any thing that shall concern

Your humble Servant.

My dearest Princess,

BUT that I know I love you more than ever any did any, and that yet I hate my self because I can love you no more, I shou'd now most unsatisfy'd dispatch away this Messenger.

The little that I can write to what I wou'd, makes me think Writing a dull Commerce, and then——how can I chuse but wish my self with you——to say the rest. My Dear Dear, think what Merit, Virtue, Beauty, what and how far *Aglaure* with all her Charms can oblige, and so far and something more I am

Your humble Servant.

A Letter to a Friend to dissuade him from marrying a Widow which he formerly had been in love with, and quitted.

AT this time, when no hot Planet fires the Blood, and when the *Lunaticks* of *Bedlam* themselves are trusted abroad; that you shou'd run mad, is, Sir, not so much a Subject for your Friends *Pity*, as their *Wonder*. 'Tis true, *Love* is a *natural Distemper*, a kind of *Small Pox*: Every one either hath had it, or is to expect it, and the sooner the better.

Thus far you are excused: But having been well cured of a *Feaver*, to court a *Relapse*, to make *Love* the second
time

time in the *same Place*, is (not to flatter you) neither better nor worse than to fall into a *Quagmire* by *chance*, and ride into it afterwards on *purpose*. 'Tis not *Love, Tom*, that doth the Mischief, but *Constancy*, for *Love* is of the Nature of a *burning-Glass*, which kept still in one Place, *fireth*; changed often, it doth *nothing*; a kind of *glowing Coal*, which with shifting from Hand to Hand a Man easily endures. But then to *marry*! *Tom*: Why, thou hadst better to live *honest*. *Love* thou know'st is *blind*, what will he do when he hath *Fetters* on, thinkest thou?

Dost thou know what *Marriage* is? 'Tis *curing* of *Love* the *dearest way*, or waking a *losing Gamester* out of a *winning Dream*; and after a long Expectation of a strange *Banquet*, a Presentation of a *homely Meal*. Alas! *Tom*, *Love seeds* when it runs up to *Matrimony*, and is good for nothing. Like some *Fruit Trees*, it must be transplanted if thou would'st have it active, and bring forth any thing.

Thou now, perchance, hast vowed all that can be vowed to any *one Face*, and think'st thou hast left nothing unsaid to it: Do but make *Love* to *another*, and if thou art not suddenly furnish'd with *new Language*, and *fresh Oaths*, I will conclude *Cupid* hath used thee worse than ever he did any of his Train.

After all this, to marry a *Widow*, a kind of *chew'd Meat*! What a fantastical Stomach hast thou, that canst not eat of a Dish 'till another Man hath cut of it? Who wou'd wash after another, when he might have fresh Water enough for asking?

Life is sometimes a long Journey: To be tyed to ride upon one Beast still, and that half-tyr'd to thy Hand too! Think upon that, *Tom*.

Well; If thou must needs *marry* (as who can tell to what height thou hast sinned?) let it be a *Maid*, and no *Widow*: For (as a modern Author hath wittily resolved in this Case) 'tis better, if a Man must be in Prison, to lye in a private Room, than in the Hole.

An

An Answer to the foregoing Letter.

Cease to wonder, honest Jack; and give me leave to pity thee, who labourest to condemn that which thou confessest *natural*, and the sooner had, the better.

Thus far there needs no *Excuse*, unless it be on thy behalf, who stilest *second Thoughts* (which are by all allow'd the *Best*) a *Relapse*, and talkest of a *Quagmire* where no Man ever stuck fast, and accusest *Constancy* of *Mischief* in what is *natural*, and *advisedly undertaken*.

'Tis confest, that *Love* changed often doth nothing; nay 'tis nothing; for *Love* and *Change* are incompatible: But where it is kept fixt to its first Object, though it burn not, yet it *warms* and *cherisheth*, so as it needs no *Transplantation* or change of *Soil* to make it fruitful; and certainly, if *Love* be *natural*, to marry is the best *Recipe* for living honest.

Yes, I know what *Marriage* is, and know you know it not, by terming it the *dearest way* of *curing Love*: For certainly there goes more Charge to the keeping of a *Stable full of Horses*, than *one only Steed*; and much of *Vanity* is therein besides: When, be the Errand what it will, this *one Steed* shall serve your Turn as well as twenty more. Oh! if you cou'd serve your *Steed* so!

Marriage turns pleasing *Dreams* to ravishing *Realities*, which out-do what *Fancy* or *Expectation* can frame unto themselves.

That *Love* doth *seed* when it runs into *Matrimony*, is undoubted *Truth*; how else should it *increase* and *multiply*, which is its greatest *Blessing*.

'Tis not the want of *Love*, nor *Cupid's Fault*, if every Day afford not *new Language*, and *new Ways* of expressing Affection: It rather may be caused through an excess of Joy, which oftentimes strikes dumb.

These things considered, I will marry; nay, and to prove the second *Paradox* false, I'll marry a *Widow*, who is rather the *chewer*, than *thing Chewed*. How strangely fantastical

taftical is he, who will be an Hour in plucking on a *strait Boot*, when he may be forthwith furnifh'd with enow that will come on eafily, and do him as much Credit, and better Service? *Wine*, when *first Broach'd*, drinks not half fo well as after a while *drawing*. Wou'd you not think him a Madman, who, whilst he might fair and eafily ride on the *beaten Road-Way*, fhould trouble himfelf with *breaking up of Gaps*? A well wayed Horfe will fafely convey thee to thy Journeys end, when an *unback'd Filly* may by chance give thee a Fall: 'Tis *Prince-like* to marry a *Widow*, for 'tis to have a *Tafter*.

'Tis true, *Life* may prove a *long Journey*; and fo, believe me, it muft do, a *very long one* too, before the *Beaft* you talk of prove *tyr'd*. Think you upon that, *Jack*.

Thus, *Jack*, thou fee'ft my well-ta'en Resolution of *marrying*, and that a *Widow*, not a *Maid*; to which I am much induced out of what *Pythagoras* faith (in his 2^{da} *Sect. cuniculorum*) that *it is better lying in the Hole, than fitting in the Stocks*.

WHEN I receive your Lines, my Dear Princess, and find there Expreffions of a Paflion; though Reason and my own Immerit tell me, it muft not be for me; yet is the Cozenage fo pleafing to me, that I (brib'd by my own Defires) believe them ftill before the other. Then do I glory that my Virgin-Love has ftay'd for fuch an Object to fix upon, and think how good the Stars were to me, that kept me from quenching thofe Flames (Youth or wild Love furnifh'd me withal) in common and ordinary Waters, and referved me a Sacrifice for your Eyes. — While Thought thus fmiles and fo'aces himfelf within me, cruel Remembrance breaks in upon our Retirements, and tells fo fad a Story, that (truft me) I forget all that pleas'd Fancy faid before, and turns my Thoughts to where I left you. Then I confider that Storms neither know Courtfhip, nor Pity, and

and that those rude Blasts will often make you a Prisoner this Winter, if they do no worse.

While I here enjoy fresh Diverſion, you make the Sufferings more, by having Leiſure to conſider them; nor have I now any way left me to make mine equal with them, but by often conſidering that they are not ſo: For the Thought that I cannot be with you to bear my Share, is more intolerable to me, then if I had born more ——— But I was only born to number Hours, and not enjoy them ——— yet can I never think my ſelf unfortunate, while I can write my ſelf

AGLAURA,

Her humble Servant.

WHEN I conſider, my Dear Princeſs, that I have no other Pretence to your Favours, than that which all Men have to the Original of Beauty, Light; which we enjoy not that it is the Inheritance of our Eyes, but becauſe things moſt excellent cannot reſtrain themſelves, but are ours, as they are diffuſively good; then do I find the Juſtneſs of your Quarrel, and cannot but bluſh to think what I do owe, but much more to think what I do pay, ſince I have made the Principal ſo great, by ſending in ſo little Intereſt ——— When you have receiv'd this humble Confeſſion, you will not, I hope, conceive me one that wou'd (though upon your bidding) enjoy my ſelf, while there is ſuch a thing in the World, as ———

AGLAURA ———

Her humble Servant,

J. S.

S O

SO much (*Dear —*) was I ever yours, since I had first the Honour to know you, and consequently so little my self since I had the Unhappiness to part with you, that you your self, *Dear*, without what I wou'd say, cannot but have been so just as to have imagin'd the Welcome of your own Letters; though indeed they have but removed me from one Rack, to set me on another; from Fears and Doubts I had about me of your Welfare, to an Unquietness within my self, 'till I have deserv'd this Intelligence.

How pleasingly troublesome Thought and Remembrance have been to me since I left you, I am no more able now to express, than another to have them so. You only cou'd make every Place you came in worth the thinking of, and I do think those Places worthy my Thought only, because you made them so. But I am to leave them, and I shall do't the willinger, because the Gamester still is so much in me, as that I love not to be told too often of my Losses: Yet every Place will be alike, since every good Object will do the same. Variety of Beauty and of Faces (quick Underminers of Constancy to others) to me will be but Pillars to support it; since when they please me most, I most shall think of you.

In spite of all Philosophy, it will be hottest in my Climate, when my Sun is farthest off; and in spite of all Reason, I proclaim, that I am not my self but when I am

Yours wholly.

THOUGH Desire in those that love be still like too much sail in a Storm, and Man cannot so easily strike, or take all in when he pleases: Yet (dearest Princess) be it never so hard, when you shall think it dangerous, I shall not make it difficult, though — Well, Love is Love,

Love, and Air is Air; and (though you are a Miracle your self) yet do not I believe that you can work any; without it I am confident you can never make these two, thus different in themselves, one and the self-same thing; when you shall, it will be some small Furtherance towards it, that you have

Your humble Servant,

J. S.

Who so truly loves the fair *Aglaure*, that he will never know Desire, at least not entertain it, that brings not Letters of Recommendation from her, or first a fair Passport.

My Dear Dear,

THink I have kiss'd your Letter to nothing, and now know not what to answer. Or that, now I am answering, I am kissing you to nothing, and know not how to go on! For you must pardon, I must hate all I send you here, because it expresses nothing in respect of what it leaves behind with me. And oh! why shou'd I write then? Why shou'd I not come my self? Those Tyrants, Business, Honour, and Necessity, what have they to do with you and I? Why shou'd we not do Love's Commands, before theirs whose Sovereignty is but usurped upon us? Shall we not smell to Roses, 'cause others do look on? Or gather them, 'cause there are Prickles, and something that would hinder us? Dear —— I fain wou'd —— and know no hindrance —— but what must come from you —— and —— why shou'd any come? since 'tis not I, but you must be sensible how much time we lose, it being long since I was not my self, but

Yours.

Dear Princess,

Finding the Date of your Letter so young, and having an Assurance from — who at the same time heard from Mr. — that all our Letters have been delivered at B — I cannot but imagine some ill Mistake, and that you have not received any at all. Faith I have none in *Welch-Man*; and though Fear and Suspicion look often so far that they oversee the Right, yet when Love holds the Candle, they seldom do mistake so much. My dearest Princess, I shall long, next hearing you are well, to hear that they are safe: For though I can never be ashamed to be found an Idolater to such a Shrine as yours, yet since the World is full of prophane Eyes, the best way, sure, is to keep all Mysteries from them, and to let Privacy be (what indeed it is) the best part of Devotion. So thinks,

My D. D. P.

Your humble Servant.

SINCE the inferior Orbs move but by the first, without all question Desires and Hopes in me are to be govern'd still by you, as they by it. What mean these Fears then, Dear Princess?

Though Planets wander, yet is the Sphere that carries them the same still; and though Wishes in me may be extravagant, yet he in whom they make their Motion is, you know my dear Princess,

Tours, and wholly to be dispos'd of by you.

And 'till we hear from you, though (according to the Form of a concluding Letter) we shou'd now rest, we cannot.

Dear

Dear Princess,

IF parting be a Sin (as sure it is) what then to part from you! If to extenuate an Ill be to increase it, what then now to excuse it by a Letter? That which we wou'd alledge to lessen it, with you perchance has added to the Guilt already, which is our sudden leaving you. Abruptness is an Eloquence in parting, when spinning out of time, is but the weaving of new Sorrow. And thus we thought, yet not being able to distinguish of our own Acts, the Fear we may have sinn'd farther than we think of, has made us send to you, to know whether it be mortal or not.

For the Two Excellent Sisters.

THough I conceive you, *Ladies*, so much at Leisure that you may read any thing, yet since the Stories of the Town are meerly amorous, and sound nothing but Love, I cannot, without betraying my own Judgment, make them News for *Wales*. Nor can it be less improper to transport them to you, than for the King to send my Lord of C. over Ambassador this Winter into *Greenland*.

It wou'd want Faith in so cold a Country as *Anglesey*, to say that your Cousin Dutcheß, for the quenching of some foolish Flames about her, has endured quietly the Loss of much of the King's Favour, of many of her Houses, and of most of her Friends.

Whether the Disfigurement that Travel or Sickness has bestow'd upon *B. W.* be thought so great by the Lady of the Isle, as 'tis by others, and whether the Alteration of his Face has bred a Change in her Mind ——— it never troubles you ——— *Ladies*. What old Loves are decay'd, or what new ones are sprung up in their room; whether this Lady be too discreet, or that Cavalier not secret enough; are things that concern the
Inha-

Inhabitants of *Anglesey* not at all. A fair Day is better welcome and more News, than all that can be said in this kind. And for all that I know now, the Divil's Chimney is on fire, or his Pot scething over, and all *North-Wales* not able to stay the Fury of it. Perchance while I write this, a great black Cloud is sailing from Mistress *Thomasses* bleak Mountains over to *Baron-Hill*, there to disgorge it self with what the Sea or worse Places fed it with before.

It may be the honest Banks about you turn Bankrupt too, and break; and the Sea like an angry Creditor seizes upon all, and hath no Pity, because he has been put off so long from time to time. For variety (and it is not impossible) some boistrous Wind flings up the Hangings; and thinking to do as much to your Cloaths, finds a Resistance, and so departs, but first breaks all the Windows about the House for it in Revenge.

These Things now we that live in *London* cannot help, and they are as great News to Men that sit in Boxes at *Black-Fryars*, as the Affairs of Love to Flannel-Weavers.

For my own part, I think I have made a great Complement, when I have wisht my self with you, and more than I dare make good in Winter; and yet there is none wou'd venture farther for such a Happiness than

Your humble Servant.

The Wine-Drinkers to the Water-Drinkers, Greeting.

WHereas by your Ambassador two Days since sent unto us, we understand that you have lately had a Plot to surprize (or to speak more properly) to take the Waters; and in it have not only a little miscarry'd, but also met with such Difficulties, that unless you be speedily reliev'd, you are like to suffer in the Adventure;

H

We

We, as well out of Pity to you, as out of Care to our State and Common-Wealth (knowing that Women have ever been held necessary, and that nothing relisheth so well after Wine) have so far taken it into our Consideration, that we have neglected no Means since we heard of it first, that might be for your Contents, or the good of the Cause; and therefore to that Purpose we have had divers Meetings at the *Bear* at the *Bridge-foot*, and now at length have resolv'd to dispatch to you one of our Cabinet-Council, Colonel *Young*, with some slight Forces of Canary, and some few of Sherry, which no doubt will stand you in good stead, if they do not mutiny and grow too head-strong for their Commander; him Captain *Puffe* of *Barton* shall follow with all Expedition, with two or three Regiments of Claret; Monsieur *de Granville*, commonly call'd Lieutenant *Strutt*, shall lead up the Reer of Rhenish and White. These Succours thus timely sent, we are confident will be sufficient to hold the Enemy in play; and 'till we hear from you again, we shall not think of a fresh Supply: For the Waters (though perchance they have driven you into some Extremities, and divers times forc'd their Passages through some of your best guarded Places) yet have they, if our Intelligence fail us not, hitherto had the worst of it still, and evermore at length plainly run away from you.

*Given under our Hands at the Bear,
this fourth Day of July.*

Since Joy (the thing we all so court) is but our Hopes stript of our Fears, pardon me if I be still pressing at it, and like those that are curious to know their Fortunes aforehand, desire to be satisfy'd, though it displeases me afterward. To this Gentleman (who has as much Insight as the t'other wanted Eye-sight) I have committed the Particulars, which would too much swell a Letter:

Letter: If they shall not please you, 'tis but fresh Subject still for Repentance; nor ever did that make me quarrel with any thing but my own Stars. To swear new Oaths from this Place, were but to weaken the Credit of those I have sworn in another; if Heav'n be to forgive you now for not believing of them then, (as sure as it was a Sin) Heav'n forgive me now for swearing of them then (for that was double Sin.) More than I am I cannot be, nor list,

Yours, J. S.

I am not so ill a Protestant as to believe in Merit, yet if you please to give Answer under your own Hand, such as I shall for ever rely upon; if I have not deserv'd it already, it is not impossible but I may.

To a Cousin (who still lov'd young Girls, and when they came to be marriageable, quitted them, and fell in Love with fresh) at his Father's Request, who desired he might be persuaded out of the Humour, and marry.

Honest CHARLES,

WERE there not Fools enow before in the Common-Wealth of Lovers, but that thou must bring up a new Sect? Why delighted with the first Knots of Roses, and when they come to blow (can satisfie the Sense, and do the end of their Creation) dost not care for them? Is there nothing in this foolish transitory World that thou canst find out to set thy Heart upon, but that which has newly left off making of dirt-Pyes, and is but preparing it self for Loam, and a Green-Sickness? Seriously, *Charles*, and without Ceremony, 'tis very foolish, and to love Widows is as tolerable an Hu-

mour, and as justifiable as thine ——— for Beasts that have been rid off their Legs are as much for a Man's Use, as Colts that are unway'd, and will not go at all: ——— Why the Devil such young Things? Before these understand what thou wouldst have, others would have granted. Thou dost not marry them neither, nor any thing else. 'Sfoot, it is the Story of the Jackanapes and the Partridges; thou starest after a Beauty 'till it is lost to thee, and then let'st out another, and starest after that 'till it is gone too: Never considering that it is here as in the *Thames*, and that while it runs up in the Middle, it runs down on the Sides; while thou contemplat'st the coming-in Tide and flow of Beauty, that it ebbs with thee, and that thy Youth goes out at the same time: After all this too, she thou now art cast upon will have much ado to avoid being ugly. Pox on't, Men will say thou wert benighted, and wert glad of any Inn. Well! *Charles*, there is another Way, if you cou'd find it out. Women are like Melons; too green, or too ripe, are worth nothing; you must try 'till you find a right one. Taste all, but hark you ——— *Charles*, you shall not need to eat of all, for one is sufficient for a Surfeit.

Your humble Servant.

I shou'd have perswaded you to Marriage, but to deal ingeniously, I am a little out of Arguments that way at this present: 'Tis honourable, there's no question on't; but what more, in good Faith I cannot readily tell.

MADAM,

TO tell you that neither my Misfortunes nor my Sins did draw from me ever so many Sighs as my Departure from you has done, and that there are yet Tears in mine Eyes left undry'd for it; or that Melancholy has so deeply seiz'd me, that Colds and Diseases hereafter shall not need above half their Force to destroy me, would

wou'd be I know superfluous and vain, since so great a Goodness as yours, cannot but have out-believ'd already what I can write.

He never knew you, that will not think the loss of your Company greater than the Imperialists can all this time the loss of all their Companies; and he shall never know you that can think it greater than I, who though I never had neither Wisdom nor Wit enough to admire you to your Worth, yet had my Judgment ever so much right in it, as to admire you above all. And thus he says, that dares swear he is

Your most devoted Servant.

M A D A M,

THE Distrust I have had of not being able to write to you any thing which might pay the Charge of Reading, has persuaded me to forbear kissing your Hands at this Distance: So, like Women that grow proud, because they are chaste; I thought I might be negligent, because I was not troublesome. And, were I not safe in your Goodness, I shou'd be, *Madam*, in your Judgment; which is too just to value little Observances, or think them necessary to the right honouring my Lady.

Your Ladyship, I make no doubt, will take into Consideration, that Superstition hath ever been fuller of Ceremony than the true Worship. When it shall concern any part of your real Service, and I not throw by all Respects whatsoever to manifest my Devotion, take what Revenge you please. Undo me, *Madam*: Resume my best Place and Title; and let me be no longer

Your humble Servant.

M A D A M,

BY the same Reason the Ancients made no Sacrifice to Death, shou'd your Ladyship send me no Letters; since there has been no Return on my Side. But

the truth is, the Place affords nothing; all our Days are (as the Women here) alike, and the difference of *Fair* does rarely shew it self; such great State do Beauty and the Sun keep in these Parts. I keep Company with my own Horses, *Madam*, to avoid that of the Men; and by this you may guess how great an Enemy to my living contentedly my Lady is, whose Conversation has brought me to so fine a Diet, that wheresoever I go I must starve: All Days are tedious, Companies troublesome, and Books themselves (Feasts heretofore) no Relish in them. Finding you to be the Cause of all this, excuse me, *Madam*, if I resent; and continue preremptory in the Resolution I have taken to be,

Madam, during Life,

Your humblest Servant.

MADAM,
BUT that I know your Goodness is not mercenary, and that you receive Thanks, either with as much Trouble as Men ill News, or with as much Wonder as Virgins unexpected Love, this Letter should be full of them. A strange proud Return you may think I make you, *Madam*, when I tell you, it is not from every Body I would be thus oblig'd; and that if I thought you did me not these Favours because you love me, I should not love you because you do me these Favours. This is not Language for one in Affliction, I confess, and upon whom it may be at this present a Cloud is breaking; but finding not within my self I have deserv'd that Storm, I will not make it greater by apprehending it.

After all, lest, *Madam*, you should think I take your Favours as Tribute; to my great Grief, I here declare, that the Services I shall be able to render you, will be no longer Presents, but Payments of Debts, since I can do nothing

nothing for you hereafter, which I was not oblig'd to do before.

Madam,

Your most humble and faithful Servant.

My Noble FRIEND,

THAT you have overcome the Danger of the Land and of the Sea, is News most welcome to us, and with no less Joy receiv'd amongst us than if the King of *Sweden* had the second time overcome *Tilley*, and again pass'd the *Meine* and the *Rhine*. Nor do we in this look more upon our selves and private Interests, than on the Publick, since in your Safety both were comprised. And though you had not had about you the Affairs and Secrets of State, yet to have left your own Person upon the Way, had been half to undo our poor Island, and the Loss must have been lamented with the Tears of a whole Kingdom.

But you are now beyond all our Fears, and have nothing to take heed on your self, but fair Ladies. A pretty Point of Security; and such a one as all *Germany* cannot afford. We here converse with Northern Beauties, that had never Heat enough to kindle a Spark in any Man's Breast, where Heav'n had been first so merciful, as to put in a reasonable Soul.

There is nothing either fair or good in this part of the World; and I cannot name the thing can give me any Content, but the Thought that you enjoy enough elsewhere: I having ever been, since I had the first Honour to know you,

Yours, more than his own.

My LORD,

TO persuade one that has newly Ship-wrack'd upon a Coast to imbarck suddenly for the same Place again, or your Lordship to seek that Content you now enjoy in the Innocence of a Solitude, among the Disorders and Troubles of a Court, were, I think, a thing the King himself (and Majesty is no ill Orator) wou'd find some Difficulty to do. And yet when I consider that great Soul of yours, like a Spider, working all inwards, and sending forth nothing, but like the cloister'd Schoolmens Divinity, threads fine and unprofitable; if I thought you wou'd not suspect my being serious all this while, for what I shou'd now say, I wou'd tell you that I cannot but be as bold with you as your Ague is, and for a little time, whether you will or not, entertain you scurvily.

When I consider you look (to me) like ——— I cannot but think it as odd a thing, as if I shou'd see *Van Dike* with all his fine Colours and Pensils about him, his Frame, and right Light, and every thing in order, and yet his Hands ty'd behind; and your Lordship must excuse me, if upon it I be as bold.

The wisest Men and greatest States have made no Scruple to make use of brave Men, whom they had laid by with some Disgrace; nor have those brave Men, so laid by, made scruple, or thought it a Disgrace to serve again, when they were call'd to it afterwards.

These general Motives of the State and common good, I will not so much as once offer up to your Lordship's Consideration, though (as 'tis fit) they have still the upper end; yet, like great Oleo's, they rather make a shew than provoke Appetite. There are two things which I shall not be ashamed to propound to you, as Ends, since the greater part of the wise Men of the World have not been ashamed to make them theirs; and if any has been found to contemn them, it hath been strongly to be suspected that either they could not easily attain to them, or else that the readiest way to attain to them was to con-

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temn them. These two are *Honour* and *Wealth*; and though you stand posselt of both of them, yet is the first in your Hands like a Sword, which, if not through Negligence, by Mischance hath taken rust, and needs a little clearing; and wou'd be much handsomer a Present to Posterity, if you your self in your Life-time wipe it off.

For your *Estate* (which it may be had been more, had it not been too much) though it is true that it is so far from being contemptible, that it is nobly competent, yet must it be content to undergo the same Fate greater States (Common-wealths themselves) have been and are subject to; which is, when it comes to be divided in it self, not to be considerable. Both *Honour* and *Estate* are too fair and sweet *Flowers*, to be without *Prickles*, or to be gathered without some Scratches.

And now, my Lord, I know you have nothing to urge but a kind of incapability in your self to the Service of this State, when indeed you have made the only Bar you have, by imagining you have one.

I confess (though) had *Vice* so large an Empire in the Court, as heretofore it has had, or were the Times so dangerous that to the living well there, wise *Conduct* were more necessary than *Virtue* it self; Your Lordship would have Reason (with *Æsop's* Country-Mouse) to undervalue all Change of Condition; since a quiet Mediocrity is still to be preferred before a troubled Superfluity; but these Things are no more, and if at any time they have threatned that Horizon, like great Clouds, either they are fallen of themselves to the Ground, or else, upon the appearing of the Sun, (such a Prince as ours is) they have vanish'd, and left behind them clear and fair Days. To descend to parts, Envy is so lessen'd, that it is almost lost into virtuous Emulation, every Man trusting the King's Judgment so far, that he knows no better Measure of his own Merit, than his Reward. The little Word behind the Back, and undoing Whisper, which, like pulling off a Sheat-Rope at Sea, slackens the Sail, and makes the gallantest Ship stand still;

still; that that heretofore made the Faulty and the Innocent alike guilty, is a thing, I believe, now so forgot, or at least so unpractis'd, that those that are the worst, have Leisure to grow good, before any will take Notice they have been otherwise, or at least divulge it.

'Tis true, *Faction* there is; but 'tis as true, that it is as Winds are, to clear, and keep Places free from Corruption; the Oppositions being as harmless, as that of the meeting-Tides under the Bridge, whose Encounter makes it but more easie for him that is to pass. To be a little pleasant in my Instances; the very Women have suffer'd Reformation, and wear through the whole Court their Faces as little disguised now, as an honest Man's Actions shou'd be, and if there be any have suffer'd themselves to be gained by their Servants, their Ignorance of what they granted may well excuse them from the Shame of what they did. So that it is more than possible to be great, and good; and we may safely conclude, if there be some that are not so exact, as much as they fall short of it, just so much they have gone from the great Original, God; and from the best Copies of him on Earth, the King and the Queen.

To conclude, if those Accidents or Disasters which make Men grow less in the World (as some such, my Lord, have happen'd to you) were inevitable as Death, or, when they were once enter'd upon us, there were no Cure for them, Examples of others wou'd satisfie me for yours; but since there have been that have deliver'd themselves from their Ills, either by their good *Fortune*, or *Virtue*, 'twou'd trouble me that my Friends shou'd not be found in that Number, as much as if one shou'd bring me a Catalogue of those that truly honoured my Lord of — and I shou'd not find among the first,

Your humble Servant.

To

*To Mr. HENRY GERMAN, in the
beginning of Parliament, 1640.*

S I R,

THAT it is fit for the King to do something extraordinary at this present, is not only the Opinion of the Wise, but the Expectation. Men observe him more now than at other times; for Majesty in an Eclipse, like the Sun, draws Eyes that wou'd not so much as have look'd towards it, if it had shined out, and appeared like it self. To lye still now, wou'd, at the best, shew but a Calmness of Mind, not a Magnanimity; since in Matter of Government, to think well (at any Time, much less in a very active) is little better than to dream well. Nor must he stay to act 'till his People desire, because 'tis thought nothing relishes else; for therefore hath nothing relish'd with them, because the King hath for the most part stay'd 'till they have desired, done nothing but what they have or were petitioning for. But, that the King shou'd do, will not be so much the Question, as what he shou'd do. And certainly, for a King to have right Counsel given him, is at all times strange, and at this present impossible. His Party, for the most part, (I wou'd that were modestly said, and it were not all) have so much to do for their own Preservation, that they cannot (without breaking a Law in Nature) intend others. Those that have Courage have not perchance Innocence, and so dare not shew themselves in the King's Business; and if they have Innocence, they want Parts to make themselves considerable; so consequently the things they undertake. Then, in Court, they give much Counsel as they believe the King inclin'd, determine his Good by his Desires, which is a kind of setting the Sun by the Dial, Interest which cannot err, by Passions which may.

In

In going about to shew the King a Cure, now a Man shou'd first plainly shew him the Disease. But to Kings, as to some kind of Patients, it is not always proper to tell how ill they be, and it is too like a Country Clown not to shew the way, unless he know from whence, and discourse of things before.

Kings may be mistaken, and Councillors corrupted; but true Interest alone (saith *Monsieur de Rogan*) cannot err. It were not amiss then to find out the Interest; for setting down right Principles before Conclusions, is weighing the Scales before we deal out the Commodity.

Certainly the great Interest of the King is, *A Union with his People*, and whosoever hath told him otherwise (as the Scripture saith of the Divil) *was a Seducer from the first*. If there ever had been any one Prince in the whole World that made a Felicity in this Life, and left fair Fame after Death, without the Love of his Subjects, there were some Colour to despise it.

There was not among all our Princes a greater Courtier of the People than *Richard* the Third, not so much out of Fear, as out of Wisdom. And, shall the worst of our Kings have striven for that? and shall not the best? (it being an Angelical thing to gain Love.)

There are two things in which the People expect to be satisfy'd; *Religion* and *Justice*; nor can this be done by any little Acts, but by Royal and Kingly Resolutions.

If any shall think that by dividing the Factions (a good Rule at other times) he shall master the rest now, he will be strangely deceiv'd; for in the beginning of things that wou'd do much, but not when whole Kingdoms are resolv'd. Of those now that lead these Parties, if you cou'd take off the major Number, the lesser wou'd govern, and do the same things still; nay, if you cou'd take off all, they wou'd set up one, and follow him.

And of how great Consequence it is for the King to resume this Right, and be the Author himself, let any body judge; since as *Cummeus* said, those that have the

Art

Art to please the People, have commonly the Power to raise them.

To do things so that there shall remain no Jealousie, is very necessary, and is no more than really reforming, that is, pleasing them. For to do things that shall grieve hereafter, and yet pretend Love (amongst Lovers themselves, where there is easiest Faith) will not be accepted. It will not be enough for the King to do what they desire, but he must do something more; I mean (by doing more) doing something of his own, as throwing away things they call not for, or giving things they expected not. And when they see the King doing the same things with them, it will take away all Thought and Apprehension that he thinks the things they have already done ill.

Now if the King ends the Differences, and takes away Suspect for the future, the Case will fall out to be no worse than when two Duellists enter the Field, where the worsted Party (the other having no ill Opinion of him) hath his Sword given him again, without further Hurt, after he is in the others Power. But otherwise it is not safe to imagine what may follow, for the People are naturally not valiant, and not much Cavalier. Now it is the Nature of Cowards to hurt where they can receive none. They will not be content (while they fear and have the upper Hand) to fetter only Royalty, but perchance (as timorous Spirits use) will not think themselves safe while that is at all. And possibly, this is the present State of things.

In this great Work (at least to make it appear perfect and lasting to the Kingdom) it is necessary the Queen really join; for if she stand aloof, there will still be Suspicions; it being a received Opinion in the World, that she hath a great Interest in the King's Favour and Power. And to invite her, she is to consider with her self, whether such great Virtues and eminent Excellencies (though they be highly admir'd and valu'd by those that know her) ought to rest satisfy'd with so narrow a Payment as the

the Estimation of a few? And whether it be not more proper for a great Queen to arrive at universal Honour and Love, then private Esteem and Value.

Then, how becoming a Work, for the Sweetness and Softness of her Sex, is composing of Differences, and uniting Hearts? And how proper for a Queen, reconciling King and People?

There is but one thing remains, which whisper'd abroad, busies the King's Mind much (if not disturbs it) in the midst of these great Resolutions, and that is, the Preservation of some Servants, whom he thinks somewhat hardly torn from him of late; which is of so tender a Nature, I shall rather propound something about it, then resolve it.

The first Query will be, Whether, as things now stand, (Kingdoms in the Ballance) the King is not to follow Nature, where the Conservation of the more general still commands and governs the less. As Iron by particular Sympathy sticks to the Loadstone, but yet if it be join'd with a great Body of Iron, it quits those particular Affections to the Loadstone, and moves with the other, to the greater, the common Country.

The second will be, Whether, if he cou'd preserve those Ministers, they can be of any use to him hereafter? Since no Man is served with a greater Prejudice, than he that employs suspected Instruments, or not beloved, though able and deserving in themselves.

The third is, Whether, to preserve them, there be any other way than for the King to be first right with his People? Since the Rule in Philosophy must ever hold good, *nihil dat quod non habet*. Before the King have Power to save, he must have Power.

Lastly, Whether the Way to preserve this Power be not to give it away? For the People of *England* have ever been like Wantons, which pull and tug as long as the Princes have pull'd with them, as you may see in *Henry III. King John, Edward II.* and indeed, all the troublesome and unfortunate Reigns; but when they
have

have let it go, they come and put it into their Hands again, that they may play on; as you may see in Queen *Elizabeth*.

I will conclude with a Prayer (not that I think it needs at this present. Prayers are to keep us from what may be, as well to preserve us from what is) *That the King be neither too sensible of what is without him, nor too resolved from what is within him.* To be sick of a dangerous Sickneſs, and find no Pain, cannot but be with loſs of Underſtanding; ('Tis an Aphoriſm of *Hippocrates*) and on the other Side, *Opiniaſtrie* is a fullen Porter, and (as it was wittily ſaid of Conſtancy) ſhuts out oftentimes better things than it lets in.

MY LORD,

BUT that you do and ſay things in *Scotland* now (my Lord) unfit for a good Subject to hear, I ſhou'd have hop'd your Lordſhip, by a true Relation of the Paſſages there, wou'd have diſabus'd your humble Servant here. Diſtance and Mens Fears have ſo enlarg'd the Truth, and ſo diſproportion'd every thing about the Town, that we have made the little Troop of Diſcontents a gallant Army; and already meaſure no *Scotchman* but by his Evening Shadow.

We hear ſay you have taken *Livery* and *Seiſin* of *Northumberland*, and there are that have given in *Cumberland* for quietneſs ſake, and are content to think it part of *Scotland* becauſe it was ſo barren. *London* Scriveners begin to wiſh they had *St. Michael-Mount's* Mens Security for the Borderers they have ſtanding bound in their Shops; and the *Witheringtons* and *Howards* Eſtates are already freely diſpos'd to the needier Rebels. Much of this part of the World is in Agues, but not all, my Lord: There are that have read the *Chronicles*, and they find the *English* oftner march'd into *Edinburgh*, than the *Scots* into *London*.

Your

Your old Friend, Alderman ——— (a learned Bard, and a great Inn-feer into Times) saith, it is a Byle broken out in the Breech of the Kingdom, and that when it is ripe, it will heal of it self: Others use a handsomer Similitude, and compare *Scotland* to a Hive of swarming Bees, which they say the King watches to reduce them for the better. There is a saucy kind of Intelligence about the Town, of ten thousand Pounds that shou'd be sent by my Lord *M.* for Redemption of Affairs there: But this the wiser sort suspects; for besides that his Majesty buys his own again, they say none but the King wou'd give so much for it.

Some are scandaliz'd at the Word of *Union*, and protest they find no Resemblance betwixt this New Covenant and our *Saviour's*. Others wonder why they wou'd make use of Religion, rather than their Poverty, for the Cause of their Mutining, since the one is ever suspected, and the other none wou'd have disputed.

In short, while one part of the Town is in whisper, and serious, the other part smiles. I therefore desire your Lordship to send me Word in what State things stand there, that I may know of which side to be: But I beseech you think it not any inbred Love to Mischief, that I now send to enquire how Rebellion prospers; but impute it to a certain foolish and greedy Curiosity in Man's Nature of News, and remember that he that hath this Desease about him is

Your humble Servant.

Good Mr. Alderman,

IT is most true (I confess) that we do say things here unfit for you to hear there, and for this very Reason I will forbear Particulars: But this I do (Mr. Alderman) not so much out of Fear for my self, as care for you; for
though

though you write in the *Present Tense*, and use the *Particle* (*now*,) which is a kind of an exclusive Word, yet it is well known a *Scotchman* at all times might speak what an *Englishman* durst not hear. It seems, Sir, strange to me, that in the beginning of your Letter you gave us the Name of Rebels, when none are more his Majesty's most humble Subjects than we, as in the Front of our Petitions and Messages most plainly appears: True it is, that in case the King will not do what we wou'd have him, we have provided Arms; and have persuaded those here, and sent to others abroad to assist us: But that we have at any time deny'd our selves to be his most faithful Subjects (by your Favour Mr. *Alderman*) I think will hardly appear. For the taking of *Livery* and *Seisin* of *Northumberland* (if there be any such thing) neither you nor my Lord——ought to be troubled at it, for that is a Business belongs to the Law, and upon a Trial had here in *Edinburgh* before any of the Covenant, no Question but there will be a speedy end of it. The thing I most wonder at, is, that our old Friend shou'd be so much mistaken, as to call *Scotland* the breech of the Kingdom, since you know that is a part of all the rest most subject, and is still put to endure the Lash; so that in all likelihood it shou'd rather be your Country than ours.

For your Simile of the Bees, and reducing us to the better, you may assure his Majesty from me, that it will not quit cost: For both his Predecessors and himself have found sufficiently, that, hived or unhived, we yield not much Hony.

Now, Sir, for our new Covenants having relation to the other, you must know, That though it is not absolutely alike in all, yet in somethings it doth not disagree; and in this especially it suits, That there is but little care taken for settling High-Commission Courts in either.

The last Scruple that troubles you is, why in this case we have made use of Religion (which every one is apt to doubt) rather than Poverty (which no Man wou'd
I have

have disputed;) and to say Truth in this, I was something unsatisfy'd my self, until I had spoken with one of the learned of the Covenant, who told me, That he had observ'd very few to thrive by publishing their Poverty, but a great many by pretending Religion. And now I doubt not, but I have in part satisfy'd your Curiosity; there remains only that I give you my Opinion, concerning which Party you ought to be of; and according to the Friendship that is betwixt us, I will deal plainly with you, that if you had no more to lose than some of us have, this wou'd be no ill side, (for you see how God hath bless'd the *Hollanders*.) But as you are, *London* is no ill Place; for shou'd you bring your Money hither, the Temptation wou'd be too strong for the Men: And like a hungry Man brought to a strange Table, we shou'd fall to, without much enquiring whose the Meat was.

*An Answer to a Gentleman that sent
to enquire after the Scottish Business.*

S I R,

THAT you may receive an Account of the *Scottish* Business, and why there hath been such Irresolution and Alteration about the Levies lately; it is fit you know that this Northern Storm (like a new Disease) hath so far pos'd the Doctors of State, that as yet they have not given it a Name; though perchance they all firmly believe it to be Rebellion: And therefore, Sir, it is no Wonder, if these do here as the Learned in Physick, who when they know not certainly the Grief, prescribe Medicines sometimes too strong, sometimes too weak.

The

The truth is, we here consider the *Scottish* Affair much after the rate that Mortals do the Moon; the Simpler think it no bigger than a Bushel, and some (too wise) imagine it a vast World, with strange things undiscover'd in it; certainly two ill Ways of casting it up, since the first wou'd make us too secure, the other too fearful. I confess I know not how to meet it in the middle, or set it right, nor do I think you have; since I shou'd believe the Question to be rather *A King or no King*, there, than *A Bishop or no Bishop*. In great Mutinies or Insurrections of this Nature, Pretensions speciously conscionable were never wanting, and indeed are necessary; for Rebellion it self is so ugly, that did it not put on the Vizard of Religion, it wou'd fright rather than draw People to it; and being drawn, it cou'd not hold them without it.

Imaginary Cords that seem to fasten Man to Heav'n, have ty'd things here below surer together than any other Obligation. If it be Liberty of Conscience they ask, 'tis a foolish Request, since they have it already, and must have it in despite of Power: For as *Theodorick the Goth* said to the *Jews*, *Nemo cogitur credere invitus*. If the Exercise of that Liberty, 'tis dangerous. For not three Men are of the same Opinion in all, and then each Family must have a War within it self. Look upon their long Preparations, (and consider withal Prophecy is seal'd, and therefore they cou'd not foretel this Book shou'd be sent unto them) and you will conclude they rather employ'd Conscience, than Conscience employ'd them. Enquire after their Leaders, and you will hardly find them Apostles, or Men of such Sanctity, that they shou'd order Religion. *Lestly* himself (if his Story were search'd) wou'd certainly be found one, who because he cou'd not live well there, took up a Trade of killing Men abroad, and now is return'd for Christ's Sake to kill Men at home. If you will have my Opinion, I think their Quarrel to the King is, that which they may have to the Sun; he doth not warm and visit them, as

much as others. God and Nature have plac'd them in the Shade, and they are angry with the King of *England* for it. To conclude, this is the case: The great and wise Husbandman hath planted the Beasts in Out-Fields, and they wou'd break Hedges to come into the Garden. This is the Belief of

Your humble Servant.

S I R,

WE are at length arriv'd at that River, about the uneven running of which, my Friend Mr. *William Shakespear* makes *Henry Hotspur* quarrel so highly with his Fellow-Rebels; and for his sake I have been something curious to consider the Scantlet of Ground that angry Monsieur wou'd have had in, but cannot find it cou'd deserve his Choler, nor any of the other side ours, did not the King think it did. The Account I shall now give you of the War will be but imperfect, since I conceive it to be in the State that part of the four and twenty Hours is in, which we can neither call Night nor Day: I shou'd judge it dawning towards earnest, did not the Lords Covenanters Letters to our Lords here something divide me. So, Sir, you may now imagine us walking up and down the Banks of *Tweed* like the *Tower* Lions in their Cages, leaving the People to think what we wou'd do if we were let loose. The Enemy is not yet much visible, (it may be it is the Fault of the Climate, which brings Men as slowly forwards as Plants:) But it gives us Fears that the Men of Peace will draw all to a dumb shew, and so destroy a handsome Opportunity which was now offered, of producing glorious Matter for future Chronicle.

These are but Conjectures, Sir: The last part of my Letter I reserve for a great and known Truth, which is, that I am, Sir,

Your most humble Servant, &c.

My

My LORD,

AT this Instant it is grown a Calm greater than the Storm, and if you will believe the Soldier, worse; Good Arms and Horses are already cheap, and there is nothing risen in value but a *Scotchman*. Whether it be (my Lord) the Word *Native*, or the King's good Nature, we know not; but we find, they really have that Mercy on Earth, which we do but hope for from Heav'n; for can they sin so fast, as they are forgiven?

Some (and not unreasonably) perchance will imagine that this may invite good Subjects to be ill; and that, as the Sun melts Ice, but hardens Clay, Majesty, when it softens Rebellion, may make Allegiance stubborn. If (my Lord) they shall more straitly now besiege the King's Ear, and more boldly ingross Suits; Posterity must tell this Miracle, that there went an Army from the South, of which there was not one Man lost, nor any Man taken Prisoner but the King.

All we have, to raise the present Joys above the future Fears, is, that we know Majesty hath not swallow'd down so severe Pills, as it was thought Necessity wou'd prescribe for the purging and setting it self right.

Your humble Servant.

SIR,

THE little Stops or Progresses which either Love of the Publick, private Fears, Niceties of Honour or Jealousie, have caused in the Treaty now on foot, arrive at me so slowly, that unless I had one of Mr. *Davenant's* *Barbary* Pigeons, (and he now employs them all, he says, himself for the Queen's Use) I durst not venture to send them, Sir, to you; lest coming to your Hands so late, you shou'd call for the Map to see whether my Quarters were in *England* or in *Barbary*. The truth is, I am no first Favourite to any Lord of Secrets at this time;

but when they come from Council, attend the short Turn with those that are; and as in discharge of Pieces, see a Whisper go off some good space of time before I hear it; so satisfy my Thirst of Novelty from the Stream, not from the Fountain.

Our very Thoughts are hardly News; and while I now intend to write you other Mens (for my own are not worthy of Knowledge) it is not without some Fear that they have already sent them to *Whitehall* themselves.

There are, Sir, here that have an Opinion, Necessity, not good Nature, produc'd this Treaty; and that the same Necessity which made them thus wise for Peace, will make them as Desperate for War, if it succeed not suddenly.

Some conceive little Distrusts among themselves will facilitate the Work, and that the Danger now grown nearer, will divide the Body, by persuading each Man to look to his own particular Safety: So we see Men in Ships, while there is Hope, assist each other; but when the Wreck grows visible, leave the common Care, and consult only their own Escape.

There are some imagine, this Treaty of either side is not so much to beget a good Peace as a good Cause; and that the Subject cou'd do no less than humbly petition, not to appear a Rebel; nor the King no less than graciously to hear those Petitions, not to appear a Tyrant; and that when one Party shall be found unreasonable, the other will be thought excusable. J. S.

S I R,

I Send to you now to know how we do here; for in my Lady *Kent's* well being, much of ours consists: If I am the last, you must impute it to the Tenderness of my Fears, which durst not enquire into so great a Misfortune, or to the coming of bad News, which ever comes latest thither, whither it knows it shall be most unwelcome.

come. For I confess, the Report of so great a Sickness as my Lady *Kent's*, wou'd give me more Trouble than half the Sex, although amongst the rest a Mistress or two took their Fortunes. And though such Excellence cannot change but for the better, yet you must excuse us that enjoy the Benefit of her Conversation here, if we are content Heav'n shou'd only give her the Blessing of the Old Testament, and for a while defer those of the New. The only Comfort I have had in the midst of Variety of Reports hath been, that I have seen nothing of extraordinary in the Element of late; and I conceive it but reasonable, that so general an Ill as my Lady *Kent's* Death wou'd be, shou'd be proclaim'd by no less than what foretels the evil of great Princes, or the beginning of great Plagues; when so unlucky a Minute shall arrive I wou'd conclude, the virtuous and better sort of People have lost some of their Power and Credit above; and that the Sins are more particularly punished of him, that is

Her much obliged, and Sir, your most humble Servant,

J. S.

LADIES,

THE Opinion of things, is the measure of their value, as was wisely said of a Neice of King *Gorbuduke's*: Know then, that if another than the Coronet had received this Scrip, he wou'd not perchance have valued it so highly. The *Sybil* Leaves had not so much consultation about them, nor were they so chargeable as these are like to be. We have first sent them to Secretary *Cook*, imagining nothing but a State-Key cou'd unlock those Mysteries. Now we are in quest of an *Arabick* Figure-Caster, for as much of it as we conceive is *Chaldee* or *Syriack*: The Coronet believes there are noble things in it; but what *Beaumont* said of Worth

wrapt up in revell'd Skin, he saith of this, who wou'd go into and fetch it out? Indeed the Opinions about it have been different, some thought it a little against the State; others a Ballad with the Pictures the wrong way; and the most discreet have guess'd it to be a Collection of Charms and Spells, and have adventur'd to cut it into Bracelets, to be distributed and worn by poor People as Remedies against Cramps, and Tooth-achs, only we will preserve the Faces. And for Mistres *Delanae's*, we do not despair but *Vandike* may be able to Copy it; Threescore Pounds we have offer'd, and I think fourscore will tempt him. For Mistres *T.* there are in that, certain *je ne scay quoy's*, which none but those that have study'd it, can discover, and Sir *Anthony* shall hold his Hand 'till Mr. *H.* comes to Town. This all the Favour can be done in this Business, by

Your humble Servant,

J. S.

S I R,

LET you think I had not as perfectly forgot you, as you Glory to have done me: Let these Lines assure you, that if at any time I think of you, it is with as much Scorn, as you vainly hitherto may have suppos'd it has been with Affection. A certain general Compassion is in me, and Pity of poor Follies, of which Number I take this to be one. A Triumph where there has been no Conquest, has perswaded me to let you know thus much.

And now if that you have had so much Faith, as that you cou'd believe a thing so impossible as that of my loving of you, wou'd you but reduce your self to believe a thing so reasonable, as that there never was any such Matter, you wou'd make me step into a Belief, that you never had the good Thoughts of

J. S.

THERE

THERE was ——— O feldom happy Word of was! a time when I was not *Mountferat*, and sure there was a time too, when all was handsome in my Heart; for you were there dear Princess, and fill'd the Place alone. Were there ——— O wretched Word again, and shou'd you leave that Lodging, more wretched than *Mountferat* needs must be.

Your humble Servant,

J. S.

To T. C.

THOUGH Writing be as tedious to me, as no doubt Reading will be to thee, yet considering that I shall drive that Trade thou speak'st of to the *Indies*, and for my Beds and Rattles have a Return of Gold and Pearl; I am content for thy sake, and in private thus to do Penance in a Sheet.

Know then, Dear *Carew*, that at eleven last Night, flowing as much with Love as thou hast ebb'd, thy Letter found me out. I read, consider'd, and admir'd, and did conclude at last, that *Horseley* Air did excel the Waters of the *Bath*; just so much as Love is a more noble Disease than the Pox.

No wonder if the Countesses think time lost, 'till they be there; Who wou'd not be where such Cures flow! The Care thou hast of me, that I shou'd Traffick right, draws me by way of Gratitude to persuade thee to bottle up some of that, and send it hither to Town; thy Returns will be quicker than those to the *Indies*, nor need'st thou fear a vent since the Disease is Epidemical.

One thing more, who knows, wou'dst thou be curious in the Search, but thou may'st find an Air of contrary Virtue about thy House, which may, as this destroys, so that create Affection; if there cou'dst.

The

*The Lady of High-Gate then shou'd embrace
 The Disease of the Stomach, and the Word of Disgrace,
 Gredeline and Grafs-green
 Shall sometimes be seen
 Its Arms to in-twine
 About the Woodbine.*

In honest Prose thus: We wou'd carry our selves first, and then our Friends, manage all the little Loves at Court, make more Tower-Work, and be the Duke of B. of our Age, which without it, we shall never be. Think on't therefore, and be assur'd, That if thou join'st me in the Patent with thee, in the height of all my Greatness I will be thine, all but what belongs to *Desdemonna*, which is just as I mean, to venture at thy Horse-Race *Saturday* come Sevensnight.

J. S.

IT is none of the least Discourtesies Mony hath done us Mortals, the making things easie in themselves, and natural, difficult: Young and handsome People wou'd have come together without half this Trouble, if that had never been: This wou'd tell you, Madam, that the Offer having nothing about it of new, begot in our young Lover very little of any thing else but Melancholly, which notwithstanding (I cou'd easily perceive) grew rather from a Fear of his Father's Mind, than a Care of satisfying his own, that perswaded me to throw in all, and add the last Reserve which fortunately turn'd the Scale; the Cavalier setting a greater rate, and truly, upon the Kindness of it, than upon the thing, and in that shew'd the Courtesie of his Judgment, as well as his Ability; the Uncle is no less satisfy'd than the Nephew, and both are confident to draw ——— to the same Thoughts, to whom, as it was fit, I have left the Office.

And

And now, Madam, you may safely conclude the Cause to be removed out of *Plato's* Court into *Cupid's*; from the God of Monies, to the God of Love; who if he break not off old Customers, will quickly dispatch them, since he seldom delays those that have past their Trials in the other Place.

J. S.

AN

By Mr JOHN GUCKLING.

Printed in the Year 1729.

And now, Madam, you may easily conceive the Cause
to be removed out of Place, & I have to say, that
the Court of Honour, to the End of I say, that it is
break not off old Customs, will quickly correct them,
since he seldom delays those that have their Trials
in the other Place.

23

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A N
A C C O U N T
O F
R E L I G I O N
B Y
R E A S O N.
A
D I S C O U R S E

Upon Occasion presented

To the Earl of DORSET.

By Sir JOHN SUCKLING.

Tentat enim dubiam mentem rationis egestas. Lucr.

Printed in the YEAR 1709.

ACCOUNT
OF
RELIQUARY

BY
REASONS
A
DISCOURSE

Upon Occasion presented
To the Earl of Dorset.

By JOHN SUCKLING.

Printed by J. Streater, at the Sign of the Gun, in St. Dunstons Church-yard.

Printed in the Year 1700.

T H E

E P I S T L E.

I Send you here (my Lord) that Discourse enlarg'd, which frighted the Lady into a cold Sweat, and which had like to have made me an Atheist at Court, and your Lordship no very good Christian. I am not ignorant that the Fear of Socinianism at this time, renders every Man that offers to give an Account of Religion by Reason, suspected to have none at all; yet I have made no Scruple to run that Hazard, not knowing why a Man shou'd not use the best Weapon his Creator hath given him for his Defence. That Faith was by the Apostles both highly exalted, and severely enjoyn'd, is known to every Man, and this upon excellent Grounds; for it was both the easiest and best Way of converting; the other being tedious, and almost useless: For but few among thousands are capable of it, and those few not capable at all times of their Life, Judgment being required. Yet the best Servant our Saviour ever had upon Earth, was so far from neglecting or contemning Reason, that his Epistles were admir'd, even by those that embrac'd not the Truths he deliver'd. And indeed, had the Fathers of the Church only bid Men Believe, and not told them why, they had slept now un-Sainted in their Graves, and as
much

The EPISTLE.

much benighted with Oblivion, as the ordinary Parish-Priests of their own Age.

That Man is deceivable, is true, but what part within him is not likelier than his Reason? For as Manilius said,

Nam neque decipitur ratio nec decipit unquam.

And how unlikely is it that that which gives us the Prerogative above other Creatures, and wholly entitles us to future Happiness, shou'd be laid aside, and not used to the acquiring of it?

But by this time (my Lord) you find how apt those which have nothing to do themselves, are to give others trouble. I shall only therefore let you know, that your Commands to my Lord of Middlesex are performed; and that when you have fresh ones, you cannot place them where they will be more willingly receiv'd, than by

Your humble Servant,

Bath, Sep. 2.

JOHN SUCKLING.

A N

A C C O U N T

O F

R E L I G I O N

B Y

R E A S O N.



Mong the Truths (*my Lord*) which we receive, none more reasonably commands our Belief, than those which by *all Men*, at *all* times have been assented to. In this Number and highest I place this great one, that there is a *Deity*; which the whole World hath been so eager to embrace, that rather than it wou'd have none at all, it hath too often been contented with a very mean one.

That there shou'd be a great Disposer and Orderer of all Things, a wise Rewarder and Punisher of Good and Evil, hath appear'd so equitable to Men, that by Instinct they have so concluded it necessary; Nature (which doth nothing in vain) having so far imprinted it in us all, that shou'd the Envy of Predecessors deny the Secret to Succeeders, they yet wou'd find it out. Of all those little Ladders with which we scale Heaven, and climb up to our Maker, that seems to me not the worst, of which Man is the first Step. For, but by examining how I, that cou'd contribute nothing to mine own Being, shou'd

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be

be here, I come to ask the same Question for my Father, and so am led in a direct Line to a first Producer, that must be more than Man. For if *Man made Man*, why dy'd not I when my Father dy'd? Since according to that *Maxim* of the Philosophers, *the Cause taken away, the Effect does not remain*. Or if the first Man gave himself being, why hath he it not still? Since it were unreasonable to imagine any thing cou'd have Power to give it self Life, that had no Power to continue it. That there is then a God, will not be so much the Dispute, as what this God is, or how to be worship'd, is that which hath troubled poor Mortals from the first, nor are they yet in quiet. So great has been the Diversity, that some have almost thought God was no less delighted with Variety in his Service, than he was pleased with it in his Works. It wou'd not be amiss to take a Survey of the World from its Cradle; and with *Varro*, divide it into three Ages: The *Unknown*, the *Fabulous*, and the *Historical*.

The first was a black *Night*, and discover'd *nothing*; the second was a weak and glimmering *Light*, representing things imperfectly and more falsely; the last (*more clear*) left handsome Monuments to Posterity. The *unknown* I place in the Age before the Flood, for that Deluge swept away all things as well as Men, and left not so much as Footsteps to trace them by. The *Fabulous* began after the Flood; in this time Godheads were cheap, and Men not knowing where to chuse better, made Deities one of another. Where this ended, the *Historical* took beginning: For Men began to engrave in Pillars, and to commit to Letters, as it were by joint Consent: For the three great *Epoches* or Terms of Accompt were all establish'd within the Space of 30 Years: The *Grecians* reckoning from their *Olympiades*; the *Romans* from the building of their City; and the *Babylonians* from their King *Salmonasser*. To bring into the Scale with the Christian Religion any thing out of the first Age, we cannot, because we know nothing of it.

And

And the Second was so *Fabulous*, that those which took it up, afterwards smil'd at it as ridiculous and false (which though was easier for them to do than to shew a true.) In the *Historical*, it improved, and grew more refin'd: But here the *Fathers* entred the Field, and so clearly gain'd the Victory, that I shou'd say nothing in it, did I not know it still to be the Opinion of good Wits, that the particular Religion of Christians has added little to the general Religion of the World. Let us take it then in its *Perfecter Estate*, and look upon it as in that Age which was made so glorious by the bringing forth of so many admirable Spirits, and this was about the 80 Olympiad, in the Year of the World 3480, for in the Space of an hundred Years, flourish'd almost all that *Greece* cou'd boast of, *Socrates*, *Plato*, *Aristotle*, *Architas*, *Isocrates*, *Pythagoras*, *Epicurus*, *Heracitus*, *Xenophon*, *Zeno*, *Anaxagoras*, *Democritus*, *Demosthenes*, *Parmenides*, *Zenocrates*, *Theophrastes*, *Empedocles*, *Tymæus*, with divers others, Orators and Poets. Or rather for they had their Religion one from another, and not much different, let us take a view of it in that Century in which Nature (as it were to oppose the *Grecian* Insolence) brought forth that happy Birth of *Roman* Wits: *Varro*, *Cicero*, *Cæsar*, *Livie*, *Salust*, *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Vitruvius*, *Ovid*, *Pliny*, *Cato*, *Marcus Brutus*, and this was from *Quintus Servilius* his Consulship to that of *Augustus*, 270 Years after the other. And to say the truth, a great part of our Religion, either directly or indirectly hath been professed by Heathens; which I conceive not so much an exprobatation to it, as a confirmation; it being no derogating from Truth, to be warranted by common Consent.

First then, the Creation of the World is deliver'd almost to the same in the *Phœnician* Stories with that in *Moses*; from this the *Grecians* had their *Chaos*, and *Ovid* the beginning of his *Metamorphosis*. That all things were made by God, was held by *Plato*, and others; that *Darkness* was before *Light*, by *Thales*; that the *Stars* were made by God, by *Aratus*; that *Life* was infused into things

by the Breath of God, Virgil; that Man was made of Dust, Hesiod, and Homer; that the first Life of Man was in Simplicity and Nakedness, the Ægyptians taught: And from thence the Poets had their Golden Age. That in the first times Mens Lives lasted a thousand Years, Berofus, and others; that something Divine was seen amongst Men, 'till that the Greatness of our Sins gave them cause to remove, Catullus; and this he that writes the Story of Columbus, reports from the Indians of a great Deluge, almost all. But to the main, they hold one God, and though Multiplicity hath been laid to their Charge, yet certainly the clearer Spirits understood these petty Gods as things, not as Deities; second Causes, and several Virtues of the great Power; by Neptune, Water; Juno, Air; by Dispater, Earth; by Vulcan, Fire; and sometimes one God signify'd many things, as Jupiter the whole Word, the whole Heaven; and sometimes many Gods, one thing, as Ceres, Juno magna, the Earth. They concluded those to be Vices which we do; nor was there much Difference in their Virtues; only Christians have made ready Belief the highest, which they wou'd hardly allow to be any. They held Rewards for the Good, and Punishments for the Ill; had their *Elizium*, and their *Hell*; and that they thought the Pains *Eternal* there, is evident, in that they believ'd from thence was no Return. They proportion'd Sufferings hereafter, to Offences here; as in *Tantalus*, *Sisyphus*, and others, among which that of Conscience (the Worm that never dies) was one, as in the Vulture's gnawing of *Prometheus's* Heart, and *Virgil's* ugliest of Furies thund'ring in *Pirithous's* Ear, was not obscurely shown; and yet nearer us, they held the Number of the Elect to be but small, and that there shou'd be a last Day in which the World shou'd perish by Fire. Lastly they had their Priests, Temples, Altars.

We have seen now the *Parallel*, let us enquire whether those things they seem to have in common with us, we have not in a more excellent manner, and whether the rest in which we differ from all the World, we take

take not up with Reason. To begin then with their *Jupiter* (for all before were but little Stealths from *Moses* Works) how much more like a Deity are the Actions our Stories declare our God to have done, than what the Ethnick Authors deliver of theirs? How excellent and elevated are our Descriptions of him? Theirs looking as if they knew that Power only by their Fears, as their Statues erected to him declare: For when he was *Capitolinus*, he appear'd with Thunder; when *Latialis*, besmear'd with Blood; when *Feretrius*, yet more terrible. We may guess what their Conceptions were, by the Worship they gave him: How full of Cruelty were their Sacrifices? it being receiv'd almost through the whole World, *that Gods were pleas'd with the Blood of Men*: And this Custom neither the *Grecian* Wisdom, nor *Roman* Civility abolish'd, as appears by Sacrifices to *Bacchus*.

Then the Ceremonies of *Liber Pater*, and *Ceres*, how obscene? and those Days which were set apart for the Honour of the Gods, celebrated with such Shews as *Cato* himself was ashamed to be present at. On the contrary, our Services are such, as not only *Cato*, but God himself may be there: We worship him that is the purest Spirit, in purity of Spirit; and did we not believe what the Scriptures deliver from himself, yet wou'd our Reason persuade us that such an Essence cou'd not be pleas'd with the Blood of Beasts, or delighted with the Steem of Fat: And in this Particular, Christians have gone beyond all others, except the *Mahometans*; besides whom there has been no Nation that had not Sacrifice, and was not guilty of this pious Cruelty.

That we have the same Virtues with them is very true; but who can deny that those Virtues have receiv'd additions from Christianity, conducing to Mens better living together? Revenge of Injuries, *Moses* both took himself, and allow'd by the Law to others; *Cicero* and *Aristotle* plac'd it in Virtues Quarter: We extol patient bearing

bearing of Injuries; and what quiet the one, what trouble the other would give the World, let the indifferent judge. Their Justice only took care that Men shou'd not do wrong: Ours, that they shou'd not think it, the very coveting severely forbidden: And this holds too in Chastity, Desire of a Woman unlawfully being as much a Breach of the Commandment, as their enjoying, which shew'd not only the Christians Care, but Wisdom to prevent ill, who provided to destroy it where it was weakest, in the Cradle, and declar'd, he was no less than a God which gave them these Laws; for had he been but Man, he never would have provided or taken care for what he could not look into, the Hearts of Men, and what he could not punish, their Thoughts. What Charity can be produced answerable to that of Christians? Look upon the Primitive times, and you shall find that (as if the whole World had been a private Family) they sent from Province to Province, and from Places far distant, to relieve them they never saw nor knew.

Now for the Happiness which they proposed: if they take it as the Heathens understood it, it was an *Elizium*, a Place of blessed Shades, at best but a handsome retirement from the Troubles of this World: If according to the duller *Jews*, Feasting and Banquettings; (for it is evident that the *Saducees*, who were observers of the Mosaical Law, had but faint Thoughts of any thing to come) there being in *Moses* Books no Promises but of Temporal Blessings, and (if any) an obscure Mention of Eternity. The *Mahometans* are no less sensual, making the renewing of Youth, high Feasts, a Woman with great Eyes, and dress'd up with a little more Fancy, the last and best Good.

Then the Hell; how gentle with the Heathens? but the rowling of a Stone, filling of a Sieve with Water, sitting before Banquets, and not daring to touch them, exercising Trade and Busineses they had on Earth; with the *Mahometans* but a Purgatory acted in the Grave, some Pains inflicted by a bad Angel, and those qualify'd
and

and mitigated too, by an assisting good one. Now for the *Jews*, as they had no Hopes, so they had no Fears; so that if we consider it rightly, neither their Punishments were great enough to deter them from doing ill, nor their Rewards high enough to invite Men to strictness of Life; for since every Man is able to make as good a Heaven of his own, it were unreasonable to persuade him to quit that certain Happiness for an uncertainty: Whereas Christians with as much more noble consideration both in their Heaven and Hell, took care not only for the Body, but the Soul, and for both, above Mans Apprehension.

The strangest, though most Epidemical Disease of all Religions, has been an Imagination Men have had, that the imposing painful and difficult things upon themselves, was the best way to appease the Deity, grossly thinking the chief Service and Delight of the Creator to consist in the Tortures and Sufferings of the Creature. How laden with chargeable and unnecessary Ceremonies the *Jews* were, their Feasts, Circumcisions, Sacrifices, great Sabbaths, and little Sabbaths, Fasts, Burials, and indeed, almost all their Worship, sufficiently declare: And that the *Mahometans* are much more infected, appears by the cutting of the *Præpuces*, wearing Iron Rings in the Skin of their fore Parts, launcing themselves with Knives, putting out their Eyes upon the sight of their Prophets Tomb, and the like. Of these last we can shew no Patterns amongst us: For though there be such a thing as whipping of the Body, yet it is but in some parts of Christendom, and there perchance too, more smil'd at than practis'd. Our Religion teacheth us to bear Afflictions patiently when they fall upon us, but not to force them upon our selves: For we believe the God we serve, wise enough to chuse his own Service, and therefore presume not to add to his Commands. With the *Jews*, it is true, we have something in common, but rather the Names than Things: Our Fasts being more the Medicines of the Body, than the Punishments of it,

Spiritual, as our Sabbaths; both good Mens delight, not their Trouble.

But lest this Discourse shou'd swell into a Greatness, such as wou'd make it look rather like a Defence which I had labour'd to get, than an Account which I always carry about me; I will now briefly examine, whether we believe not with Reason, those things we have different from the rest of the World. First then, for the persuation of the Truth of them in general: Let us consider what they were that convey'd them to us: Men (of all the World) the most unlikely to plot the Cozenage of others, being themselves but simple People, without Ends, without Designs, seeking neither Honour, Riches, nor Pleasure, but suffering (under the contrary) Ignominy, Poverty, and Misery; enduring Death it self, nay courting it: All which are things distasteful to Nature, and such as none but Men strangely assured wou'd have undergone. Had they feign'd a Story, certainly they wou'd not in it have registred their own Faults, nor delivered him whom they propounded as a God, ignominiously crucified: Add to this the Progress their Doctrine made abroad, miraculous above all other, either before or since, other Religions were brought in with the Sword, Power forcing a Custom, which by degrees usurp'd the Place of Truth: This even Power it self opposing. For the *Romans* (contrary to their Custom which entertain'd all Religions kindly,) persecuted this: Which by its own Strength so possessed the Hearts of Men, that no Age, Sex, or Condition, refused to lay down Life for it. A thing so rare in other Religions, that among the Heathens, *Socrates* was the sole Martyr: And the *Jews* (unless of some few under *Manasses* and *Antiochus*) have not to boast of any. If we cast our Eyes upon the healing of the Blind, curing the Lame, redeeming from the Grave, and but with a Touch or Word, we must conclude them done by more than human Power; and if by any other, by no Ill: These busie not themselves so much about the good of
Man,

Man. And this Religion not only forbids by Precept the Worship of wicked Spirits, but in Fact destroys it where-soever it comes. Now as it is clear by Authors impartial (as being no Christians) that strange things were done, so it is plain they were done without Imposture. Delusions shun the Light: These were all acted openly, the very Enemies both of the Master and Disciples daily looking on. But let us descend to those more principal Particulars, which so much trouble the curious Wits: These I take to be the *Incarnation, Passion, Resurrection, and Trinity*.

For the first, That Man shou'd be made without Man, why shou'd we wonder more at it in that time of the World, than in the Beginning? much easier, certainly, it was here, because nearer the Natural Way; Woman being a more prepared Matter than Earth. Those great Truths and Mysteries of Salvation, wou'd never have been receiv'd without Miracles; and where cou'd they more opportunely be shown, than at his Entrance into the World, where they might give Credit to his following Actions and Doctrine? So far it is from being against my Reason to think him thus born, that it wou'd be against it to believe him otherwise; it being not fit that the Son of God shou'd be produced like the Race of Men. That human Nature may be assumed by a Deity, the Enemy of Christians, *Julian*, confirms; and instances (himself) in *Æsculapius*, whom he will have descend from Heav'n in mortal Shape, to teach us here below the Art of Physick. Lastly, That God has liv'd with Men, has been the general Fancy of all Nations; every Particular having this Tradition, that the Deity at some time or other conversed amongst Men. Nor is it contrary to Reason to believe him residing in Glory above, and yet incarnate here: So in Man himself, the Soul is in Heaven when it remains in the Flesh, for it reacheth with its Eye the Sun; why may not God then being in Heaven, be at the same time with us in the Flesh? since the Soul, without the Body, wou'd be able to do much more than with it, and

God

God much more than the Soul, being the Soul of the Soul. But it may be urged as more abstruse, how all in Heaven, and all in Earth? Observe Man speaking (as you have done seeing) Is not the same Speech, at the instant it is uttered, all in every Place? Receives not each particular Ear, alike, the whole? And shall not he much more be Ubiquitary than the Voice of Man? For the *Passion* (to let alone the Necessity of satisfying divine Justice this way, which, whosoever reads more particularly our Divines, shall find rationally enforced) we find, the Heathen had something near to this (though, as in the rest, imperfect) for they sacrificed single Men for the Sins of the whole City or Country. *Porphyrius* having laid this Foundation, *That the supream Happiness of the Soul is to see God*, and that it cannot see him unpurify'd, concludes, *That there must be a Way for the cleansing of Mankind*; and proceeding to find it out, he tells that Arts and Sciences serve but to set our Wits right in the Knowledge of things, and cleanse us not enough to come to God; the like Judgement he gives of purging by *Theurgie*, and by the Misteries of the Sun; because those things extend but to some few, whereas this cleansing ought to be universal for the benefit of all Mankind: In the end resolves, that this cannot be done but by one of the three *In-beings*, which is the Word they use to express the Trinity by. Let us see what the divinest of the Heathens (and his Master *Plato*) delivers, to Admiration, and as it were *Prophetically*, to this Purpose. *That a truly just Man be shewn* (saith he) *it is necessary that he be spoiled of his Ornaments, so that he must be accounted by others a wicked Man, be scoffed at, put in Prison, beaten, nay be crucify'd*; and certainly for him that was to appear the highest Example of Patience, it was necessary to undergo the highest Trial of it, which was an *undeserved Death*.

Concerning the *Resurrection*, I conceive the Difficulty to lye not so much upon our Lord, as us, it being with easie Reason imagined, that he which can make a Body, can lay it down, and take it up again. There is something

thing more that urges and presses us: For if in our Estate we promise our selves hereafter, there will be no need of Food, Copulation, or Excrement, to what purpose shou'd we have a Mouth, Belly, or less comely Parts? It being strange to imagine God to have created Man, for a Moment of time, a Body consisting of Particulars, which shou'd be useless to all Eternity. Besides, why shou'd we desire to carry that along with us which we are ashamed of here, and which we find so great a Trouble, that very wise Men (were it not forbidden) wou'd throw it off before it were worn out? To this I shou'd answer, that as the Body is Partner in well or ill doing, so it is but just it shou'd share in the Rewards or Punishments hereafter: And though by reason of Sin we blush at it here, yet when that shall cease to be, why we shou'd be more ashamed than our first Parents were, or some in the last discover'd parts of the World are now, I cannot understand. Who knows but these unsightly Parts shall remain for good use, and that putting us in Mind of our imperfect Estate here, they shall serve to increase our Content and Happiness there? What kind of thing a glorify'd Body shall be, how chang'd, how refin'd, who knows? Nor is it the meanest Invitement to me now, to think that my Estate there, is above my Capacity here. There remains that which does not only quarrel with the likelihood of a Resurrection, but with the Possibility; alledging, that Man corrupted into Dust, is scatter'd almost into infinite, or devoured by irrational Creature, goes into Aliment, and grows part of it, then that Creature perchance is made like Food to another: And truly did we doubt of God's Power, or not think him omnipotent, this were a *Labyrinth* we shou'd be lost in: But it were hard, when we see every petty Chymick in his little Shop bring into one Body things of the same kind, though scatter'd and disorder'd, that we shou'd not allow the great Maker of all things to do the same in his own Universe.

There remains only the Mystery of the *Trinity*: to the Difficulty of which, the Poverty and Narrowness of Words have made no small Addition. St.

St. *Austin* plainly says the Word *Person* was taken up by the Church for want of a better; *Nature, Substance, Essence, Hypostasis, Suppositum, & Persona*, have caus'd sharp Disputes amongst the Doctors; at length they are contented to let the three first and three last signifie the same thing. By all of them is understood something Compleat, Perfect and Singular: In this only they differ, that *Nature, Substance, Essence* are communicable *ad quid & quo* (as they call it;) the other are not at all: But enough of this; those that were the immediate Conveyers of it to us, wrapt it not up in any of these Terms. We then hold God to be one, and but one, it being gross to imagine two Omnipotents, for then neither wou'd be so; yet since this good is perfectly good, and perfect Goodness cannot be without perfect Love, nor perfect Love without Communication, nor to an unequal or created, for them it must be inordinate; we conclude a second *Coeternal* though *Begotten*: Nor are these contrary (though they seem to be so.) Even in created Substances, that one thing may come from another, and yet that from whence it comes, not be before that which comes from it; as in the Sun and *Light*. But in these high Mysteries, Similitudes may be the best Arguments. In Metaphysicks they tell us, that to the constituting of every Being, there is a *Posse sui esse*, from whence there is a *Sapientia sui esse*, and from these two proceedeth an *Amor sui esse*; and though these three be distinct, yet they make up one perfect Being. Again, and more familiarly; there is a hidden Original of Waters in the Earth, from this a Spring flows up, and of these proceeds a Stream: This is but one Essence, which knows neither a before, nor an after, but in order, and (that too) according to our considering of it; the Head of a Spring, is not a Head, but in respect of the Spring; for if something flow'd not from it, it were no Original, nor the Spring a Spring if it did not flow from something, nor the Stream a Stream but in respect of both: Now all these three are but one

Water,

Water, and though one is not the other, yet they can hardly be considered one without the other. Now, though I know this so far from a Demonstration, that it is but an imperfect Instance (perfect being impossible of infinite by finite things) yet there is a Resemblance great enough to let us see the possibility. And here the Eye of Reason needed no more the Spectacles of Faith, than for these things of which we make sympathy the cause, as in the Load-Stone, or Antipathy, of which every Man almost gives Instance from his own Nature: Nor is it here so great a Wonder that we shou'd be ignorant; for this is distant and removed from Sense; these near and subject to it: and it were stranger for me to conclude that God did not work *ad extra*, thus one and distinct within himself, because I cannot conceive how begotten, how proceeding; than if a Clown shou'd say the Hand of a Watch did not move, because he cou'd not give an Account of the Wheels within. So far it is from being unreasonable, because I do not understand it, that it wou'd be unreasonable I shou'd: For why shou'd a created Substance comprehend an uncreated? a circumscribed and limited, an uncircumscrib'd and unlimited? And this I observe in those great Lovers and Lords of Reason, quoted by the Fathers, *Zoroastres*, *Trismegistus*, *Plato*, *Numenius*, *Plotinus*, *Proclus*, *Amelius*, and *Avicen*, that when they spoke of this Mystery of the Trinity, of which all writ something, and some almost as plainly as Christians themselves, that they discussed it not as they did other things, but delivered them as Oracles which they had received themselves, without Dispute.

Thus much of Christian Profession compared with others: I shou'd shew now which (compared within it self) ought to be preferred; but this is the Work of every Pen, perhaps to the Prejudice of Religion it self. This Excuse (though) it has, that (like the chief Empire,) having nothing to conquer, no other Religion to oppose or dispute against, it hath been forced to admit of Civil Wars, and suffer under its own Excellency.

A G L A U-

AGLAURA.

Presented at the

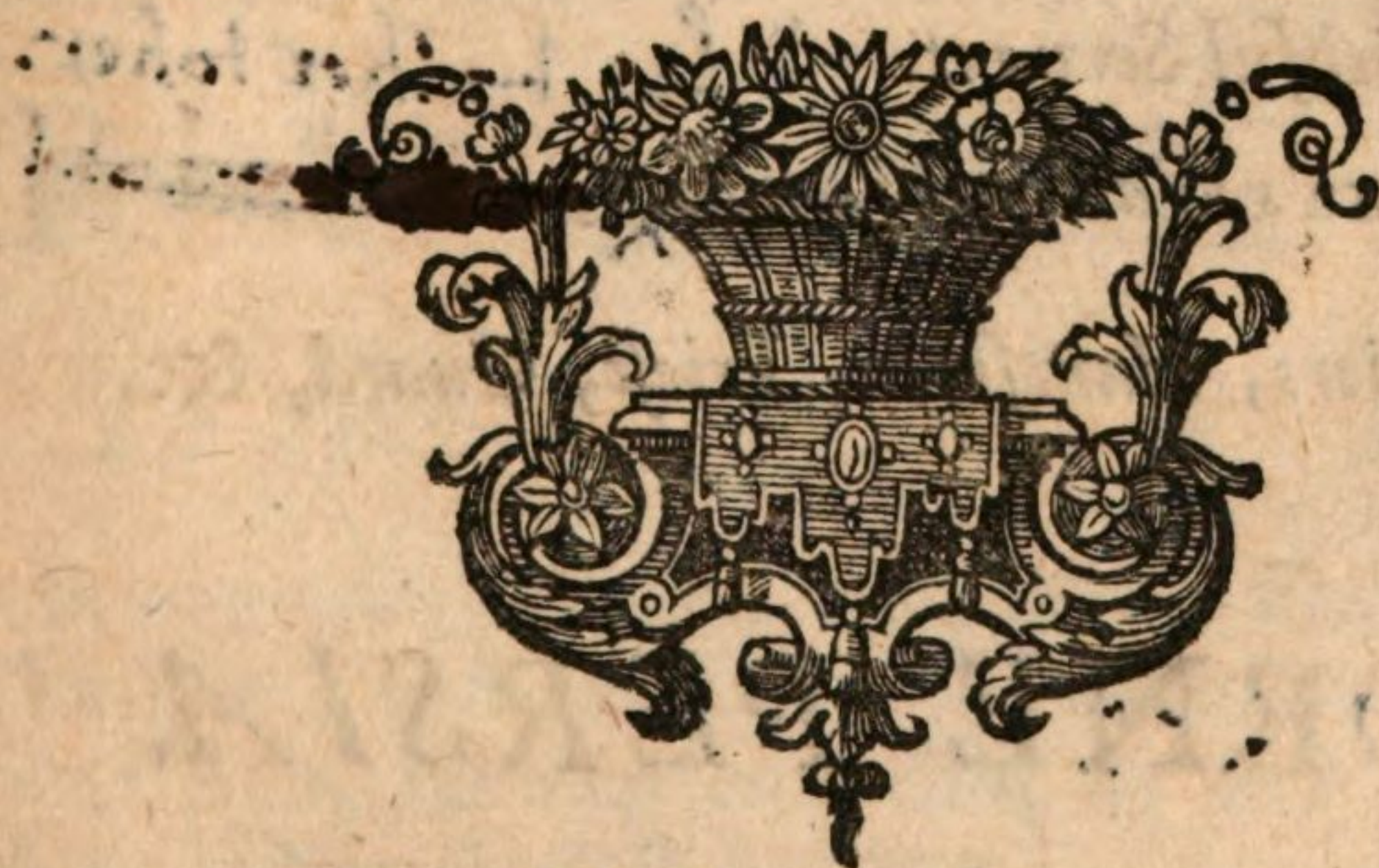
PRIVATE HOUSE

IN

BLACK-FRIARS,

BY

His MAJESTY's Servants.



Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Personæ.

KING, *in love with Aglaura.*

Thersames, Prince, *in Love with Aglaura.*

Orbella, Queen, *at first Mistress to Ziriff, in love with Ariaspes.*

Ariaspes, Brother to the King.

Ziriff, *otherwise Sorannez disguised, Captain of the Guard, in love with Orbella, Brother to Aglaura.*

Iolas, *A Lord of the Council, seeming Friend to the Prince, but a Traitor; in love with Semanthe.*

Aglaura, *In Love with the Prince, but nam'd Mistress to the King.*

Orsames, *A young Lord Antiplatonick, Friend to the Prince.*

Philan, *the same.*

Semanthe, *in love with Ziriff; Platonick.*

Orithie, *in love with Thersames.*

Pasithas, *a faithful Servant. Iolas brother to her.*

Iolinas, *Aglaura's Waiting-Woman.* ~~*Philan's sister.*~~

Courtiers, Huntsmen, Priest, Guard, &c.

SORNE PERSIA.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

I'VE thought upon't; and cannot tell which way
Ought I can say now shou'd advance the Play:
For Plays are either good, or bad; the good,
(If they do beg) beg to be understood;
And in good Faith, that has as bold a Sound,
As if a Beggar shou'd ask twenty Pound.

—— Men have it not about them.

Then (Gentlemen) if rightly understood,
The bad do need less Prologue than the good:
For if it chance the Plot be lame, or blind,
Ill cloath'd, deform'd throughout, it needs must find
Compassion, —— It is a Beggar without Art: ——
But it falls out in Penny-worths of Wit,
As in all Bargains else; Men ever get
All they can in; will have London Measure,
A Handful over in their very Pleasure.
And now ye have't; he cou'd not well deny ye,
And I dare swear he's scarce a Saver by ye.

PROLOGUE,

To the COURT.

THese common Passions, Hopes and Fears, that still
The Poets first, and then the Prologues fill,
In this our Age, he that writ this, by me,
Protests against as modest Foolery.
He thinks it an odd thing to be in Pain,
For nothing else, but to be well again.

L

Who

Who writes to Fear is so; had he not writ,
You ne'er had been the Judges of his Wit;
And when he had, did he but then intend
To please himself, he sure might have his end
Without th' Expence of Hope, and that he had
That made this Play, although the Play be bad.
Then Gentlemen be thrifty, save your Dooms
For the next Man, or the next Play that comes;
For Smiles are nothing, where Men do not care,
And Frowns as little, where they need not fear.

T O T H E K I N G.

THIS (Sir) to them; but unto Majesty,
All he has said before, he does deny.
Yet not to Majesty: that were to bring
His Fears to be, but for the Queen and King,
Nor for your selves; and that he dares not say;
You are his Sovereigns another way;
Your Souls are Princes, and you have as good
A Title that way, as ye have by Blood
To Govern, and your Power here is more great
And absolute, than in the Royal Seat.
There Men dispute, and but by Law obey,
Here is no Law at all, but what ye say.

A GLA U.



AGLAURA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Iolas and Iolina.

Iolas.



Arry'd? and in *Diana's Grove*!

Ioli. So wasth' Appointment, or my
Sense deceiv'd me.

Iolas. Marry'd!

Now by those Pow'rs that tie those
pretty Knots,

'Tis very fine, good Faith 'tis wondrous fine.

Ioli. What is, Brother?

Iolas. Why, to marry, Sister —

T' enjoy 'twixt lawful and unlawful thus

A Happiness, steal as 'twere ones own.

Diana's Grove, say'st thou?

[*Scratches his Head.*]

Ioli. That's the Place; the hunt once up, and all
Engag'd in the Sport, they mean to leave
The Company, and steal unto those Thickets,
Where there's a Priest attends them.

Iolas. And will they lye together, think'st thou?

Ioli. Is there Distinction of Sex, think you?

Or Flesh and Blood?

L 2

Iolas.

Iolas. True; but the King, Sister!

Ioli. But Love, Brother!

Iolas. Thou say'st well; 'tis fine, 'tis wondrous fine.

Diana's Grove——

Ioli. Yes, *Diana's Grove*.

But, Brother, if you shou'd speak of this now.——

Iolas. Why, thou know'st a drowning Man holds not a thing so fast.

Enter Semanthe, she sees Iolas, and goes in again.

Semanthe! she shuns me too.

Ioli. The Wound festred sure!

The Hurt the Boy gave her, when first

She look'd abroad into the World, is not yet cur'd.

Iolas. What Hurt?

Ioli. Why, know you not

She was in Love long since with young *Zorannes*,

(*Aglaura's* Brother) and the now Queen's betroth'd?

Iolas. Some such slight Tale I've heard.

Ioli. Slight! She yet does weep, when she but hears him nam'd,

And tells the prettiest, and the saddest Stories

Of all those civil Wars, and those Amours,

That, trust me, both my Lady and my self

Turn weeping Statues still.

Iolas. Pish, 'tis not that.

'Tis *Ziriff*, and his fresh Glories here

Have rob'd me of her.

Since he thus appear'd in Court,

My Love has languish'd worse than Plants in Drought.

But Time's a good Physician. Come, let's in:

The King and Queen by this time are come forth.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Servingmen to Ziriff.

1 *Serv.* Yonder's a Crowd without, as if some strange Sight were to be seen to Day here.

2 *Serv.* Two or three, with Carbonadoes afore instead of Faces, mistook the Door for a Breach; and at the opening of it, are striving still which shou'd enter first.

3. *Serv.*

3 *Serv.* Is my Lord busie?

[*Knocks.*

Enter Ziriff as in his Study.

1. *Serv.* My Lord, there are some Soldiers without —

Zir. Well! I will dispatch them presently.

2 *Serv.* Th' Ambassadors from the *Cadusians* too —

Zir. Shew them the Gallery.

3 *Serv.* One from the King —

Zir. Again; I come, I come. [*Exeunt Servingmen.*

Ziriff solus.

Greatness, thou vainer Shadow of the Princes Beams,
Begot by mere Reflection, nourish'd in Extreame;
First taught to creep, and live upon the Glance,
Poorly to fare, 'till thine own proper Strength
Bring thee to surfeit of thy self at last.

How dull a Pageant wou'd this States-Play seem
To me now, were not my Love and my Revenge
Mix'd with it? —

Three tedious Winters have I waited here,
Like patient Chymists blowing still the Coals,
And still expecting when the blessed Hour
Wou'd come shou'd make me Master of
The Court *Elixir*, Power, for that turns all:
'Tis in Projection now; down, Sorrow, down,
And swell my Heart no more; and thou wrong'd Ghost
Of my dead Father, to thy Bed again,
And sleep securely;

It cannot now be long, for sure Fate must,
As't has been cruel, so a while be just. [*Exit.*

Enter King and Lords, the Lords entreating for Prisoners.

King. I say they shall not live; our Mercy
Wou'd turn Sin, shou'd we but use it e'er;
Pity and Love the Bosses only be
Of Government, meerly for Show and Ornament;
Fear is the Bit that Man's proud Will restrains,
And makes its Vice its Virtue — See it done.

L 3

Enter

Enter to them the Queen, Aglaura, and Ladies: The King addresses himself to Aglaura.

So early, and so curious in your Dress, Fair Mistress?
These pretty Ambushes and Traps for Hearts,
Set with such Care to Day, look like Design:
Speak, Lady, is't a Massacre resolv'd?
Is conquering one by one grown tedious Sport?
Or is the number of the taken such,
That for your Safety you must kill out-right?

Agl. Did none do greater Mischief, Sir, than I,
Heav'n would not much be troubled with sad Story,
Nor would the quarrel Man has to the Stars
Be kept alive so strongly.

King. When he does leav't
Woman must take it up, and justly too,
For robbing of the Sex, and giving all to you.

Agl. Their Weaknesses you mean, and I confess, Sir.

King. The greatest Subjects of their Power or Glory.
Such gentle Rape thou act'st upon my Soul,
And with such pleasing Violence dost force it still,
That when it shou'd resist, it tamely yields,
Making a kind of haste to be undone,
As if the way to Victory were loss,
And Conquest came by Overthrow.

Enter an Express delivering a Packet upon his Knee.

The King reads.

Qu. Pretty!

[Looking upon a Flower in one of the Lady's Heads.]
Is it the Child of Nature, or of some fair Hand?

La. 'Tis as the Beauty, Madam, of some Faces:
Art's issue only.

King. *Thersames,*
This concerns you most; brought you her Picture?

Exp. Something made up for her in haste I have.

[Presents the Picture.]

King. If she does owe no part of this fair Dower
Unto the Painter, she is rich enough.

Agl.

Agl. A kind of merry Sadness in this Face
Becomes it much.

King. There is indeed, *Aglaura*,
A pretty Sullenness dress'd up in Smiles,
That says this Beauty can both kill and save.
How like you her, *Thersames*?

Ther. As well as any Man can do a House
By seeing of the Portal; here's but a Face,
And Faces, Sir, are things I have not studied;
I have my Duty, and may boldly swear,
What you like best will ever please me most.

King. Spoke like *Thersames*, and my Son.
Come! the Day holds fair,
Let all the Huntsmen meet us in the Vale,
We will uncouple there. [*Exeunt.*

Ariaspes stays behind.

Ari. How odd a thing a Crowd is unto me!
Sure Nature intended I shou'd be alone;
Had not that old doting Man-Midwife *Time*
Slept, when he shou'd have brought me forth, I had
Been so too——— [*Studies and scratches his Head.*
To be Born near, and only near a Crown———

Enter Iolas.

Iolas. How now my Lord?
What? walking o'th' tops of Pyramids?
Whispering your self away
Like a deny'd Lover? Come! to Horse, to Horse,
And I will shew you streight a Sight will please you,
More than kind Looks from her you dote upon
After a falling out.

Ari. Prethee what is't?

Iolas. I'll tell you as I go——— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Huntsmen hollowing and whooping.

Huntsf. Which Way? which Way?

Enter Thersames, and Aglaura muffled.

Ther. This is the Grove, 'tis somewhere here within.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter, dogging of them, Ariaspes and Iolas.

Iolas. Gently! gently!

Enter Orfames, Philan, a Huntsman, and two Courtiers.

Hunts. No hurt, my Lord, I hope?

Orsa. None, none,

Thou wou'dst have warranted it to another,
If I had broke my Neck:

What? dost think my Horse and I shew Tricks?

That which way soever he throws me,

Like a Tumbler's Boy, I must fall safe?

Was there a Bed of Roses there? would I were Eunuch
if I had not as lief h'a fallen in the State, as where I did;
the Ground was as hard, as if it had been pav'd with Pla-
tonick Ladies Hearts, and this unconscionable Fellow
asks whether I have no hurt. Where's my Horse?

1 *Court.* Making Love to the next Mare, I think.

2 *Court.* Not the next I assure you,
He's gallop't away, as if all the Spurs i' th' Field
Were in his Sides.

Orsa. Why there's it: the Jade's in the Fashion too.
Now h'as done me an Injury, he will not come near me.
Well, when I hunt next, may it be upon a starv'd Cow,
Without a Saddle too.

And may I fall into a Saw-pit, and not be taken up, but
with suspicion of having been private with my own Beast
there. Now I better consider on't too Gentlemen, 'tis
but the same thing we do at Court; here's every Man stri-
ving who shall be foremost, and hotly pursuing of what
he seldom overtakes, or if he does, it's no great matter.

Pbi. He that's best hors'd, that is, best friended, gets
in soonest; and then all he has to do is to laugh at those
that are behind. Shall we help you, my Lord?

Orsa. Prithee do——— stay!
To be in view, is to be in favour,
Is it not?

Pbi. Right.

And he that has a strong Fashion against him, hunts up-
on a cold Scent, and may in time come to a loss.

Orsa.

Orsa. Here's one rides two Miles about, while another leaps a Ditch and is in before him.

Pbi. Where note the indirect way's the nearest.

Orsa. Good again ———

Pbi. And here's another puts on, and falls into a Quagmire, (that is) follows the Court 'till he has spent all (for your Court Quagmire is want of Mony) there a Man is sure to stick, and then not one helps him out, if they do not laugh at him.

1 *Court.* What think you of him, that hunts after my Rate, and never sees the Deer?

2 *Court.* Why he is like some young Fellow, that follows The Court, and never sees the King.

Orsa. To Spur a Horse 'till he is tir'd, is ———

Pbi. To importune a Friend 'till he be weary of you.

Orsa. For then, upon the first occasion, y'are thrown off, As I was now.

Pbi. This is nothing to the catching of your Horse, *Orsames.*

Orsa. Thou say'st true, I think he is no transmigrated Philosopher, and therefore not likely to be taken with Morals. Gentlemen, your help---- the next I hope will Be yours, and then 'twill be my turn ——— [Exeunt.

Enter again, Married, Therfames, Aglaura, and Priest.

Ther. Fear not, my Dear; if when Love's Diet Was bare Looks, and these stoln too, He yet did thrive; what then

Will he do now, when every Night will be A Feast, and every Day fresh Revelry?

Agl. Will he not surfeit, when he once shall come To grosser Fare, my Lord, and so grow sick? And Love once sick, how quickly will it dye?

Ther. Ours cannot; 'tis as immortal as the things That elemented it, which were our Souls: Nor can they e'er impair in Health, for what These holy Rites do warrant us to do, More than our Bodies wou'd for quenching thirst. Come let's to Horse, we shall be mist,

For

For we are Envy's Mark, and Court Eyes carry far.
Your Prayers and Silence, Sir--- [*To the Priest.*] [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Ariaspes and Iolas.

Ari. If it succeed, I wear thee here, my *Iolas*—

Iolas. If it succeed? will Night succeed the Day?
Or Hours one to another? is not his Lust
The Idol of his Soul? and was not she
The Idol of his Lust? as safely he might
Have stoln the Diadem from off his Head,
And he wou'd less have mis'd it.

You now, my Lord, must raise his Jealousie,
Teach it to look through the false Optick Fear,
And make it see all double: Tell him the Prince
Wou'd have thus presum'd, but that he does
Intend worse yet; and that his Crown and Life
Will be the next Attempt.

Ari. Right; and I will urge
How dangerous 'tis unto the present State,
To have the Creatures and their Followers
Of the next Prince (whom now all strive to please)
Too near about him.

Iolas. What if the Malecontents that use
To come unto him were discovered?

Ari. By no means, for 'twere in vain to give
Him discontent (which too must needs be done)
If they within him gav't not nourishment.

Iolas. Well, I'll away first, for the Print's too big
If we be seen together—— [*Exit.*]

Ari. I have so fraught this Bark with hope, that it
Dares venture now in any Storm, or Weather;
And if he Sink or Split, all's one to me.

“Ambition seems all things, and yet is none,

“But in disguise stalks to Opinion

“And fools it into Faith, for every thing:

'Tis not with the ascending to a Throne:

As 'tis with Stairs, and Steps, that are the same;

For to a Crown, each Humour's a Degree;

And as Men change, and differ, so must we.

The

The name of Virtue doth the People please,
 Not for their Love to Virtue, but their Ease,
 And Parrot Rumour I that Tale have taught.
 By making Love I hold the Woman's Grace,
 'Tis the Court double Key, and entrance gets
 To all the little Plots. The fiery Spirits
 My Love to Arms hath drawn into my Faction;
 All, but the minion of the Time, is mine,
 And he shall be, or shall not be at all.
 He that beholds a Wing in pieces torn.
 And knows not that to Heav'n it once did bear
 The high-flown and self-less'ning Bird, will think
 And call them idle Subjects of the Wind:
 When he that has the Skill to imp and bind
 These in right places, will thus Truth discover;
 That borrow'd Instruments do oft convey
 The Soul to her propos'd Intents, and where
 Our Stars deny, Art may supply——— [Exit.

Enter Semanthe, Orithie, Orfames, and Philan.

Sem. Think you it is not then
 The little Jealousies, my Lord, and Fears,
 Joy mixt with Doubt, and Doubt reviv'd with Hope,
 That Crowns all Love with Pleasure? these are lost
 When once we come to full Fruition;
 Like waking in the Morning, when all Night
 Our Fancy has been fed with some new strange Delight.

Orsa. I grant you, Madam, that the Fears and Joys,
 Hopes and Desires, mixt with Despairs and Doubts,
 Do make the Sport in Love; that they are
 The very Dogs by which we hunt the Hare:
 But as the Dogs would stop, and straight give o'er
 Were it not for the little thing before;
 So wou'd our Passions; both alike must be
 Flesh'd in the Chase.

Ori. Will you then place the Happiness, but there,
 Where the dull Plow-man, and the Plow-man's Horse
 Can find it out? Shall Souls refin'd not know
 How to preserve alive a noble Flame,
 But let it Die, burn out to Appetite?

Sem. Love's a Camelion, and would live on Air,
Phylick for Agues, starving is his Food.

Orsa. Why! there's it now! a greater Epicure
Lives not on Earth? my Lord and I have been
In's Privy Kitchen, seen his Bills of Fare

Sem. And how, and how, my Lord?

Orsa. A mighty Prince,
And full of Curiosity——Harts newly slain
Serv'd up intire, and stuck with little Arrows
In stead of Cloaves——

Phi. Sometimes a Chick plumpt up
With Broth, with Cream, and Claret mingled
For Sauce, and round about the Dish
Pomegranate Kernels, strew'd on Leaves of Lillies.

Orsa. Then will he have black Eyes, for those of late
He feeds on much, and for variety
The gray——

Phi. You forget his cover'd Dishes
Of Jene-strays, and Marmalade of Lips,
Perfum'd by Breath sweet as the Beans first Blossoms.

Sem. Rare!

And what's the Drink to all this Meat, my Lord?

Orsa. Nothing but Pearl dissolv'd, Tears still fresh fetch'd
From Lover's Eyes, which if they come to be
Warm in the Carriage, are streight cool'd with Sighs.

Sem. And all this rich Proportion perchance
We would allow him:

Orsa. True! but therefore this is but his common Diet;
Only serves

When his chief Cooks, *Liking* and *Opportunity*,
Are out o'the way; for when he feasts indeed,
'Tis there, where the wise People of the World
Did place the Virtues, i'th' middle——Madam.

Ori. My Lord, there is so little hope we shou'd convert
And if we shou'd, so little got by it, (you,
That we'll not lose so much upon't as Sleep.
Your Lordship's Servants——

Orsa. Nay, Ladies, we'll wait upon you to your Chambers.

Phi.

Pbi. Prithee let's spare the Compliment, we shall do no

Ors. By this Hand I'll try. (good.

They keep me fasting, and I must be praying. [*Exeunt.*

Aglaura undressing of her self, Iolina.

Agl. Undress me ———

Is it not late, *Iolina*?

It was the longest Day, this ———

Enter Therfames.

Ther. Softly, as Death it self comes on,
When it does steal away the sick Man's Breath,

And Standers by perceive it not,

Have I trod the Way unto these Lodgings.

How wisely do those Powers

That give us Happiness, order it?

Sending us still Fears to bound our Joys,

Which else wou'd overflow and lose themselves.

See where she sits,

Like Day retir'd into another World.

Dear mine! where all the Beauty Man admires

In scatter'd Pieces, does united lye;

Where Sense does feast, and yet where sweet Desire

Lives in its longing, like a Miser's Eye,

That never knew, nor saw Satiety;

Tell me, by what Approaches must I come

To take in what remains of my Felicity?

Agl. Needs there any new ones, where the Breach
Is made already? you are entred here ———

Long since, Sir, here, and I have given up all.

Ther. All but the Fort; and in such Wars as these,

'Till that be yielded up, there is no Peace,

Nor Triumph to be made. Come! undo, undo,

And from these envious Clouds slide quick

Into Love's proper Sphere, thy Bed.

The weary Traveller, whom the busie Sun

Hath vext all Day, and scorch'd almost to Tinder,

Ne'er long'd for Night as I have long'd for this.

What rude Hand is that?

[*One knocks hastily.*

Go *Iolina*, see, but let none enter --- [*Iolina goes to the Door.*

Ioli.

Ioli. 'Tis *Ziriff*, Sir,

Ther. — Oh

Something of Weight hath fallen out it seems,
Which in his Zeal he cou'd not keep 'till Morning.
But one short Minute, Dear, into that Chamber —

Enter Ziriff.

How now?

Thou start'st, as if thy Sins had met thee,
Or thy Father's Ghost; what News Man?

Zir. Such as will send Blood of hasty Messages
Unto the Heart, and make it call
All that is Man about you into Council.

Where's the Princess, Sir?

Ther. What? What of her?

Zir. The King must have her —

Ther. How?

Zir. The King must have her.

Ther. Though fear of worse makes ill still relish better,
And this look handsome in our Friendship, *Ziriff*,
Yet so severe a Preparation
There needed not; come come! what is't?

[*Ziriff leads him to the Door, and shews him a Guard.*
A Guard! *Thersames* thou art lost; betray'd
By faithless and ungrateful Man,
Out of a Happiness: —

[*He steps between the Door and him, and draws.*
The very thought of that
Will lend my Anger so much noble Justice,
That wert thou Master of as much fresh Life,
As th'ast been of Villany, it shou'd not serve,
Nor stock thee out, to glory, or repent
The least of it.

Zir. Put up; put up! Such unbecoming Anger
I have not seen you wear before.

What? draw upon your Friend? [*Discovers himself.*
Do you believe me right now? —

Ther. I scarce believe mine Eyes — *Zorannes!*

Zir. The same, but how preserv'd, or why

Thus

Thus long disguis'd to you, a freer Hour must speak.
 That y'are betray'd is certain, but by whom,
 Unless the Priest himself, I cannot guess.
 More than the Marriage though he knows not of.
 If you now send her on these early summons,
 Before the Sparks are grown into a Flame,
 You do redeem th' Offence, or make it less;
 And, on my Life, yet his intents are fair,
 And he will but besiege, not force Affection.
 So you gain time; if you refuse, there's but
 One way; you know his Power and Passion.

Ther. Into how strange a Labyrinth am I
 Now fall'n? What shall I do, *Zorannes*?

Zir. Do, Sir, as Seamen that have lost their Light
 And Way; strike Sail, and lye quiet a while.
 Your Forces in the Province are not yet
 In readiness, nor is our Friend *Zephines*
 Arriv'd at *Delphos*; nothing is ripe, besides —

Ther. Good Heav'ns, did I but dream that she was mine?
 Upon Imagination did I climb up to
 This height? let me then wake, and die.
 Some courteous Hand snatch me from what's to come,
 And e'er my Wrongs have being let them end.

Zir. How poor, and how unlike the Prince is this?
 This Trifle Woman does unman us all;
 Robs us so much, it makes us Things of Pity.
 Is this a time to lose our Anger in,
 And vainly breathe it out? when all we have
 Will hardly fill the Sail of Resolution,
 And make us bear high enough for Action.

Ther. I have done, Sir, pray chide no more;
 The Slave whom tedious Custom has enur'd,
 And taught to think of Misery as of Food,
 Counting it but a necessary of Life,
 And so digesting it, shall not so much as once
 Be nam'd to Patience, when I am spoken of:
 Mark me; for I will now undo my self

As willingly, as Virgins give up all first Nights
To them they Love — *[Offers to go out.]*

Zir. Stay, Sir, 'twere fit *Aglaura* yet were kept
In Ignorance. I will dismiss the Guard,
And be my self again. *[Exit.]*

Ther. In how much worse Estate am I in now,
Than if I ne'er had known her; Privation
Is a Misery as much above bare Wretchedness,
As that is short of Happiness:
So when the Sun does not appear,
'Tis darker 'cause it once was here.

Enter Ziriff, speaks to Orfames and others half entred.

Zir. Nay, Gentlemen,
There needs no Force, where there is no Resistance:
I'll satisfy the King my self.

Ther. ——— Oh, 'tis well y'are come,
There was within me fresh Rebellion,
And Reason was almost unking'd again.
But you shall have her, Sir — *[Goes out to fetch Aglaura.]*

Zir. What doubtful Combats in this noble Youth
Passion and Reason have! ———

Enter Therfames leading Aglaura.

Ther. Here, Sir ——— *[Gives her, and goes out.]*

Agl. What means the Prince, my Lord?

Zir. Madam, his wiser Fear has taught him to disguise
His Love, and make it look a little rude at parting.
Affairs that do concern all that you hope from
Happiness, this Night force him away:
And lest you shou'd have tempted him to stay,
(Which he did doubt you wou'd, and wou'd prevail)
He left you thus. He does desire by me
You wou'd this Night lodge in the little Tower,
Which is in my Command; the Reasons why
Himself will shortly tell you

Agl. 'Tis strange, but I am all Obedience ———

[Exeunt.]

A C T

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter Therfames, and Iolas a Lord of the Council.

Iolas. **I** Told him so, Sir, urg'd 'twas no common Knot,
That to the tying of it two powerful Princes,
Virtue and Love were join'd, and that
A greater than these two was now
Ingag'd in it; Religion; but 'twould not do,
The Cork of Passion boy'd up all Reason so,
That what was said swam but o'th' top of th' Ear,
Ne'er reach'd the Heart:

Ther. Is there no way for Kings to shew their Power,
But in their Subjects Wrongs? no Subject neither
But his own Son?

Iolas. Right, Sir:
No Quarry for his Lust to gorge on, but on what
You fairly had flown at, and taken:
Well ——— wer't not the King, or wer't indeed
Not you, that have such Hopes, and such a Crown
To venture; and yet ———
'Tis but a Woman.

Ther. How? that but again, and thou art more injurious
Than he, and woul't provoke me sooner.

Iolas. Why, Sir?
There are no Altars yet address'd unto her,
Nor Sacrifice; if I have made her less
Than what she is, it was my Love to you;
For in my Thoughts, and here within, I hold her
The noblest Piece Nature e'er lent our Eyes,
And of the which, all Women else, are but
Weak Counterfeits, made up by her Journey-Men:
But was this fit to tell you?
I know you value but too high all that,
And in a Loss we shou'd not make things more;
'Tis miseries Happiness, that we can make it less
By Art, through a forgetfulness upon our Ills;
Yet who can do it here?

M

When

When ev'ry Voice, must needs, and ev'ry Face,
By shewing what she was not, shew what she was.

Ther. I'll instantly unto him — [Draws.

Iolas. Stay, Sir;

Though't be the utmost of my Fortune's Hope
To have an equal Share of Ill with you;
Yet I cou'd wish we sold this Trifle Life
At a far dearer rate, than we are like to do,
Since 'tis a King's the Merchant.

Ther. Ha!

King, I! 'tis indeed,
And there's no Art can cancel that high Bond.

Iolas. — He cools again. — [To himself.

True, Sir, and yet methinks to know a Reason —
For passive Nature ne'er had glorious end,
And he that States Preventions ever learn'd,
Knows, 'tis one Motion to strike and to defend.

Enter Serving-man.

Serv. Some of the Lords without, and from the King,
They say, wait you.

Ther. What subtil State trick now?

But one Turn here, and I am back, my Lord — [Exit.

Iolas. This will not do; his Resolution's like
A skilful Horseman, and Reason is the Stirrop;
Which though a sudden Shock may make
It loose, yet does it meet it handsomely again.
Stay, 't must be some sudden Fear of Wrong
To her, that may draw on a sudden Act
From him, and ruin from the King; for such
A Spirit will not, like common ones, be
Rais'd by every Spell, 'tis in Loves Circle
Only 'twill appear.

Enter Therfames.

Ther. I cannot bear the Burthen of my Wrongs
One Minute longer.

Iolas. Why! what's the Matter, Sir?

Ther. They do pretend the Safety of the State
Now, nothing but my Marriage with *Cadusia*

Can

Can secure th' adjoining Country to it;
 Confinement during Life for me, if I refuse,
Diana's Nunnery for her ——— And at that Nunnery, *Iolas*,
 Allegiance in me, like the String of a Watch
 Wound up too high, and forc'd above the Nick,
 Ran back, and in a Moment was unravell'd all.

Iolas. Now by the Love I bear to Justice, (crime,
 That Nunnery was too severe; when virtuous Love's a
 What Man can hope to scape a Punishment,
 Or who's indeed so wretched to desire it?

Ther. Right!

Iolas. What Answer made you, Sir?

Ther. None; they gave me 'till to Morrow,
 And e'er that be, or they or I
 Must know our Destiny:
 Come Friend let's in, there is no sleeping now;
 For time is short, and we have much to do. [*Exeunt*.

Enter Orsames, Philan and Courtiers.

Orsa. Judge you, Gentlemen, if I be not as unfortunate
 As a Gamester thinks himself upon the Loss
 Of the last Stake; this is the first She
 I ever swore too heartily, and, by those Eyes,
 I think I had continued unperjur'd a whole Month,
 And that's fair, you'll say.

1 *Cour*. Very fair ———

Orsa. Had she not run mad betwixt ———

2 *Cour*. How! Mad!

Who? *Semantbe*?

Orsa. Yea, yea, mad; ask *Philan* else.
 People that want clear Intervals talk not
 So wildly: I'll tell you Gallants; 'tis now, since first I
 Found my self a little hot, and quivering 'bout the Heart,
 Some ten Days since, a tedious Ague, Sirs;
 But what of that?

The gracious Glance, and little Whisper past,
 Approaches made from th' Hand unto the Lip,
 I came to visit her, and, as you know we use,
 Breathing a Sigh or two by way of Prologue,

Told her, that in Loves Phyfick 'twas a Rule,
Where the Difeafe had Birth to feek a Cure;
I had no fooner nam'd Love to her, but ſhe
Began to talk of Flames, and Flames,
Neither devouring, nor devour'd, of Air,
And of Camelions ———

1 *Cour.* O the *Platonicks*! (ſhip's merry.

2 *Cour.* Thoſe of the new Religion in Love! your Lord-
Troth, how do you like the Humour on't?

Orfa. As thou wou'dſt like red Hair, or Leanneſs,
In thy Miſtreſs; ſcurvily; 't does worſe with Handſomneſs,
Than ſtrong Deſire wou'd do with Impotence;
A meer Trick to inhance the Price of Kiſſes ———

Phi. Surely theſe ſilly Women, when they feed
Our Expectation ſo high, do but like
Ignorant Conjurers, that raiſe a Spirit
Which handſomely they cannot lay again.

Orfa. True, 'tis like ſome that nourish up
Young Lions, 'till they grow ſo great, they are afraid of
Themſelves; they dare not grant at laſt,
For fear they ſhou'd not ſatiſfie.

Phi. Who's for the Town? I muſt take up again.

Orfa. This villainous Love's as changeable as the Phi-
loſopher's Stone, and thy Miſtriſs as hard to compaſs too!

Phi. The *Platonick* is ever ſo; they are as tedious
Before they come to the Point, as an old Man
Fall'n into the Stories of his Youth.

2 *Cour.* Or a Widow into the Praises of her firſt Husband.

Orfa. Well, if ſhe hold out but one Month longer,
If I do not quite forget I e'er beleaguer'd there,
And remove the Siege to another Place, may all
The Curſes beguil'd Virgins loſe upon their perjur'd Lovers
Fall upon me.

Phi. And thou wilt deſerve them all.

Orfa. For what?

Phi. For being in the Company of thoſe
That took away the Prince's Miſtreſs from him.

Orfa. Peace, that will be redeem'd ———

I put on this Wildness to disguise my self;
There are brave things in Hand, hark i'thy Ear---[*Whisper.*

1 *Cour.* Some severe Plot upon a Maidenhead.
These two young Lords make Love,
As Embroiderers work against a Mask, Night and Day;
They think Importunity a nearer Way than Merit,
And take Women as School-Boys catch Squirrels,
Hunt 'em up and down 'till they are weary,
And fall down before 'em.

Orsa. Who loves the Prince, fails not ———

Phi. And I am one; my Injuries are great as thine,
And do persuade as strongly.

Orsa. I had command to bring thee;
Fail not, and in thine own Disguise.

Phi. Why in disguise?

Orsa. It is the Prince's Policy and Love:
For if we shou'd miscarry,
Some one taken might betray the rest:
Unknown to one another,
Each Man is safe in his own Valour.

2 *Cour.* And what Mercer's Wife are you to cheapen now,
Instead of his Silks?

Orsa. Troth; 'tis not so well; 'tis but a Cousin of thine---
Come *Philan*, let's along ———

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Queen Orbella alone.

Orb. What is it thus within whispering Remorse,
And calls Love Tyrant? all Powers, but his,
Their Rigour, and our Fear, have made Divine!
But every Creature holds of him by Sense,
The sweetest Tenure; yea! but my Husband's Brother:
And what of that? Do harmless Birds or Beasts
Ask Leave of curious Heraldry at all?
Does not the Womb of one fair Spring
Bring unto the Earth many sweet Rivers,
That wantonly do one another chace,
And in one Bed, kiss, mingle, and embrace?
Man (Nature's Heir) is not by her Will ty'd
To shun all Creatures are ally'd unto him;

For then he shou'd shun all, since Death and Life
 Doubly allies all them that live by Breath:
 The Air that does impart to all Life's Brood,
 Refreshing, is so near to it self, and to us all,
 That all in all is individual:
 But, how am I sure one and the same Desire
 Warms *Ariaspes*? for Art can keep alive
 A Bed-rid Love.

Enter Ariaspes.

Ari. Alone, Madam, and over-cast with Thought?
 Uncloud——Uncloud——for if we may believe
 The Smiles of Fortune, Love shall no longer pine
 In Prison thus, nor undeliver'd travel
 With Throes of Fear and of Desire about it.
 The Prince, like to a valiant Beast in Nets,
 Striving to force a Freedom suddenly,
 Has made himself at length the surer Prey:
 The King stands only now betwixt, and is
 Just like a single Tree, that hinders all the Prospect:
 'Tis but the cutting down of him, and we——

Orb. Why would'st thou thus embark into strange Seas,
 And trouble Fate, for what we have already?
 Thou art to me what thou now seek'st, a Kingdom;
 And were thy Love as great as thy Ambition,
 I shou'd be so to thee.

Ari. Think you, you are not, Madam?
 As well and justly may you doubt the Truths
 Tortur'd or dying Men do leave behind them:
 But then my Fortune turns my Misery,
 When my Addition shall but make you less;
 Shall I endure that Head that wore a Crown,
 For my Sake shou'd wear none? First let me lose
 Th' Exchequer of my Wealth, your Love; nay, nay,
 All that rich Treasury you have about you
 Be rifled by the Man I hated, and I look on;
 Though Youth be full of Sin, and Heav'n be just,
 So sad a Doom I hope they keep not for me.
 Remember what a quick Apostacy he made,

When

When all his Vows were up to Heav'n and you.
 How, e'er the Bridal Torches were burnt out,
 His Flames grew weak, and sicklier; think on that,
 Think how unsafe you are, if she shou'd now
 Not sell her Honour at a lower rate
 Than your Place in his Bed.

Orb. And wou'd not you prove false too then?

Ari. By this---and this---Loye's Breakfast: [*Kisses her.*
 By his Feast too yet to come; by all the
 Beauty in this Face, Divinity too great
 To be prophan'd ———

Orb. O do not swear by that;
 Cankers may eat that Flower upon the Stalk,
 (For Sicknefs and Mischance are great Devourers,)
 And when there is not in these Cheeks and Lips
 Left Red enough to blush at Perjury,
 When you shall make it, what shall I do then?

Ari. Our Souls by that time, Madam,
 Will by long Custom so acquainted be,
 They will not need that duller truch-man Flesh,
 But freely, and without those poorer Helps,
 Converse and mingle; mean time we'll teach,
 Our Loves to speak, not thus to live by Signs,
 And Action is his native Language, Madam.

Enter Ziriff unseen.

This Box but open'd to the Sense will do't.

Orb. I undertake I know not what.

Ari. Thine own Safety, dearest,
 Let it be this Night, if thou dost [*Whisper and kisses.*
 Love thy self or me.

Orb. That's very sudden.

Ari. Not if we be so, and we must now be wise,
 For when their Sun sets, ours begins to rise. [*Exeunt.*

Ziriff solus.

Zir. Then all my Fears are true, and she is false;
 False as a falling Star, or Glow-worm's Fire:
 This Devil Beauty is compounded strangely,
 It is a subtil Point, and hard to know,

Whether't has in't more active temping,
Or more passive tempted; so soon it forces,
And so soon it yields ———

Good Gods; she seiz'd my Heart, as if from you
Sh'ad had Commission to have us'd me so,
And all Mankind besides ——— and see, if the just Ocean
Makes more haste to pay

To needy Rivers, what it borrows first,
Than she to give where she ne'er took;
Methinks I feel Anger, Revenge's Harbinger,
Chalking up all within, and thrusting out
Of doors the tame and softer Passions;
It must be so:

To love is noble Frailty, but poor Sin
When we fall once to Love, unlov'd again. [Exit.

Enter King, Ariaspes and Iolas.

Ari. 'Twere fit your Justice did consider, Sir,
What way it took; if you shou'd apprehend
The Prince for Treason, which he never did,
And which, unacted, is unborn; (at least will be believ'd so)
Lookers on, the loud-talking Croud,
Will think it all but Water Colours
Laid on for a time,
And which wip'd off, each common Eye wou'd see,
Strange Ends through stranger Ways.

King. Think'st thou I will compound with Treason then?
And make one Fear another's Advocate?

Iolas. Virtue forbid, Sir; but if you wou'd permit
Them to approach the Room, (yet who wou'd advise
Treason shou'd come so near?) there wou'd be then
No Place left for excuse.

King. How strong are they?

Iolas. Weak, considering
The Enterprize; they are but few in Number,
And those few too having nothing but
Their Resolutions considerable about them;
A Troop indeed designed to suffer what
They come to execute.

King.

King. Who are they are thus weary of their Lives?

Iolas. Their Names I cannot give you.
For those he sent for, he did still receive
At a back Door, and so dismiss them too.
But I do think *Ziriff* is one.

King. Take heed! I shall suspect thy Hate to others,
Not thy Love to me, begot this Service;
This Treason thou thy self dost say
Has but an hour's Age, and I can give account
Of him, beyond that time — Brother, in the little Tower
Where now *Aglaura's* Prisoner,
You shall find him; bring him along;
He yet doth stand untainted in my Thoughts,
And to preserve him so,
He shall not stir out of my Eyes Command
'Till this great Cloud be over.

Iolas. Sir, it was the Prince who first —

King. I know all that; urge it no more:
I love the Man;
And 'tis with Pain we do suspect,
Where we do not dislike.
Thou'rt sure he will have some,
And that they will come to Night?

Iolas. As sure as Night will come it self.

King. Get all your Guards in readiness, we will our selves
Disperse them afterwards; and both be sure,
To wear your Thoughts within: I'll act the rest. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Philan, Orfames and Courtiers.

2. *Cour.* Well--- If there be not some great Storm to-
Ne'er trust me: Whisper, Court Thunder, is in (wards,
Every Corner, and there has been to Day
About the Town a murmuring
And buzzing, such as Men use to make
When they do fear to vent their Fears. (Heads,

1 *Cour.* True, and all the States-men hang down their
Like full'd ear'd Corn; two of them,
Where I supp'd, ask'd what time of Night it was,
And when it was told them, started, as if
They had been to run a Race.

2 *Cour.*

2 *Cour.* The King too, if you mark him, doth feign Mirth
And Jollity, but through them both,
Flashes of Discontent and Anger make Escapes.

Orsa. Gentlemen! 'tis pity Heav'n
Design'd you not to make the Almanacks,
You guess so shrewdly by the ill Aspects,
Or near Conjunctions of the great Ones,
At what's to come still; that without all doubt
The Country had been govern'd wholly by you,
And plow'd and reap'd accordingly; for me,
I understand this Mystery as little
As the new Love; and as I take it too,
'Tis much about the time that every thing,
But Owls and Lovers, take their Rest;
Good-night, *Philan* ——— away ——— [Exit.

1 *Cour.* 'Tis early yet; let's go on the Queen's Side
And fool a little; I love to warm my self
Before I go to Bed, it does beget
Handsome and sprightly Thoughts, and makes
Our Dreams half solid Pleasures.

2 *Cour.* Agreed, agreed. [Exeunt.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Therfames, Orfames, Philan, and others, Conspirators.

Ther. COU'dst thou not find out *Ziriff*?

1 *Cour.* Not speak with him, my Lord,
Yet I sent in by several Men.

Orsa. I wonder *Iolas* meets us not here too.

Ther. 'Tis strange, but let's on now how-e'er,
When Fortunes, Honour, Life and all's in doubt,
Bravely to dare, is bravely to get out.

[Excursions: The Guard upon them.]

Ther. Betray'd! betray'd!

Orsa. Shift for your self, Sir, and let us alone,
We will secure your Way, and make our own. [Exeunt.

Enter

Enter the King and Lords.

King. Follow Lords, and see quick Execution done,
Leave not a Man alive.

Who treads on Fire, and does not put it out,
Disperſes Fear in many Sparks of Doubt. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Conſpirators, and the Guard upon them: They fight:
Three of the Conſpirators fall, and three of the King's
Side: Orſames and Philan kill the reſt. They throw
off their Diſguiſes.*

Orſa. Stand Friends, an equal Party —

Phi. Brave *Orſames*, 'tis Pleaſure to die near thee.

Orſa. Talk not of dying, *Philan*, we will live,
And ſerve the noble Prince again: We are alone,
Off then with thy Diſguiſe, and throw it in the Buſhes;
Quick, quick; before the Torrent comes upon us:
We ſhall be ſtreight good Subjects, and I deſpair not
Of Reward for this Night's Service: So —
We two now kill'd our Friends! 'tis hard,
But muſt be ſo.

*Enter Ariaspes, Iolas, two Courtiers, and part of
the Guard.*

Ari. Follow! Follow!

Orſa. Yes; ſo you may now, y'are not likely to overtake.

Iolas. *Orſames* and *Philan*, how came you hither?

Orſa. The neareſt way it ſeems; you follow'd, thank you,
As if it had been through Quick-ſets.

Iolas. 'Sdeath! have they all eſcap'd?

Orſa. Not all, two of them we made ſure;
But they coſt dear, look here elſe.

Ari. Is the Prince there.

Phi. They are both Princes I think,
They fought like Princes I am ſure.

[*Iolas pulls off the Vizors.*

Iolas. *Stephines* and *Odiris* — we triſle.
Which Way took the reſt?

Orſa. Two of them are certainly hereabouts.

Ari. Upon my Life they ſwam the River;
Some ſtreight to Horſe, and follow o'er the Bridge;
You and I, my Lord, will ſearch this Place a little better.

Orsa. Your Highness will, I hope, remember who were
The Men were in ———

Ari. Oh! fear not, your Mistress shall know y'are valiant.

Orsa. *Pbilan!* if thou lov'st me, let's kill them upon the

Pbi. Fie: Thou art now wild indeed: (Place.

Thou taught'st me to be wise first,

And I will now keep thee so. Follow, follow. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Auglaura with a Lute.

[*Therlames comes and knocks within.*

Ther. Madam!

Agl. What Wretch is this that thus usurps
Upon the Privilege of Ghosts, and walks
At Mignight?

Ther. *Aglaura.*

Agl. Betray me not

My willing Sense too soon, yet if that Voice
Be false——

Ther. Open, fair Saint, and let me in.

Agl. It is the Prince ———

As willingly as those

That cannot sleep do Light: welcome, Sir, [*Opens,*
Welcome above—— [*Spies his Sword drawn.*

Bless me, what means this unsheath'd Minister of Death?

If, Sir, on me quick Justice be to pass,

Why this? Absence alas, or such strange Looks

As you now bring with you, wou'd kill as soon.

Ther. Softly! for I, like a hard hunted Deer,

Have only herded here; and though the Cry

Reach not our Ears, yet I am follow'd close.

O my Heart! since I saw thee,

Time has been strangely active, and begot

A monstrous Issue of unheard of Story.

Sit; thou shalt have it all! Nay, sigh not.

Such Blasts will hinder all the Passages;

Dost thou remember how we parted last?

Agl. Can I forget it, Sir?

Ther. That Word of parting was ill plac'd, I swear,

It may be ominous; but dost thou know

Into whose Hands I gave thee?

Agl.

Agl. Yes, into *Ziriff's*, Sir.

Ther. That *Ziriff* was thy Brother, brave *Sorannez*,
Preserv'd by Miracle in that sad Day
Thy Father fell, and since thus in Disguise
Waiting his just Revenge.

Agl. You do amaze me, Sir.

Ther. And must do more, when I tell all the Story.
The King, the jealous King, knew of the Marriage;
And when thou thought'st thy self by my Direction,
Thou wert his Prisoner;
Unless I wou'd renounce all Right,
And cease to love thee, (O strange, and fond Request!)
Immur'd thou must have ever been in some sad Place,
And lock'd for ever from *Thersames* Sight.
For ever ——— and that unable to endure,
This Night I did attempt his Life.

Agl. Was it well done, Sir?

Ther. O no! extreamly ill!

For to attempt and not to act was poor:
Here the dead-doing Law, (like ill-paid Soldiers)
Leaves the Side 'twas on, to join with Power;
Royal Villany will now look so like to Justice,
That the Times to come, and curious Posterity,
Will find no Difference; weep'st thou, *Aglaura*?
Come to Bed, my Love!
And we will there mock Tyranny, and Fate.
Those softer Hours of Pleasure and Delight,
That like so many single Pearls thou'd have
Adorn'd our Thread of Life, we will at once,
By Love's mysterious Power, and this Night's Help,
Contract to one, and make but one rich Draught
Of all.

Agl. What mean you, Sir?

Ther. To make my self incapable of the Misery,
By taking strong Preservatives of Happiness.
I wou'd this Night enjoy thee.

Agl. Do, Sir, do what you will with me,
For I am too much yours, to deny the right

How-

However claim'd ——— but ———

Ther. But what, *Aglaura*?

Agl. Gather not Roses in a wet and frowning Hour,
They'll lose their Sweets then, trust me they will, Sir.
What Pleasure can Love take to play his Game out,
When Death must keep the Stakes --- [*A Noise without.*
Hark, Sir — Grave-bringers and last Minutes are at Hand.
Hide, hide your self, for Loves sake hide your self.

Ther. As soon the Sun may hide himself, as I.
The Prince of *Persia* hide himself?

Agl. O talk not, Sir; the Sun doth hide himself,
When Night and Blackness comes ——— (then;

Ther. Never, sweet Ignorance, he shines in th' other World
And so shall I, if I set here in Glory.

Enter [*Opens the Door.*

Enter Ziriff.

Ye hasty seekers of Life.

Sorannez ———

Agl. My Brother!
If all the Joy within me come not out,
To give a Welcome to so dear an Object,
Excuse it, Sir; Sorrow locks up all Doors.

Zir. If there be such a Toy about you, Sister,
Keep't for your self, or lend it to the Prince;
There is a Dearth of that Commodity,
And you have made it, Sir. Now,
What is the next mad thing you mean to do?
Will you stay here? when all the Court's beset,
Like to a Wood at a great Hunt, and busie Mischief hastes
To be in view, and have you in her Power ———

Ther. To me all this —
For great Grief's deaf as well as it is dumb,
And drives no Trade at all with Counsel: Sir,
Why do you not tutor one that has the Plague,
And see if he will fear an after Ague Fit?
Such is all Mischief now to me; there is none left
Is worth a Thought, Death is the worst, I know,
And that, compar'd to Shame, does look more lovely now
Than

Than a chaste Mistress, set by a common Woman——
And I must court it, Sir. (our selves:

Zir. No wonder if that Heav'n forsake us, when we leave
What is there done shou'd feed such high Despair?
Were you but safe ——

Agl. Dear, Sir, be rul'd,
If Love, be Love, and Magick too,
As sure it is, where it is true;
We then shall meet in Absence, and in spight
Of all Divorce, freely enjoy together,
What niggard Fate thus peevishly denies.

Ther. Yea: But if Pleasures be themselves but Dreams,
What then are the Dreams of these to Men?
That Monster, Expectation, will devour
All that is within our Hope or Power,
And e'er we once can come to shew, how rich
We are, we shall be poor,
Shall we not, *Sorannez*?

Zir. I understand not this.
In Times of envious Penury, such as these are,
To keep but Love alive is fair; we shou'd not think
Of feasting him: Come, Sir,
Here in these Lodgings is a little Door,
That leads unto another; that again,
Unto a Vault, that has his Passage under
The little River, opening into the same Wood:
From thence 'tis but some few Minutes easie Business
Unto a Servant's House of mine, who, for his Faith
And Honesty, hereafter must
Look big in Story, there you are safe however;
And when this Storm has met a little Calm,
What wild Desire dares whisper to it self,
You may enjoy, and at the worst may steal.

Ther. What shall become of thee, *Aglaura*, then?
Shall I leave thee their Rage's Sacrifice?
And, like dull Seamen threaten'd with a Storm,
Throw all away I have, to save my self?

Agl.

Agl. Can I be safe, when you are not, my Lord?
 Knows Love in us divided Happiness?
 Am I the safer for your being here?
 Can you give that you have not for your self?
 My Innocence is my best Guard, and that your stay,
 Betraying it unto Suspicion, takes away.
 If you did love me ——— [Kisses her.]

Ther. Grows that in question? then 'tis time to part:—
 When we shall meet again, Heav'n only knows,
 And when we shall, I know we shall be old:
 Love does not always calculate the common way,
 Minutes are Hours there, and the Hours are Days,
 Each Day's a Year, and every Year an Age;
 What will this come to, think you?

Zir. Wou'd this were all the Ill,
 For these are pretty little harmless Nothings;
 Time's Horse runs full as fast, hard born and curb'd,
 As in his full Career, loose-rein'd and spurr'd.
 Come, come, let's away.

Ther. Happiness, such as Men lost in Misery
 Wou'd wrong in naming, 'tis so much above them,
 All that I want of it, all you deserve,
 Heav'n send you in my Absence.

Agl. And Misery, such as witty Malice wou'd
 Lay out in Curses on the thing it hates,
 Heav'n send me in the stead, if when you're gone
 I welcome it, but for your sake alone. [Exeunt.]

[Leads him out, and enters up out of the Vault.]

Zir. Stir not from hence, Sir, 'till you hear from me.
 So good Night, dear Prince.

Ther. Good Night, dear Friend.

Zir. When we meet next all this will but advance—
 Joy never feasts so high,
 As when the first Course is of Misery.

[Exeunt.]

A C T

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Enter three or four Courtiers.

1 *Cour.* **B**Y this Light — a brave Prince,
 He made no more of the Guard, than they
 Wou'd of a Tailor on a Mask Night, that has refus'd
 Tru sting before.

2 *Cour.* He's as active as he is valiant too;
 Didst mark him how he stood like all the Points
 O'th' Compass? and as good Pictures,
 Had his Eyes towards every Man.

3 *Cour.* And his Sword too.
 All the other side walk up and down the Court now,
 As if they had lost their way, and stare
 Like Grey-Hounds, when the Hare has taken the furze.

1 *Cour.* Right.
 And have more Troubles about 'em
 Than a Serving-man that has forgot his Message
 When he's come upon the Place —

2 *Cour.* Yonder's the King within chafing and swearing,
 Like an old Falconer upon the first Flight
 Of a young Hawk, when some Clown
 Has taken away the Quarry from her;
 And all the Lords stand round about him,
 As if he were to be baited, with much more fear,
 And at much more distance, (time.
 Than a Country Gentlewoman sees the Lions the first
 Look! He's broke loose.

Enter King and Lords.

King. Find him, or by *Osiris* self, you are all Traitors,
 And equally shall pay to Justice; a single Man,
 And guilty too, break through you all!

Enter Ziriff.

Zir. Confidence!
 (Thou Paint of Women, and the Statesman's Wisdom,
 Volour for Cowards, and of the guilties Innocence,)
 Assist me now.

N

Sir,

Sir, send these Starers off:

I have some Business will deserve your Privacy.

King. Leave us.

Iolas. How the Villain swells upon us?——— [*Exeunt.*

Zir. Not to punish Thought,
Or keep it long upon the wrack of Doubt,
Know, Sir,
That by Corruption of the Waiting-woman,
The common Key of Secrets, I have found
The Truth at last, and have discover'd all;
The Prince your Son was, by *Aglaura's* means,
Convey'd last Night unto the Cypress Grove,
Through a close Vault that opens in the Lodgings;
He does intend to join with *Carimania*,
But e'er he goes, resolves to finish all
The Rites of Love, and this Night means
To steal what is behind.

King. How good is Heav'n unto me!
That when it gave me Traitors for my Subjects
Wou'd lend me such a Servant!

Zir. How just, Sir, rather,
That wou'd bestow this Fortune on the Poor;
And where your Bounty had made Debt so infinite,
That it grew desperate, their hope to pay it ——

King. Enough of that, thou dost but gently chide
Me for a Fault, that I will mend; for I
Have been too poor and low in my Rewards
Unto thy Virtue; but to our Business;
The Question is, whether we shall rely
Upon our Guards again?

Zir. By no means, Sir.
Hope on his future Fortunes, or their Love
Unto his Person, has so ficklied o'er
Their Resolutions, that we must not trust them.
Besides, it were but needless here;
He passes through the Vault alone, and I
My self durst undertake that Business,
If that were all, but there is something else,

This

This Accident doth prompt my Zeal to serve you in.
 I know you love *Aglaura*, Sir, with Passion,
 And wou'd enjoy her; I know besides
 She loves him so, that whosoe'er shall bring
 The Tidings of his Death, must carry back
 The News of hers, so that your Justice, Sir,
 Must rob your Hope; but there is yet a Way——

King. Here! take my Heart; for I have hitherto
 Too vainly spent the Treasure of my Love,
 I'll have it coyn'd streight into Friendship all,
 And make a Present to thee.

Zir. If any part of this rich Happiness
 (Fortune prepares now for you) shall owe it self
 Unto my weak Endeavours, I have enough.

Aglaura without doubt this Night expects
 The Prince, and why
 You shou'd not then supply his Place by stealth,
 And in Disguise——

King. I apprehend thee, *Ziriff*;
 But there's Difficulty——

Zir. Who trades in Love must be an Adventurer, Sir,
 But here is scarce enough to make the Pleasure dearer:
 I know the Cave; your Brother and my self
 With *Iolas*, (for those w'are sure do hate him,)
 With some few chosen more, betimes will wait
 The Prince's passing through the Vault; if he
 Comes first, he's dead; and if it be your self,
 We will conduct you to the Chamber Door,
 And stand 'twixt you and Danger afterwards.

King. I have conceiv'd of Joy, and am grown great,
 'Till I have safe Deliverance, Time's a Cripple
 And goes on Crutches.—— As for thee, my *Ziriff*,
 I do here entertain a Friendship with thee,
 Shall drown the Memory of all Patterns past;
 We will oblige by turns, and that so thick
 And fast, that curious Studiers of it,
 Shall not once dare to cast it up, or say

By way of Guess, whether thou or I
Remain the Debtors, when we come to die. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Semanthe, Orithie, Philan, Orfames,
Lords and Ladies.*

Ori. Is the Queen ready to come out?

Phi. Not yet sure, the King's Brother is but newly enter'd.

Sem. Come, my Lord, the Song then.

Ori. The Song.

Orsa. A Vengeance take this Love, it spoils a Voice
Worse than the losing of a Maiden-head.

I have got such a Cold with rising
And walking in my Shirt a Nights, that
A Bittorn's whooping in a Reed is better Musick.

Ori. This Modesty becomes you as ill, my Lord,
As wooing wou'd us Women; pray, put's not to't.

Orsa. Nay Ladies, you shall find me
As free, as the Musicians of the Woods
Themselves; what I have, you shall not need to call for,
Nor shall it cost you any thing.

S O N G.

WHY so pale and wan, fond Lover?
Prithee why so pale?

Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young Sinner?
Prithee why so mute?

Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prithee why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame, this will not move,
This cannot take her;

If of her self she will not love,
Nothing can make her,
The Devil take her.

Ori.

Ori. I thou'd have guess'd it had been issue of
Your Brain, if I had not been told so.

Orsa. A little foolish Counsel, Madam, I gave a Friend
Of mine four or five Years ago, when he was
Falling into a Consumption ———

Enter Orbelli.

Orb. Which of all you have seen the fair Prisoner
Since she was confin'd?

Sem. I have, Madam.

Orb. And how behaves she now her self?

Sem. As one that had entrench'd so deep in Innocence,
She fear'd no Enemies, bears all quietly,
And smiles at Fortune, whilst she frowns on her.

Orb. So gallant! I wonder where the Beauty lies
That thus inflames the Royal Blood? (them

Ori. Faces, Madam, are like Books, those that do study
Know best, and to say truth, 'tis still
Much as it pleases the courteous Reader.

Orb. These Lovers sure are like Astronomers,
That when the vulgar Eye discovers but
A Sky above, studded with some few Stars,
Find out besides strange Fishes, Birds, and Beasts.

Sem. As Men in Sicknes scorch'd into a raving
Do see the Devil, in all Shapes and Forms,
When Standers by, wond'ring, ask where, and when?
So they in Love, for all's but Fever there,
And Madness too.

Orb. That's too severe, *Semanthe*;
But we will have your Reasons in the Park;
Are the Doors open through the Gardens?

Lord. The King has newly led the Way. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Ariaspes, and Ziriff with a Warrant sealed.

Ari. Thou art a Tyrant, *Ziriff*: I shall die with Joy.

Zir. I must confess, my Lord, had but the Prince's Ills
Prov'd flight, and not thus dangerous,
He shou'd have ow'd to me, at least I wou'd
Have laid a Claim unto his Safety, and
Like Physicians, that do challenge right

In Nature's Cures, look'd for Reward and Thanks;
But since 'twas otherwise, I thought it best
To save my self, and then to save the State.

Ari. 'Twas wisely done.

Zir. Safely I'm sure, my Lord! you know 'tis not
Our custom, where the King's Dislike once swells to Hate,
There to engage our selves: Court-Friendship
Is a Cable, that in Storms is ever cut,
And I made bold with it; here is the Warrant seal'd,
And for the Execution of it, if you think
We are not strong enough, we may have
Iolas, for him the King did name.

Ari. And him I wou'd have nam'd.

Zir. But is he not too much the Prince's, Sir?

Ari. He is as Lights in Scenes at Masques,
What glorious Shew soe'er he makes without,
I that set him there, know why, and how.
But here he is ———

Enter Iolas.

Come *Iolas*; and since the Heav'ns decreed,
The Man whom thou shou'dst envy, shou'd be such,
That all Men else must do't, be not asham'd
Thou once wert guilty of it;
But bless them, that they give thee now a Means
To make a Friendship with him, and vouchsafe
To find thee out a Way to love, where well
Thou cou'dst not hate.

Iolas. What means my Lord?

Ari. Here, here he stands that has preserv'd us all!
That sacrific'd unto a publick Good,
(The dearest private Good we Mortals have)
Friendship, gave into our Arms the Prince,
When nothing but the Sword (perchance a Ruin)
Was left to do it.

Iolas. How cou'd I chide my Love, and my Ambition now,
That thrust me upon such a Quarrel? Here I do vow---

Zir. Hold, do not vow my Lord, let it deserve it first;
And yet if Heav'n bless honest Mens Intents,
'Tis not impossible.

My

My Lord, you will be pleas'd to inform him in Particulars,
I must be gone ———

The King I fear already has been left
Too long alone.

Ari. Stay ——— the Hour and Place.

Zir. Eleven, under the Tarras Walk;
I will not fail you there. [*Goes out and returns back again.*
I had forgot ———

'Tmay be, the small Remainder of those lost Men
That were of the Conspiracy, will come along with him:
'Twere best to have some chosen of the Guard
Within our call ——— [*Exit Ziriff.*

Ari. Honest, and careful *Ziriff*! [*Iolas stands musing.*
How now, Planet struck?

Iolas. This *Ziriff* will grow great with all the World.

Ari. Shallow Man! short-sighted er than Travellers in Mists,
Or Women that outlive themselves; dost thou not see,
That whilst he does prepare a Tomb with one Hand
For his Friend, he digs a Grave with th'other for himself?

Iolas. How so?

Ari. Dost think he shall not feel the Weight of this,
As well as poor *Thersames*?

Iolas. Shall we then kill him too at the same Instant?

Ari. And say, the Prince made an unlucky Thrust.

Iolas. Right.

Ari. Dull, dull, he must not die so uselessly.
As when we wipe off Filth from any Place,
We throw away the Thing that made it clean,
So this once done, he's gone.

Thou know'st the People love the Prince, to their Rage
Something the State must offer up; who fitter
Than thy Rival, and my Enemy?

Iolas. Rare! Our Witness will be taken.

Ari. Pish! Let me alone.

The Giants that made Mountains Ladders,
And thought to take great *Jove* by force, were Fools:
Not Hill on Hill, but Plot on Plot, does make
Us sit above, and laugh at all below us ——— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Aglaura, and a singing Boy.

Boy. Madam, 'twill make you melancholy,
I'll sing the Prince's Song, that's sad enough.

Agl. What you will, Sir.

S O N G.

I.

NO, no, fair Heretick, it needs must be
But an ill Love in me,
And worse for thee:

For were it in my Power,

To Love thee now this Hour,

More than I did the last;

'Twou'd then so fall,

I might not Love at all;

Love that can flow, and can admit Increase,

Admits as well an Ebb, and may grow less.

II.

True Love is still the same; the Torrid Zones,

And those more Frigid ones,

It must not know:

For Love grown cold or hot,

Is Lust, or Friendship, not

The Thing we have;

For that's a Flame wou'd die,

Held down, or up too high:

Then think I love more than I can express.

And wou'd love more, cou'd I but love thee less.

Agl. Leave me! for to a Soul, so out of Tune
As mine is now, nothing is Harmony:

When once the main-Spring, *Hope*, is fall'n into
Disorder, no Wonder if the lesser Wheels,

Desire and *Joy*, stand still; my Thoughts, like *Bees*,

When they have lost their King, wander

Confusedly up and down, and settle no where.

Enter Oritbie.

Oritbie! Fly! fly the Room,
As thou wou'dst shun the Habitations
Which Spirits haunt, or where thy nearer Friends
Walk after Death; here is not only Love,
But Love's Plague too ——— Misfortune, and so high,
That it is sure infectious! (than you,

Ori. Madam, so much more miserable am I this way
That thou'd I pity you, I shou'd forget my self:
My Sufferings are such, that with less Patience
You may endure your own, than give mine Audience.
There is that Difference, that you may make
Yours none at all, but by considering mine!

Agl. O speak them quickly then! The Marriage Day
To passionate Lovers never was more welcome,
Than any kind of Ease wou'd be to me now.

Ori. Cou'd they be spoke, they were not then so great.
I love, and dare not say I love; dare not hope,
What I desire; yet still too must desire ———
And like a starving Man brought to a Feast,
And made say Grace, to what he ne'er shall taste;
Be thankful after all, and kiss the Hand
That made the Wound thus deep.

Agl. 'Tis hard indeed, but with what unjust Scales,
Thou took'st the Weight of our Misfortunes,
Be thine own Judge now.
Thou mourn'st for Loss of that thou never hadst,
Or if thou hadst a Loss, it never was
Of a *Thersames*.

Wou'dst thou not think a Merchant mad, *Oritbie*,
If thou shou'dst see him weep, and tear his Hair,
Because he brought not both the *Indies* home?
And wou'dst not think his Sorrows very just,
If having fraught his Ship with some rich Treasure,
He sunk i'th' very Port? This is our Case.

Ori. And do you think there is such odds in it?
Wou'd Heav'n we Women cou'd as easily change
Our Fortunes, as, 'tis said, we can our Minds.

I cannot, Madam, think them miserable
That have the Prince's Love.

Agl. He is the Man then ———
Blush not *Oritbie*, 'tis a Sin to blush
For loving him, though none at all to love him.
I can admit of Rivalship without
A Jealousie ——— nay shall be glad of it:
We two will sit and think, and think, and sigh,
And sigh, and talk of Love ——— and of *Thersames*.
Thou shalt be praising of his Wit, while I
Admire he governs it so well:
Like this thing said thus, th' other thing thus done,
And in good Language him for these adore,
While I want Words to do't, yet do it more:
Thus will we do, 'till Death it self shall us
Divide, and then whose Fate't shall be to die
First of the two, by Legacy shall all
Her Love bequeath, and give her Stock to her
That shall survive; for no one Stock can serve
To love *Thersames* so as he'll deserve.

Enter King and Ziriff.

King. What have we here Impossibility?
A constant Night, and yet within the Room
That, that can make the Day before the Sun?
Silent *Aglaura* too?

Agl. I know not what you say:
Is't to your Pity, or your Scorn, I owe
The Favour of this Visit, Sir, for such
My Fortune is, it doth deserve them both?

King. And such thy Beauty is, that it makes good
All Fortunes, Sorrow looks lovely here;
And there's no Man, that wou'd not entertain
His Grievs as Friends, were he but sure they'd shew
No worse upon him ——— But I forget my self,
I came to chide.

Agl. If I have finned so high, that yet my Punishment
Equals not my Crime,
Do, Sir; I shou'd be loath to die in Debt

To

To Justice, how ill foe'er I paid
The Scores of Love——

King. And those indeed thou hast but paid indifferently
To me, I did deserve at least fair Death,
Not to be murder'd thus in private:
That was too cruel, Mistress,
And I do know thou dost repent, and wilt
Yet make me Satisfaction.

Agl. What Satisfaction, Sir?
I am no Monster, never had two Hearts;
One is by holy Vows another's now,
And cou'd I give it you, you wou'd not take it,
For 'tis alike impossible for me
To love again, as you love Perjury.
O Sir! consider what a Flame Love is,
If by rude Means you think to force a Light,
That of it self it wou'd not freely give,
You blow it out, and leave your self i'th' dark.
The Prince once gone, you may as well persuade
The Light to stay behind, when the Sun posts
To th' other World, as me; alas! we two
Have mingled Souls more than two meeting Brooks;
And whosoever is design'd to be
The Murtherer of my Lord, as sure there is,
Has anger'd Heav'n so far that 'thas decreed
Him to encrease his Punishment that way,
Wou'd he but search the Heart, when he has done,
He there wou'd find *Aglaura* murther'd too.

King. Thou hast o'ercome me, mov'd so handsomly
For pity, that I will dis-inherit
The elder Brother, and from this Hour be
Thy Convert, not thy Lover——

Ziriff, dispatch away——

And he that brings News of the Prince's Welfare,
Look that he have the same Reward we had decreed
To him brought Tidings of his Death,
'Tmust be a busie and bold Hand that wou'd
Unlink a Chain the Gods themselves have made.

Peace

Peace to thy Thoughts, *Aglaura*——— [Exit.
[*Ziriff steps back and speaks.*

Zir. What-e'er he says believe him not, *Aglaura*;
For Lust and Rage ride high within him now,
He knows *Thersames* made th'escape from hence,
And does conceal it for his Ends:
For by the Favour of Mistake and Night,
He hopes t'enjoy thee in the Prince's room;
I shall be miss'd——else I wou'd tell thee more;
But thou may'st guess; for our Condition
Admits no middle Ways, either we must
Send them to Graves, or lye our selves in Dust--- [Exit.
[*Aglaura stands still and studies.*

Agl. Ha! 'tis a strange Act Thought puts me upon;
Yet sure my Brother meant the self-same thing,
And my *Thersames* wou'd have don't for me,
To take his Life, that seeks to take away
The Life of Life, Honour from me, and from
The World, the Life of Honour, *Thersames*,
Must needs be something sure of kin to Justice.
If I do fail, the Attempt howe'er was brave,
And I shall have at worst a handsom Grave—— [Exit.

Enter Iolas and Semanthe, Semanthe steps back, Iolas stays her.

Iolas. What are we grown, *Semanthe*, Night and Day?
Must one still vanish when the other comes?
Of all that ever Love did yet bring forth
(And 't has been fruitful too) this is
The strangest Issue——

Sem. What, my Lord?

Iolas. Hate, *Semanthe*.

Sem. You do mistake, if I do shun you, 'tis
As bashful Debtors shun their Creditors;
I cannot pay you in the self-same Coin,
And am asham'd to offer any other.

Iolas. It is ill done, *Semanthe*, to plead Bankrupt,
When with such Ease you may be out of Debt.
In Loves Dominions, native Commodity

Is currant Payment, Change is all the Trade,
 And Heart for Heart the richest Merchandize, (prove
Sem. 'Twou'd here be mean my Lord, since mine wou'd
 In your Hands but a Counterfeit, and yours in mine
 Worth nothing. Sympathy, not Greatness,
 Makes those Jewels rise in Value.

Iolas. Sympathy! O teach but yours to Love then,
 And two so rich no Mortal ever knew.

Sem. That Heart wou'd love but ill that must be taught.
 Such Fires as these still kindle of themselves.

Iolas. In such a cold and frozen Place as is
 Thy Breast, how shou'd they kindle of themselves,
Semanthe?

Sem. Ask how the Flint can carry Fire within?
 'Tis the least Miracle that Love can do.

Iolas. Thou art thy self the greatest Miracle,
 For thou art fair to all Perfection,
 And yet dost want the greatest part of Beauty,
 Kindness; thy Cruelty, next to thy self,
 Above all Things on Earth takes up my Wonder.

Sem. Call not that Cruelty, which is our Fate,
 Believe me *Iolas*, the honest Swain,
 That from the Brow of some steep Cliff far off,
 Beholds a Ship labouring in vain against
 The boisterous and unruly Elements, ne'er had
 Less Power, or more Desire to help than I;
 At every Sigh, I die, and every Look
 Does move; and any Passion you will have,
 But Love, I have in store: I will be angry,
 Quarrel with Destiny and with my self
 That it is no better; be melancholy;
 And, [though my own Disasters well might plead
 To be in chief, yours only shall have Place;
 I'll pity, and (if that's too low) I'll grieve,
 As for my Sins, I cannot give you Ease;
 All this I do, and this I hope will prove
 'Tis greater Torment not to love than love. —————

[*Exit.*
Iolas.

Iolas. So perishing Sailors pray to Storms,
 And so they hear again. So Men
 With Death about them, look on Physicians that
 Have given them o'er, and so they turn away.
 Two fixed Stars that keep a constant Distance,
 And by Laws made with themselves must know
 No Motion excentrick, may meet as soon as we:
 The Anger that the foolish Sea doth shew,
 When it does brave it out, and roar against
 A stubborn Rock that still denies it Passage,
 Is not so vain and fruitless as my Prayers.
 Ye mighty Powers of Love and Fate, where is
 Your Justice here? It is thy Part, fond Boy,
 When thou dost find one wounded Heart, to make
 The other so; but if thy Tyranny
 Be such, that thou wilt leave one Breast to Hate,
 If we must live, and this survive,
 How much more cruel's Fate? ————— [Exit.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Ziriff, Ariaspes and Iolas.

Zir. **A** Glorious Night!
Ari. Pray Heav'n it prove so,
 Are we not there yet?

Zir. 'Tis about this Hollow. [Enter the Cave.

Ari. How now: What Region are we got into?
 Th' Inheritance of Night?
 Are we not mistaken a Turning, *Ziriff*,
 And stept into some melancholly Devil's Territory?
 Sure 'tis a part of the first *Chaos*,
 That wou'd endure no change.

Zir. No matter, Sir, 'tis as proper for our Purpose,
 As the Lobby for the Waiting-woman's.
 Stay you here, I'll move a little backward,
 And so we shall be sure to put him past
 Retreat; you know the Word, it't be the Prince.

[Goes to the Mouth of the Cave.
Enter

Enter the King.

Here, Sir, follow me, all's quiet yet——

King. He is not come then?

Zir. No.

King. Where's *Ariaspes*?

Zir. Waiting within.

[He leads him on, steps behind him, gives the false Word, they kill the King.]

Iolas. I do not like this waiting,
Nor this Fellow's leaving us.

Ari. This Place does put odd Thoughts into thee,
Then thou art in thy own Nature too, as jealous
As either Love or Honour: Come wear thy Sword in readi-
And think how near we are a Crown. (ness,

Zir. Revenge!

So let's drag him to the Light, and search
His Pockets, there may be Papers there that will
Discover the rest of the Conspirators.

Iolas, your Hand——— *[Draws him out.]*

Iolas. Whom have we here? The King!

Zir. Yes, and *Zorannes* too. Illo! hoe!———

Enter Pasithas and others.

Unarm them.

D'ye stare?

This for my Father's Injuries and mine,

[Points to the King's dead Body.]

Half Love, half Duties Sacrifice.

This---for the noble Prince, an Offering to Friendship.

[Runs at Iolas.]

Iolas. Basely! and tamely.——

[Dies.]

Ari. What hast thou done?

Zir. Nothing——— Kill'd a Traitor.

So——— away with them, and leave us.

Pasithas be only you in call.

Ari. What dost thou pause?

Hast thou Remorse already, Murtherer?

Zir. No Fool, 'tis but a Difference I put
Betwixt the Crimes. *Orbella* is our Quarrel;

And

And I do hold it fit, that Love shou'd have
A nobler way of Justice than Revenge
Or Treason: Follow me out of the Wood,

[*They go out and enter again.*]

And thou shalt be Master of this again,
And then best Arm and Title take it.

There ———

[*Gives him his Sword.*]

Ari. Extreemly good! Nature took Pains I swear,
The Villain and the Brave are mingled handsomely.

Zir. 'Twas Fate that took it, when it decreed
We two shou'd meet, nor shall they mingle now,
We are brought together strait to part. ——— [*They fight.*]

Ari. Some Devil sure has borrow'd this Shape. [*Pause.*]
My Sword ne'er stay'd thus long to find an Entrance.

Zir. To guilty Men, all that appears is Devil.
Come, Trifler, come. ——— [*Fight again, Ariaspes falls.*]

Ari. Whither, whither, thou fleeting Coward Life?
Rubble of Time, Nature's Shame, stay; a little, stay;
'Till I have look'd my self into Revenge,
And star'd this Traitor to a Carcass first.

—— It will not be: ———

[*Falls.*]

The Crown, the Crown, too
Now is lost, for ever lost ——— Oh! ———

Ambition's but an *Ignis fatuus*, I see,
Mis-leading fond Mortality,

That hurries us about, and sets us down

Just ——— where ——— we ——— first ——— begun ——— [*Dis.*]

Zir. What a great spreading mighty thing this was,
And what a nothing now? how soon poor Man
Vanishes into his Noon-Tide Shadow?

But Hopes o'er fed have seldom better done ——— [*Hollows.*]

Enter Pasithas.

Take up this Lump of Vanity and Honour,
And carry it the back Way to my Lodging.

There may be use of States-men, when th'are Dead.

So ——— for the Cittadel now, for in such times
As these, when the unruly Multitude

Is

Is up in Swarms, and no Man knows which way
They'll take, 'tis good to have Retreat. [Exeunt.

Enter Therfames.

Ther. The Dog-star's got up high, it shou'd be late:
And sure by this time every waking Ear,
And watchful Eye is charm'd; and yet methought
A Noise of Weapons struck my Ear just now.
'Twas but my Fancy sure, and were it more,
I wou'd not tread one Step, that did not lead
To my *Aglaura*, stood all his Guard betwixt,
With Lightning in their Hands;
Danger! thou Dwarf dress'd up in Giants Cloaths,
That shew'st far off still greater than thou art,
Go, terrifie the Simple and the Guilty, such
As with false Opticks still do look upon thee;
But fright not Lovers, we dare look on thee
In thy worst Shape, and meet thee in them too.
Stay---these Trees I made my Mark, 'tis hereabouts,
———— Love guide me but right this Night,
And Lovers shall restore thee back again
Those Eyes the Poets took so boldly from thee. [Exit.

Enter Aglaura with a Torch in one Hand, and a Dagger in the other.

Agl. How ill this does become this Hand, how much the
This suits with this, one of the two shou'd go. (worfe
The she within me says, it must be this——
Honour says this——and Honour is *Therfames* Friend.
What is that she then? It is not a thing
That sets a Price, not upon me, but on
Life in my Name, leading me into Doubt,
Which when 'thas done, it cannot light me out.
For Fear does drive to Fate, or Fate if we
Do flye, o'ertakes, and holds us, 'till or Death,
Or Infamy, or both doth seize us——[Puts out the Light.
Ha:———— wou'd 'twere in again.

Anticks and strange Mishapes,
Such as the Porter to my Soul, mine Eye,
Was ne'er acquainted with, Fancy lets in,

O

Like

Like a distracted Multitude, by some strange Accident
Piec'd together, Fear now afresh comes on,
And charges Love too home.

——— He comes —— he comes ——

Woman, if thou wou'dst be the Subject of Man's Wonder,
Not his Scorn hereafter, now shew thy self.

*Enter Prince rising from the Vault, she stabs him two or
three times, he falls, she goes back to her Chamber.*

Sudden and fortunate.

My better Angel sure did both infuse
A Strength, and did direct it.

Enter Ziriff.

Zir. Aglaura!

Agl. Brother——

Zir. The same.

So slow to let in such a long'd for Guest?

Must Joy stand knocking, Sister? come, prepare,
Prepare.———

The King of *Persia*'s coming to you strait!

The King!——— mark that.

(you,

*Agl. I thought how poor the Joys you brought with
Were in respect of those that were with me:*

Joys, are our Hopes strip'd of their Fears,

And such are mine; for know, dear Brother,

The King is come already, and is gone---- mark that.

Zir. Is this Instinct, or Riddle? What King? How gone?

Agl. The Cave will tell you more ——

Zir. Some sad Mistake —— thou hast undone us all.

[Goes out, enters hastily again.]

The Prince! The Prince! cold as the Bed of Earth

He lyes upon, as senseless too; Death hangs

Upon his Lips,

Like an untimely Frost upon an early Cherry;

The noble Guest, his Soul, took it so ill,

That you shou'd use his old Acquaintance so,

That neither Prayers, nor Tears, can e'er persuade

Him back again ——

[Aglaura swoons, he rubs her.]

Hold, hold! we cannot sure part thus!

Sister!

Sister! *Aglaura!* *Thersames* is not dead,
It is the Prince that calls ———

Agl. The Prince, where? —
Tell me, or I will strait go back again,
Into those Groves of *Jessamine*, thou took'st me from,
And find him out, or lose my self for ever.

Zir. For ever. — Ay: there's it!
For in those Groves thou talk'st of,
There are so many By-ways, and odd Turnings
Leading unto such wild and dismal Places,
That shou'd we go without a Guide, or stir
Before Heav'n calls, 'tis strongly to be feared
We there shou'd wander up and down for ever,
And be benighted to Eternity —

Agl. Benighted to Eternity? — What's that?

Zir. Why 'tis to be benighted to Eternity;
To sit i'th' Dark and do I know not what;
Unriddle, at our own sad Cost and Charge,
The Doubts the Learned here do only move — (sure

Agl. What Place have Murtherers, Brother, there? For
The Murtherer of the Prince must have
A Punishment that Heav'n is yet to make. —

Zir. How is Religion fool'd betwixt our Loves,
And Fears? poor Girl, for ought that thou hast done,
Thy Chaplets may be fair and flourishing,
As his in the *Elysium*.

Agl. Do you think so?

Zir. Yes, I do think so.
The juster Judges of our Actions,
Wou'd they have been severe upon
Our Weaknesses,
Wou'd, sure, have made us stronger. —
Fie! Those Tears
A Bride upon the Marriage Day as properly
Might shed as thou, here Widows do't
And marry next Day after:
To such a Funeral as this, there shou'd be
Nothing common —

We'll mourn him so, that those that are alive
 Shall think themselves more bury'd far than he;
 And wish to have his Grave, to find his Obsequies:
 But stay — the Body.

[Brings up the Body, she swoons and dies.]

Again! Sister — *Aglaura* —

O speak once more, once more look out, fair Soul. —
 She's gone —

Irrevocably gone, — and winging now the Air,
 Like a glad Bird broken from some Cage:
 Poor Bankrupt Heart, when t'had not wherewithal
 To pay to sad Disaster all that was its due,
 It broke — wou'd mine wou'd do so too.

My Soul is now within me
 Like a well metled Hawk, on a blind Faulkner's Fist,
 Methinks I feel it baiting to be gone;
 And yet I have a little foolish Business here
 On Earth; I will dispatch: —

[Exit.]

Enter Pasithas, with the Body of Ariaspes.

Pas. Let me be like my Burthen here, if I had not as
 lief kill two of the Bood-Royal for him, as carry one
 of them: These Gentlemen of high Actions are three
 times as heavy after Death, as your private retir'd ones;
 look if he be not reduc'd to the state of a Courtier of
 the second Form now? and cannot stand upon his own
 Legs, nor do any thing without help. Hum. — And
 what's become of the great Prince, in Prison as they call
 it now? the toy within us, that makes us talk, and
 laugh, and fight, ay! why there's it; well, let him be
 what he will, and where he will, I'll make bold with
 the old Tenement here. Come, Sir, — come along —

[Exit.]

Enter Ziriff.

Zir. All's fast too, here —
 They sleep to Night
 I'their winding Sheets I think, there's such
 A general Quiet.
 Oh! here's Light I warrant;

For

For Lust does take as little Rest, as Care, or Age.—
 Courting her Glafs, I swear; fie! that's a Flatterer, Madam,
 In me you shall see trulier what you are. [*Knocks.*]

Enter the Queen.

Qu. What make you up at this strange Hour, my Lord?

Zir. My Business is my Boldness Warrant, Madam,
 And I cou'd well afford t'have been without it now,
 Had Heav'n so pleas'd.

Qu. 'Tis a sad Prologue,
 What follows, in the Name of Virtue?

Zir. The King.

Qu. Ay: What of him? is well, is he not?

Zir. Yes.—

If to be free from the great Load
 We sweet and labour under, here on Earth,
 Be to be well, he is.

Qu. Why he's not dead, is he!

Zir. Yes, Madam, slain ——— and the Prince too.

Qu. How? where?

Zir. I know not, but dead they are.

Qu. Dead?

Zir. Yes, Madam.

Qu. Didst see them dead?

Zir. As I see you alive.

Qu. Dead!

Zir. Yes dead.

Qu. Well, we must all die;
 The Sisters spin no Cables for us Mortals;
 They're Thread; and Time, and Chance ———
 Trust me I cou'd weep now,
 But watry Distillations do but ill on Graves,
 They make the Lodging colder. [*She knocks.*]

Zir. What wou'd you, Madam?

Qu. Why, my Friends, my Lord:
 I wou'd consult and know what's to be done.

Zir. Madam, 'tis not so safe to raise the Court;
 Things thus unsettled, if you please to have —

Qu. Where's *Ariaspes*?

Zir. In's dead Sleep by this time I'm sure.

Qu. I know he is not! find him instantly.

Zir. I'm gone, ——— [Turns back again.

But, Madam, why make you choice of him, from whom
If the Succession meet Disturbance,
All must come of Danger?

Zir. My Lord, I am not yet so wise, as to be jealous;
Pray dispute no further.

Zir. Pardon me, Madam, if before I go
I must unlock a Secret unto you; such a one
As while the King did breath durst know no Air,
Sorannez lives.

Qu. Ha!

Zir. And in the Hope of such a Day as this
Has lingred out a Life, snatching, to feed
His almost famish'd Eyes,
Sights now and then of you, in a Disguise.

Qu. Strange! This Night is big with Miracle!

Zir. If you did love him, as they say you did,
And do so still; 'tis now within your Power!

Qu. I wou'd it were, my Lord, but I am now
No private Woman; if I did love him once
(And 'tis so long ago, I have forgot,)
My Youth and Ignorance may well excus't.

Zir. Excuse it?

Qu. Yes, excuse it, Sir.

Zir. Though I confess I lov'd his Father much,
And pity him, yet having offer'd it
Unto your Thoughts, I have discharg'd a Trust;
And Zeal shall stray no further.
Your Pardon, Madam.

[Exit.

[The Queen studies.

Qu. May be 'tis a Plot to keep off *Ariaspes*
Greatness, which he must fear, because he knows
He hates him; for these great Statesmen,
That when time has made bold with the King and Subject,
Throwing down all Fence that stood betwixt their Power
And others Right, are on a Change,

Like

Like wanton Salmons coming in with Floods,
That leap o'er Wires and Nets, and make their Way
To be at the Return to every one a Prey.

*Enter Ziriff and Pasithas throwing down the dead Body
of Ariaspes.*

Qu. Ha! murdered too!
Treason ——— Treason ———

Zir. But such another Word, and half so loud,
And th'art ———

Qu. Why! Thou wilt not murder me too?
Wilt thou, Villain?

Zir. I do not know my Temper ——— [*Discovers himself.*
Look here vain thing, and see thy Sins full blown:
There's scarce a Part in all this Face, thou hast
Not been forsworn by, and Heav'n forgive thee for't!
For thee I lost a Father, Country, Friends,
My self almost, for I lay bury'd long:
And when there was no use thy Love cou'd pay
Too great, thou mad'st the Principal away:
Had I but stay'd, and not began Revenge
'Till thou hadst made an end of changing,
I had had the Kingdom to have kill'd.
As Wantons entring a Garden, take
The first fair Flower they meet, and
Treasure't in their Laps.
Then seeing more, do make fresh Choice again,
Throwing in one and one, 'till at the Length
The first poor Flower, o'er-charg'd with too much Weight,
Withers, and dies;
So hast thou dealt with me,
And having kill'd me first, I will kill ———

Qu. Hold ——— hold ———
Not for my sake, but *Orbella's*, Sir, a bare
And single Death is such a Wrong to Justice,
I must needs except against it.
Find out a way to make me long a dying;
For Death's no Punishment, it is the Sense,
The Pains and Fears afore that makes a Death.

To think what I had had, had I had you,
 What I have lost in losing of my self;
 Are Deaths far worse than any you can give;
 Yet kill me quickly, for if I have time,
 I shall so wash this Soul of mine with Tears,
 Make it so fine, that you wou'd be afresh
 In love with it, and so perchance I shou'd
 Again come to deceive you.

[She rises up weeping, and hanging down her Head.]

Zir. So rises Day, blushing at Night's Deformity:
 And so the pretty Flowers blubber'd with Dew,
 And over-wash'd with Rain, hang down their Heads.
 I must not look upon her.

Qu. Were but the Lillies in this Face as fresh
 As are the Roses; had I but Innocence *[Goes towards him.]*
 Join'd to their Blushes, I shou'd then be bold,
 For when they went on begging they were ne'er deny'd,
 'Tis but a parting Kiss, Sir,——

Zir. I dare not grant it.——

Qu. Your Hand, Sir, then, for that's a Part I shall
 Love after Death (if after Death we love)
 'Cause it did right the wrong'd Sorannez here——

[Steps to him and opens the Box of Poison, Sorannez falls.]
 Sleep, sleep for ever, and forgotten too,
 All but thy Ills, which may succeeding Time
 Remember, as the Seaman does his Marks,
 To know what to avoid; may at thy Name
 All good Men start, and bad too, may it prove
 Infection to the Air, that People dying of it
 May help to curse thee for me.

[Turns to the Body of Ariaspes.]

Cou'd I but call thee back as easily now;
 But that's a Subject for our Tears, not Hopes!
 There is no piecing Tulips to their Stalks,
 When they are once divorc'd by a rude Hand;
 All we can do is to preserve in Water
 A little Life, and give by courteous Art
 What scanted Nature wants Commission for,

That

That thou shalt have; for to thy Memory
Such Tribute of moist Sorrow I will pay,
And that so purify'd by Love, that on thy Grave
Nothing shall grow but Violets and Primroses,
Of which two, some shall be
Of the mystereous Number, so that Lovers shall
Come thither not as to a Tomb, but to an Oracle.

[She knocks and raises the Court.]

Enter Ladies and Courtiers, as out of their Beds.

Qu. Come! Come! help me to weep my self away,
And melt into a Grave, for Life is but
Repentance Nurse, and will conspire with Memory,
To make my Hours my Tortures.

Ori. What Scene of Sorrow's this? Both dead?

Qu. Dead? ay! and 'tis but half Death's Triumphs this,
The King and Prince lye somewhere, just
Such empty Trunks as these.

Ori. The Prince?

Then in Grief's Burthen I must bear a Part.

Sem. The noble *Ariaspes*——valiant *Ziriff* too.——

[Weeps.]

Qu. Weep'st thou for him, fond Prodigal? Dost know
On whom thou spend'st thy Tears? This is the Man
To whom we owe our Ills; the false *Sorannez*.

Enter Pasithas, surveys the Bodies, finds his Master.
Disguis'd, not lost; but kept alive by some
Incensed Power to punish *Persia* thus:

He wou'd have kill'd me too, but Heav'n was just,
And furnish'd me with Means, to make him pay
This Score of Villany, e'er he cou'd do more.

Pas. Were you his Murtherer then?——

[Pasithas runs at her, kills her, and flies.]

Ori. Ah me! the Queen.——

[Rubs her 'till she comes to her self.]

Sem. How do you, Madam?

Qu. Well——but I was better, and shall —— *[Dies.]*

Sem. Oh! she is gone for ever.

Enter

Enter Lords in their Night Gowns, Orfames, Philan.

Orsa. What have we here?

A Church-yard? Nothing but Silence, and Grave?

Ori. Oh! here has been, my Lords,
The blackest Night the *Persian* World e'er knew,
The King and Prince are not themselves exempt
From this Arrest; but pale and cold, as these,
Have measur'd out their Lengths.

Lord. Impossible! which way?

Sem. Of that we are as ignorant as you:
For while the Queen was telling of the Story,
An unknown Villain here has hurt her so,
That like a sickly Taper, she but made
One Flash, and so expir'd.

Enter tearing in Pasithas.

Phi. Here he is, but no Confession.

Ori. Torture must force him then;
Though 'twill indeed but weakly satisfy,
To know now they are dead, how they did die.

Phi. Come take the Bodies up, and let us all
Go drown our selves in Tears, this Massacre
Has left so torn a State, that 'twill be Policy,
As well as Debt, to weep 'till we are blind;
For who wou'd see the Miseries behind? [*Exeunt Omnes.*]

EPILOGUE

OUR Play is done, and yours doth now begin;
What different Fancies People now are in?
How strange, and odd a mingle it wou'd make,
If e'er they rise, 'twere possible to take

All Votes ———

But as when an authentick Watch is shown,
Each Man winds up, and rectifies his own,
So in our very Judgments; first there sits
A grave Grand Jury on it of Town-Wits,
And they give up their Verdict; then again
The other Jury of the Court comes in
(And that's of Life and Death) for each Man sees
That oft condemns, what th' other Jury frees:
Some three Days hence, the Ladies of the Town
Will come to have a Judgment of their own,
And after them, their Servants; then the City,
For that is modest, and is still last witty.
'Twill be a Week at least yet e'er they have
Resolv'd to let it live, or give't a Grave:
Such Difficulty there is to unite
Opinion; or bring it to be right.

Epilogue for the Court.

S I R,

THAT the abusing of your Ear's a Crime,
Above th' Excuse any six Lines in Rhime
Can make, the Poet knows: I am but sent
T'intreat he may not be a President;
For he does think that in this Place there be
Many have don't as much and more than he;
But here's, he says, the Difference of the Fates,
He begs a Pardon after't, they Estates.

AGLAU.

APPENDIX

OUR Play is done, and now I begin
to speak to you, I hope you are in
the frame, and all a man's work,
for they say, "more people to take

for as when an audience is large
and men stand up, and all the time
in one way, judgment, but there is
a great crowd, just as if it were
and they give up their seats, then again
the other half of the Court comes in

And that is the case with the Court
and the Court, what is the Court
and the Court, the Court of the Court
will come to have a judgment of their own
and after that, their Court, then the Court
for that is the Court, and it will be
I will be a Court at last, and they have
I will be a Court at last, and they have
I will be a Court at last, and they have
I will be a Court at last, and they have

Epilogue for the Court.

218.
I am the abiding of your Court's a Court
I am the Court, and I am in Court
I am the Court, the Court knows, but I am
I am the Court, and I am not a Court
I am the Court, that is the Court, and I am
I am the Court, and I am not a Court
I am the Court, and I am not a Court
I am the Court, and I am not a Court

AGLAURA.

Presented at the

COURT,

BY

His MAJESTY's Servants.



Printed in the YEAR, 1709.

AGLURA.

Presented at the

COURT

BY

HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.



Printed in the Year 1709.

PROLOGUE.

FORE Love, a mighty Sessions! and I fear,
Though kind last Sizes, 'till be now severe;
For it is thought, and by judicious Men,
Aglaura scap'd only by dying then:
But twou'd be vain for me now to endear,
Or speak unto my Lords, the Judges here;
They hold their Places by condemning still,
And cannot shew at once Mercy and Skill;
For Wit's so cruel unto Wit, that they
Are thought to want, that find not Want i'th' Play.
But Ladies you, who never lik'd a Plot,
But where the Servant had his Mistress got,
And whom to see a Lover dye it grieves,
Although 'tis in worse Language that he lives,
Will like't w'are confident, since here will be,
That your Sex ever lik'd, Variety.

PROLOGUE.

To the COURT.

'TIS strange perchance (you'll think) that she that dy'd
At Christmass, shou'd at Easter be a Bride:
But 'tis a Privilege the Poets have,
To take the long-since dead out of the Grave;
Nor is this all, old Heroes asleep
'Twixt Marble Coverlets, and six Foot deep
In Earth, they boldly wake, and make them do
All they did living here ————— sometimes more too;
They

They give fresh Life, reverse and alter Fate,
And yet more bold, Almighty-like Create;
And out of nothing only to deifie
Reason, and Reason's Friend, Philosophy,
Fame, Honour, Valour, all that's great, or good,
Or is at least 'mongst us, so understood,
They give; Heav'n's theirs; no handsome Woman dies,
But if they please, is strait some Star i'th' Skies —
But oh —

How these poor Men of Metre do
Flatter themselves with that, that is not true;
And 'cause they can trim up a little Prose,
And spoil it handsomely, vainly suppose
They're Omnipotent, can do all those Things
That can be done only by Gods and Kings?
Of this wild guilt, he fain wou'd be thought free,
That writ this Play, and therefore, Sir, by me,
He humbly begs, you wou'd be pleas'd to know,
Aglaura's but repriev'd this Night, and though
She now appears upon a Poet's Call,
She's not to live, unless you say she shall.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Enter Ziriff, Pasithas and Guard; he places 'em, and Exit.
A State set out. Enter Ziriff, Iolas, Ariaspes.*

Iolas. **A** Glorious Night!

Ari. Pray Heav'n it prove so.
Are we not there yet?

Zir. 'Tis about this Hollow. *[They enter the Cave.*

Ari. How now! What Region are we got into?
Th' Inheritance of Night?
Have we not mistaken a Turning, *Ziriff*,
And stept into the Confines of some melancholy
Devil's Territory?

Iolas. Sure 'tis a part of the first *Chaos*,
That wou'd not suffer any Change.

Zir. No matter, Sir, 'tis as proper for our
Purpose, as the Lobby for the Waiting-woman's.
Stay you here, I'll move a little backward,
And so we shall be sure to put him past
Retreat; you know the Word if it be the Prince.

[Ziriff goes to the Door.

Enter King.

Zir. Here, Sir, follow me, all's quiet yet.

King. Is he not come then?

Zir. No.

King. Where's *Ariaspes*?

Zir. Waiting within.

Iolas. I do not like this waiting,
Nor this Fellow's leaving of us.

Ari. This Place does put odd Thoughts into thee,
Then thou art in thine own Nature too,
As jealous as Love, or Honour; wear thy Sword
In readiness, and think how near we are a Crown.

Zir. Revenge! —

[Guard seizes on 'em.

P

King.

King. Ha! What's this?

Zir. Bring them forth.——

[Brings them forth.

Ari. The King.

Zir. Yes, and the Prince's Friend --- [Discovers himself.

D'you know this Face?

King. *Sorannez.*

Zir. The very same.

The wrong'd *Sorannez*,——King——

D'you stare,——

Away with them where I appointed.

King. Traitors, let me go ;

Villain, thou dar'st not do this ——

Zir. Poor Counterfeit,

How fain thou now woud'st act a King, and art not :

Stay you,——

[To Ariaspes.

Unhand him,——

[Whispers.

Leave us now. ---- [Exeunt all but Ariaspes and Sorannez.

Ari. What does this mean?

Sure he does intend the Crown to me.

Zir. We are alone,

Follow me out of the Wood, and thou shalt be
Master of this again,

And then best Arm and Title take it.

Ari. Thy Offer is so noble, in Gratitude I cannot
But propound gentler Conditions,
We will divide the Empire.

Zir. Now by my Father's Soul,
I do almost repent my first Intents,
And now cou'd kill thee scurvily, for thinking
If I had a Mind to rule
I wou'd not rule alone.

Let not thy easie Faith, lost Man,

Fool thee into so dull an Heresie ;

Orbella is our Quarrel, and I have thought it fit,
That Love shou'd have a nobler Way of Justice,
Than Revenge, or Treason.

If thou dar'st die handsomely, follow me.

[Exit, and enter both again.

Zir.

Zir. There——

[Gives him his Sword.

Ari. Extreemly good; Nature took Pains I swear,
The Villain and the Brave are mingled handsomely.——

Zir. 'Twas Fate that took it, when it decreed
We two shou'd meet, nor shall they mingle now,
We are but brought together strait to part.—— [Fight.

Ari. Some Devil sure has borrowed this Shape,
My Sword ne'er staid thus long to find an Entrance.

Zir. To guilty Men, all that appears is Devil;
Come Trifler, come —— [Fight.

Ari. Dog, thou hast it.

Zir. Why then it seems my Star's as great as his,
I smile at thee,

[Ariaspes pants and runs at him to catch his Sword.

Thou now wou'dst have me kill thee,

And 'tis a Courtesie I cannot afford thee,

I have bethought my self, there will be use

Of thee —— Pasithas —— to the rest with him. [Exit.

Enter Pasithas, and two of the Guard. —— [Exeunt.

Enter Therfames.

Ther. The Dog-Star's got up high, it shou'd be late:

And sure by this time every waking Ear

And watchful Eye is charm'd, and yet methought

A Noise of Weapons struck my Ear just now.

'Twas but my Fancy sure, and were it more,

I wou'd not tread one Step that did not lead

To my *Aglaura*, stood all his Guard betwixt,

With Lightning in their Hands.

Danger, thou Dwarf dress'd up in Giants Cloaths,

That shew'ft far off still greater than thou art,

Go, terrifie the Simple, and the Guilty, such

As with false Opticks still do look upon thee:

But fright not Lovers, we dare look on thee

In thy worst Shapes, and meet thee in them too.——

Stay, these Trees I made my Mark, 'tis hereabouts,

——Love guide me but right this Night,

And Lovers shall restore thee back again

Those Eyes the Poets took so boldly from thee. [Exit.

A Taper Table out. Enter Aglaura with a Torch in one Hand, a Dagger in the other.

Agl. How ill this does become this Hand? much worse
This suits with this, one of the two shou'd go.
The she within me says, it must be this ——
Honour says this—— and Honour is *Thersames* Friend.
What is that she then? Is it not a thing
That sets a Price, not upon me, but on
Life in my Name, leading me into Doubt,
Which when t'has done, it cannot light me out,
For fear does drive to Fate, or Fate, if we
Do flie, o'ertakes, and holds us, 'till or Death,
Or Infamy, or both do seize us. —— [*Puts out the Light.*
Ha!--wou'd'twere in agen. Antiques and strange Mishapes,
Such as the Porter to my Soul, mine Eye,
Was ne'er acquainted with, Fancy lets in,
Like a disrouted Multitude, by some strange Accident
Piec'd together, Fear now afresh comes on,
And charges Love too home.

----He comes, he comes. —— [*A little Noise below.*
Woman, if thou wou'dst be the Subject
Of Man's Wonder, not his Scorn hereafter, ——
----Now shew thy self.

Enter Thersames from the Vault, she stabs him as he riseth.

Ther. Unkindly done ——

Agl. The Prince's Voice, defend it Goodness!

Ther. What art thou that thus poorly
Hast destroy'd a Life?

Agl. Oh sad Mistake, 'tis he!

Ther. Hast thou no Voice?

Agl. I wou'd I had not, nor a Being neither.

Ther. *Aglaura!* it cannot be!

Agl. Oh still believe so, Sir,
For 'twas not I indeed, but fatal Love.

Ther. Love's Wounds us'd to be gentler than these were,
The Pains they give us have some Pleasure
In them, and that these have not.

Enter

Enter Ziriff with a Taper.

Oh do not say 'twas you, for that does wound again:
Guard me my better Angel,
Do I wake? My Eyes, since I was Man,
Ne'er met with any Object gave them so much Trouble,
I dare not ask neither to be satisfy'd,
She looks so guilty——

Agl. Why do you stare and wonder at a thing
That you your self have made thus miserable?

Zir. Good Gods, and I o'th' Party too.

Agl. Did you not tell me that the King this Night
Meant to attempt my Honour; that our Condition
Wou'd not admit of middle Ways, and that we must
Send them to Graves, or lye our selves in Dust?

Zir. Unfortunate Mistake! *[Ziriff knocks.]*
I never did intend our Safety by thy Hands:

Enter Pasithas.

Pasithas, go instantly and fetch *Andrages*
From his Bed; how is it with you, Sir?

Ther. As with the besieg'd:
My Soul is so beset it does not know,
Whether 'thad best to make a desperate
Sally out by this Port or not?

Agl. Sure I shall turn Statue here.

Ther. If thou dost love me, weep not, *Aglaura*:
All those are Drops of Blood, and flow from me.

Zir. Now all the Gods defend this way of Expiation,
Think'st thou thy Crime, *Aglaura*, wou'd be less,
By adding to it? or canst thou hope
To satisfy those Powers, whom great Sins
Do displease, by doing greater?

Agl. Discourteous Courtesie!
I had no other Means left me than this,
To let *Thersames* know I wou'd do nothing
To him, I wou'd not do unto my self,
And that thou tak'st away.

Ther. Friend, bring me a little nearer,
I find a kind of Willingness to stay,

And find that Willingness something obey'd.
 My Blood, now it persuades it self
 You did not call in Earnest,
 Makes not such haste.——

Agl. Oh my dearest Lord,
 This Kindness is so full of Cruelty,
 Puts such an Uglinefs on what I have done,
 That when I look upon it, needs must fright
 Me from my self, and which is more insufferable,
 I fear from you. (me?)

Ther. Why shou'd that fright thee, which most comforts
 I glory in it, and shall smile i'th' Grave,
 To think our Love was such that nothing
 But it self cou'd e'er destroy it.

Agl. Destroy it! Can it have ever end?
 Will you not be thus courteous then in the other World?
 Shall we not be together there as here?

Ther. I cannot tell whether I may or not.

Agl. Not tell?

Ther. No:

The Gods thought me unworthy of thee here,
 And when thou art more pure
 Why shou'd I not more doubt it?

Agl. Because if I shall be more pure,
 I shall be then more fit for you.
 Our Priests assure us an *Elysium*,
 And can that be *Elysium* where true Lovers
 Must not meet? Those Powers that made our Loves,
 Did they intend them mortal,
 Wou'd sure have made them of a courser Stuff,
 Wou'd they not, my Lord?——

Ther. Prithee speak still,
 This Musick gives my Soul such pleasing Business,
 Takes it so wholly up, it finds not leisure to
 Attend unto the Summons Death does make;
 Yet they are loud and peremptory now,
 And I can only ——

[*Faints.*

Agl. Some pitying Power inspire me with

A Way to follow him: Heart wilt thou not
Break yet of thy self.

Zir. My Griefs besot me:
His Soul will sail out with this purple Tide,
And I shall here be found staring
After't, like a Man that's come too short o'th' Ship,
And's left behind upon the Land. [She Swoons.

Enter Andrages.

Oh welcome, welcome, here lyes *Thersames*,
Alas too great a Trial for thy Art.

And. There's Life in him; from whence these Wounds?

Zir. Oh 'tis no time for Story.

And. 'Tis not mortal my Lord, bow him gently,
And help me to infuse this into him,
The Soul is but asleep, and not gone forth.

Ther. Oh——ho.——

Zir. Hark, the Prince does live.

Ther. What e'er thou art hast given me now a Life,
And with it all my Cares and Miseries,
Expect not a Reward, no not a Thanks.
If thou wou'dst merit from me,
(Yet who'd be guilty of so lost an Action?)
Restore me to my Quietness again,
For Life and that are most incompatible.

Zir. Still in Despair!

I did not think 'till now 'twas in the Power
Of Fortune to have robb'd *Thersames* of himself.
For Pity, Sir, and Reason, live;
If you will die, die not *Aglaura's* murther'd,
That's not so handsome; at least die not
Her murther'd, and her Murtherer too,
For that will surely follow. Look up, Sir,
This Violence of Fortune cannot last ever:
Who knows but all these Clouds are Shadows,
To set off your fairer Days, if it growes blacker,
And the Storms do rise, this Harbour's always open.

Ther. What say'st thou, *Aglaura*?

Agl. What says *Andrages*?

And. Madam, wou'd Heav'n his Mind wou'd admit
As easie Cure, as his Body will,
'Twas only want of Blood,
And two Hours Rest restores him to himself.

Zir. And by that time it may be Heav'n
Will give our Miseries some Ease:
Come, Sir, repose upon a Bed,
There's time enough to Day.

Ther. Well, I will still obey,
Though I must fear it will be with me,
But as 'tis with tortur'd Men,
Whom States preserve only to wrack again. [*Exeunt.*
[*Take off Table.*

Enter Ziriff with a Taper.

Zir. All fast too here,
They sleep to Night
I'their winding Sheets, I think, there's such
A general Quiet.
Oh! here's Light I warrant you,
For Lust does take as little Rest, as Care or Age.
Courting her Glasse, I swear; fie! that's a Flatterer, Madam,
In me you shall see trulier what you are, [*He knocks.*

Enter Queen.

Qu. What make you up at this strange Hour, my Lord?

Zir. My Business is my Boldness Warrant, Madam;
And I cou'd well afford t'have been without it now,
Had Heav'n so pleas'd.

Qu. 'Tis a sad Prologue,
What follows in the Name of Virtue!

Zir. The King——

Qu. Ay: What of him? Is well, is he not?

Zir. Yes,——

If to be on's Journey to the other World
Be to be well, he is.

Qu. Why, he's not dead, is he?

Zir. Yes, Madam, dead.

Qu. How? where?

Zir. I do not know Particulars.

Qu.

Qu. Dead!

Zir. Yes, Madam.

Qu. Art sure he's dead?

Zir. Madam, I know him as certainly dead,
As I know you too must die hereafter.

Qu. Dead!

Zir. Yes, dead.

Qu. We must all die.

The Sisters spin no Cables for us Mortals;
They're Threads; and Time, and Chance —
Trust me I cou'd weep now,
But watry Distillations do but ill on Graves,
They make the Lodging colder.

[*She knocks.*]

Zir. What wou'd you, Madam?

Qu. Why, my Friends, my Lord,
I wou'd consult and know what's to be done.

Zir. Madam, 'tis not so safe to raise the Court;
Things thus unsettled, if you please to have —

Qu. Where's *Ariaspes*?

Zir. In's dead Sleep by this time sure.

Qu. I know he is not; find him instantly.

Zir. I'm gone, —

[*Turns back again.*]

But, Madam, why make you choice of him, from whom
If the Succession meet disturbance,
All must come of Danger?

Qu. My Lord, I am not yet so wise, as to be
Jealous; pray dispute no further.

Zir. Pardon me, Madam, if before I go
I must unlock a Secret to you; such a one
As while the King did breath durst know no Air,
Sorannez lives.

Qu. Ha!

Zir. And in the Hope of such a Day as this
Has lingred out a Life, snatching, to feed
His almost famish'd Eyes,
Sights now and then of you, in a Diguise.

Qu. Strange! this Night is big with Miracle!

Zir.

Zir. If you did love him, as they say you did,
And do so still, 'tis now within your Power.

Qu. I wou'd it were, my Lord, but I am now
No private Woman, if I did love him once,
(And 'tis so long ago, I have forgot)
My Youth and Ignorance may well excuse it.

Zir. Excuse it!

Qu. Yes, excuse it, Sir.

Zir. Though I confess I lov'd his Father much,
And pity him, yet having offer'd it
Unto your Thoughts, I have discharg'd a Trust;
And Zeal shall stray no further.
Your Pardon, Madam.

[*Exit.*

Qu. May be 'tis but a Plot to keep off *Ariaspes*
Greatness, which he must fear, because he knows
He hates him; for these great Statesmen,
That when time has made bold with the King
And Subject, throwing down all Fence
That stood betwixt their Power
And others Right, or on a Change,
Like wanton Salmons coming in with Floods,
That leap o'er Wires and Nets, and make their Way
To be at the Return to every one a Prey.

Enter Ziriff.

Zir. Look here vain thing, and see thy Sins full blown.
There's scarce a Part in all this Face thou hast
Not been forsworn by, and Heav'n forgive thee for't!
For thee I lost a Father, Country, Friends,
My self almost, for I lay bury'd long;
And when there was no use thy Love cou'd pay
Too great, thou mad'st the Principal away.
As Wantons entring a Garden, take
The first fair Flower they meet, and
Treasure't in their Laps;
Then seeing more, do make fresh Choice again,
Throwing in one and one, 'till at the length
The first poor Flower, o'er-charg'd with too much Weight,
Withers, and dies;

So

So hast thou dealt with me,
And having kill'd me first, I will kill——

Qu. Hold——hold——
Not for my sake, but *Orbella's*, Sir, a bare
And single Death is such a Wrong to Justice,
I must needs except against it.
Find out a way to make me long a dying;
For Death's no Punishment, it is the Sense,
The Pains and Fears afore, that makes a Death.
To think what I had had, had I had you,
What I have lost in losing of my self,
Are Deaths far worse than any you can give.
Yet kill me quickly, for if I have time,
I shall so wash this Soul of mine with Tears,
Make it so fine, that you wou'd be afresh
In love with it, and so perchance I shou'd
Again come to deceive you.

[She rises up weeping, and hanging down her Head.]

Zir. So rises Day, blushing at Night's Deformity:
And so the pretty Flowers blubber'd with Dew,
And overwasht with Rain, hang down their Heads:
I must not look upon her. *[Queen goes towards him.]*

Qu. Were but the Lillies in this Face as fresh
As are the Roses; had I but Innocence
Join'd to these Blushes, I shou'd then be bold,
For when they went a begging they were ne'er deny'd,
'Tis but a parting Kifs, Sir——

Enter Pasithas and two of the Guard.

Zir. I dare not grant it——*Pasithas*——away with her.
A Bed put out, Therfames and Aglaura on it, Andragesby.

Tber. She wak'd me with a Sigh,
And yet she sleeps her self; sweet Innocence,
Can it be Sin to love this Shape?
And if it be not, why am I persecuted thus?——
See sighs again; Sleep, that drowns all Cares,
Cannot, I see, charm Love's; blest Pillows,
Through whose Fineness does appear

The

The Violets, Lillies, and the Roses
 You are stuf't withal, to whose Softness
 I owe the Sweet of this Repose,
 Permit me to leave with you this,----[*Kisses them, she wakes.*
 See if I have not wak'd her,
 Sure I was born, *Aglaura*, to destroy
 Thy Quiet.

Agl. Mine, my Lord?
 Call you this Drowfiness a Quiet then?
 Believe me, Sir, 'twas an Intruder I much
 Struggled with, and have to thank a Dream,
 Not you, that it thus left me.

Ther. A Dream! What Dream, my Love?

Agl. I dreamt, Sir, it was Day,
 And the fear you shou'd be found here——

Enter Ziriff.

Zir. Awake; how is it with you, Sir?

Ther. Well, extreamly well, so well, that had I now
 No better a Remembrancer than Pain,
 I shou'd forget I e'er was hurt,
 Thanks to Heav'n, and good *Andrages*.

Zir. And more than Thanks I hope we yet shall
 Live to pay him. How old's the Night?

And. Far spent, I fear, my Lord.

Zir. I have a cause that shou'd be heard
 Yet e'er Day break, and I must needs intreat
 You Sir to be the judge in't.

Ther. What cause, *Sorannez*?

Zir. When you have promis'd——

Ther. 'Twere hard I shou'd deny thee any thing——

[*Exit Sorannez.*

Know'st thou, *Andrages*, what he means?

And. Nor cannot guess, Sir.——

[*Draw in the Bed.*

I read a Trouble in his Face, when first
 He left you, but understood it not.

Enter

Enter Sorannez, King, Ariaspes, Iolas, Queen, and two or three of the Guard.

Zir. Have I not pitcht my Nets like a good Huntsman?
Look, Sir, the noblest of the Herd are here.

Ther. I'm astonish'd.

Zir. This Place is yours. ————— [*Helps him up.*

Ther. What wouldst thou have me do?

Zir. Remember, Sir, your Promise,
I cou'd do all I have to do alone;
But Justice is not Justice unless 't be justly done:
Here then I will begin, for here began my Wrongs.
This Woman, Sir, was wondrous fair, and wondrous
Kind, ————— ay, fair and kind, for so the Story runs,
She gave me Look for Look, and Glance for Glance,
And every Sigh like Ecchoes was return'd,
We sent up Vow by Vow, Promise on Promise,
So thick and strangely multiply'd,
That sure we gave the heav'nly Registers
Their Business, and other Mortals Oaths
Then went for nothing, we felt each others Pains,
Each others Joys, thought the same Thought,
And spoke the very same;
We were the same, and I have much ado
To think she cou'd be ill, and I not
Be so too; and after this, all this, Sir,
She was false, lov'd him, and him,
And had I not begun Revenge,
'Till she had made end of changing,
I had had the Kingdom to have kill'd.
What does this deserve?

Ther. A Punishment he best can make
That suffer'd the Wrong.

Zir. I thank you, Sir,
For him I will not trouble you,
His Life is mine, I won it fairly.
And his is yours, he lost it foully to you---
To him, Sir, now:
A Man so wicked that he knew no good,
But so as't made his Sins the greater for't.
Those Ills, which singly acted bred Despair

In others, he acted daily, and ne'er thought
Upon them.

The grievance each particular has against him
I will not meddle with, it were to give him
A long Life, to give him hearing,
I'll only speak my own.

First then, the hopes of all my Youth,
And a reward which Heaven had settled on me,
(If holy Contracts can do any thing)

He ravisht from me, kill'd my Father,
Aglaura's Father, Sir, would have whor'd my Sister,
And murther'd my Friend, this is all :
And now your Sentence, Sir.

Ther. We have no punishment can reach these crimes:
Therefore 'tis justest sure to send him where
They're wittier to punish than we are here:
And cause Repentance oft stops that proceeding,
A sudden Death is sure the greatest punishment.

Zir. I humbly thank you, Sir.

King. What a strange Glasse they've shew'd me now my
In? our Sins like to our shadows, (self
When our Day is in its glory scarce appear'd,
Towards our Evening how great and monstrous
They are?

Zir. Is this all you have to say? —————

Draws.

Ther. Hold: ———— now go you up.

Zir. What mean you, Sir?

Ther. Nay, I denyed not you, ———
That all thy accusations are just

I must acknowledge,

And to these crimes, I have but this t'oppose,

He is my Father, and thy Sovereign ———

'Tis wickedness, dear Friend, we go about
To punish, and when we've murther'd him,
What difference is there 'twixt him and
Our selves, but that he first was wicked? ———

Thou now would'st kill him 'cause he kill'd thy Father,
And when thoua'st kill'd, have not I the self same
Quarrel?

Zir.

Zir. Why, Sir, you know you would your self
Have done it.

Ther. True: and therefore 'tis I beg his Life,
There was no way for me to have
Redeem'd the intent, but by a real
Saving of it.

*[Be ready Courtiers, and Guard, with their Swords drawn
at the Breasts of the Prisoners.*

If he did ravish from thee thy *Orbella*,
Remember that that wicked issue had
A noble parent, Love,——Remember
How he Lov'd *Sorannez* when he was *Ziriff*,——
There's something due to that.
If you must needs have Blood for your Revenge,
Take it here---despise it not, *Sorannez*: [*Sor. turns away.*
The Gods themselves, whose greatness
Makes the greatness of our Sins,
And heightens 'em above what we can do
Unto each other, accept of Sacrifice
For what we do against them,
Why should not you? and 'tis much thriftier too:
You cannot let out Life there, but my Honour
Goes, and all the Life you can take here,
Posterity will give me back again;
See, *Aglaura* weeps:
That would have been ill Rhetorick in me,
But where it is, it cannot but perswade.

Zir. They've thaw'd the Ice about my Heart;
I know not what to do.

King. Come down, come down, I will be King again,
There's none so fit to be the Judge of this
As I; the Life you shew'd such Zeal to save,
I here could willingly return you back;
But that's the common price of all revenge.

Enter Guard, Orsames, Philan, Courtiers, Orithie, Semanthe.

Iol. Ari. Ha, ha, ha: How they look now?

Zir. Death: what's this?

Ther. Betray'd again!

All

All the ease our Fortune gives our Miseries is Hope,
And that still proving false, grows part of it.

King. From whence this Guard?

Ari. Why Sir, I did corrupt, while we were his Prisoners,
One of his own to raise the Court; shallow Souls,
That thought we could not countermine,
Come, Sir, you're in good posture to dispatch them.

King. Lay hold upon his Instrument:
Fond Man, dost think I am in Love with Villany?
All the service they can do me here
Is but to let these see the right I do
Them now is unconstrain'd; then thus I do proceed
Upon the place *Serannes* lost his Life,
I vow to build a Tomb, and on that Tomb
I vow to pay three whole Years penitence;
If in that time I find that Heaven and you
Can pardon, I shall find again the way
To live amongst you.

Ther. Sir be not so cruel to your self, this is an Age,---

King. 'Tis now irrevocable; thy Father's Lands
I give thee back again, and his Commands;
And with them, leave to wear the Tyara,
That Man there has abus'd.-----
To you *Orbella*,
Who, it seems, are foul as well as I,
I do prescribe the self-same Physick
I do take my self:
But in another place, and for a longer time,
Diana's Nunnery.

Orb. Above my hopes.

King. For you, who still have been
The ready instrument of all my cruelties,
And there have cancell'd all the Bonds of Brother,
Perpetual Banishment: nor, should
This Line expire, shall thy Right have a place.

Ari. Hell and Furies-----

[*Exit.*

King. Thy crimes deserve no less; yet 'cause thou wert
Heavens instrument to save my Life,

Thou

Thou only hast that time of banishment,
I have of penitence.—

[Comes down. Ziriff offers to kiss the King's hand.

Iol. May it be Plague and Famine here 'till I return.
No: Thou shalt not yet forgive me.

King. Aglaura, thus I freely part with thee.
And part with all fond flames and warm desires,
I cannot fear new Agues in my blood
Since I have overcome the Charms
Thy Beauty had, no other ever can
Have so much Power: *Thersames,* thou look'st pale,
Is't want of rest?

Ther. No, Sir; but that's a story for your Ear——

[They whisper.

Orsa. A strange and happy change.

Ori. All joys wait on you ever.

Agl. Oritbie

How for thy sake now could I wish
Love were no Mathematick point,
But would admit division, that *Thermases* might,
Though at my charge, pay thee the debt he owes thee.

Ori. Madam, I lov'd the Prince, not my self;
Since his Virtues have their full rewards,
I have my full desires.

King. What miracles of preservation have we had?
How wisely have the Stars prepar'd you for Felicity?
Nothing endears a good more than the contemplation
Of the difficulty we had to attain to it:
But see, Nights Empire's out,
And a more glorious auspiciously does begin;
Let us go serve the Gods, and then prepare
For jollity, this day I'll borrow from my Vows.
Nor shall it have a common celebration;
Since't must be,
A high record to all Posterity.——*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

PLays are like Feasts, and every Act should be
Another Course, and still variety:

But in good faith Provision of Wit
Is grown of late so difficult to get,
That do we what we can, we are not able,
Without cold Meats to furnish out the Table.

Who knows but it was needless too? may be
'Twas here, as in the Coach-man's trade; and he
That turns in the least compass, shews most Art:
Howe'er, the Poet hopes, Sir, for his part,
You'll like not those so much, who shew their Skill
In entertainment, as who shew their Will.



THE
GOBLINS.
A
COMEDY.

Presented at the
PRIVATE HOUSE
IN
BLACK-FRIARS,

BY
His MAJESTY's Servants.

Printed in the YEAR 1709.

THE

GEORGE

EPIC
COMEDY.

Performed at the

PRIVATE HOUSE

BLACK-FRITS

BY

HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

Printed in the Year 1703.

PROLOGUE.

WIT in a Prologue, Poets justly may
Stile a new Imposition on a Play.
When Shakespear, Beaumont, Fletcher rul'd the Stage,
There scarce were ten good Pallats in the Age,
More curious Cooks than Guests; for Men would eat
Most heartily of any kind of Meat;
And then what strange variety! each Play,
A Feast for Epicures, and that each day.
But mark how odly it is come about,
And how unluckily it now falls out:
The Pallats are grown higher, number increas'd,
And there wants that which should make up the Feast;
And yet you're so unconscionable, You'd have
Forsooth of late, that which they never gave,
Banquets before, and after.——
Now Pox on him that first good Prologue writ,
He left a kind of Rent-charge upon Wit;
Which if succeeding Poets fail to pay,
They forfeit all their worth, and that's their Play:
You've Ladies humours, and you're grown to that,
You will not like the Man 'less that his Boots and Hat
Be right; no Play, unless the Prologue be,
And Epilogue writ to curiosity.
Well, Gentiles, 'tis the Grievance of the place,
And pray consider't, for here's just the case;
The richness of the Ground is gone and spent,
Mens Brains grow barren, and you raise the Rent.

Dramatis Personæ.

PPrince, *in love with Sabrina.*

Orsabrin, *Brother to the Prince, yet unknown.*

Samorat, *belov'd of Sabrina.*

Philatell, } *Brothers to Sabrina.*

Torcular, }

Nassurat, } *Cavaliers, Friends to Samorat.*

Pellegrin, }

Tamoren, *King of the Thieves, disguised in Devils habit.*

Peridor, *ambitious of Reginella, disguised in Devils habit.*

Stramodor, *a Courtier, Servant to the Prince.*

Ardellan, } *Formerly Servants to Orsabrin's Father.*

Piramont, }

Phontrell, *Servant to Philatell.*

Sabrina, *belov'd by Samorat.*

Reginella, *in love with Orsabrin.*

Phemilia, *Sabrina's Maid.*

Captain and Soldiers.

Two Judges.

Two Lawyers.

Two Serjeants.

Goaler.

Constable.

Taylor.

Two Drawers.

Fidlers.

Clowns and Wenches.

Thieves disguised in Devils habits, living under ground by the Woods.

Guard. Attendants.

SCENE FRANCELIA.

T H E



THE
GOBLINS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter as to a Duel; Samorat, Philatell, Torcular.

Samorat. **B**UT my Lords,
May not this harsh business
Yet be left undone!

Must you hate me because I love your Sister;
And can you hate at no less rate than Death?

Phil. No, at no less:
Thou art the blaster of our Fortunes,
The envious Cloud that darknest all our Day.
While she thus prodigally, and fondly
Throws away her love on thee;
She has not wherewithal to pay a debt
Unto the Prince.

Sam. Is this all?

Tor. Faith, what if in short we do not think
You worthy of her?

Sam. I swear that shall not make a Quarrel.
I think so too;
I've urg'd it often to my self:
Against my self have sworn't as oft to her,
Pray let this satisfy.——

Phil. Sure, *Torcular*, he thinks we come to talk,
Look you, Sir;——

[*Draws.*

And Brother, since his Friend has fail'd him,
Do you retire.

Tor. Excuse me, *Philatell*,
I have an equal interest in this,
And Fortune shall decide it.—

Phil. It will not need, he's come.—

Enter Orfabrin.

Orsa. Mercury protect me! what are these?
The Brothers of the High-way!

Phil. A Stranger by his Habit.—

Tor. And by his looks a Gentleman.
Sir,—will you make one?
We want a fourth.—

Orsa. I shall be robb'd with a trick now!

Sam. My Lords excuse me;
This is not Civil.

In what concerns my self,
None but my self must suffer.—

Orsa. A Duel, by this light,—
Now has his modesty,
And t'other's forwardness warm'd me— [Goes toward them.

Gentlemen, I wear a Sword,
And commonly in readiness.
If you want one, speak Sir.— [To Samorat.
I do not fear much suffering.

Sam. You're noble, Sir,
I know not how t'invite you to it;
Yet there is Justice on my side,
And since you please to be a witness
To our actions, 'tis fit you know our Story.—

Orsa. No Story, Sir, I beseech you,—
The cause is good enough as 'tis,
It may be spoil'd i'th' telling.

Phil. Come, we trifle then.—

Sam. It is impossible to preserve, I see,
My Honour and Respect to her.
And since you know this too my Lord,
It is not handsome in you thus to press me.
But come—

[Torcular beckens to Orfabrin.
Orsa.

Orsa. Oh ! I understand you, Sir. [Exeunt.

[Philatell and Samorat fight.

Phil. In posture still! —

[Samorat receives a slight Wound.

Oh, y'are mortal than it seems. —

Sam. Thou hast undone thy self, rash Man;
For with this Blood thou hast let out a Spirit
Will vex thee to thy Grave. —

[Fight again, Samorat takes away Philatell's Sword and
takes Breath, then gives it him.

Sam. I'm cool again,
Here my Lord. —

And let this Present bind your Friendship. —

Phil. Yes thus. —

[Runs at him.

Sam. Treacherous and low. —

Enter Orfabrin.

Orsa. I have dril'd my Gentleman,
I have made as many Holes in him
As wou'd sink a Ship Royal
In fight of the Haven. —

How now? — [Samorat upon his Knee.

S'foot yonder's another going that Way too. —

Now have I forgot of which Side I'm on.

No matter.

I'll help the weakest;

There's some Justice in that.

Phil. The Villain sure has slain my Brother.

If I have any Friends above,

Guide now my Hand unto his Heart. —

[Orsabin puts it by, runs at him, Samorat steps in.

Sam. Hold noble Youth,
Destroy me not with Kindness:
Men will say he cou'd have kill'd me,
And that Injustice shou'd not be;
For Honours sake leave us together. —

Orsa. 'Tis not my Business fighting — [Puts up.

Th' Employment's yours, Sir:

If you need me,

I am within your call.

Sam.

Sam. The Gods reward thee:
Now *Philatell* thy worst.——

*[They fight again and close, Samorat forces his Sword.
Enter Orfabrin.]*

Orsa. Hell and the Furies are broke loose upon us,
Shift for your self, Sir ——

*[Fly into the Woods several Ways, pursu'd by Thieves
in Devils Habits.]*

Enter Torcular, weak with bleeding.

Tor. It will not be, ——
My Body is a Jade;
I feel it tire and languish under me.
Those Thoughts came to my Soul
Like Screech-Owls to a sick Man's Window. ——

Enter Thieves back again.

Thie. Here —— here ——

[They bind him, and carry him away:]

Tor. Oh! I am fetcht away alive. *[Exeunt.]*
Enter Orfabrin.

Orsa. Now the good Gods preserve my Senses right,
For they were never in more Danger;
I'th' Name of Doubt, what cou'd this be?
Sure 'twas a Conjuror I dealt withal:
And while I thought him busie at his Prayers,
'Twas at his Circle, levying this Regiment.
Here they are again. ——

Enter Samorat.

Sam. Friend —— Stranger —— Noble Youth ——

Orsa. Here —— here ——

Sam. Shift, shift the Place,
The Wood is dangerous:
As you love safety,
Follow me. ——

[Exeunt.]

Enter Philatell.

Phil. They've left the Place,
And yet I cannot find the Body any where ——
May be he did not kill him then,
But he recover'd Strength,

And

And reach the Town——
 ——It may be not too ——
 Oh that this Hour cou'd be call'd back again.
 ——But 'tis too late,
 And time must cure the Wound that's given by Fate----

[Exit.

Enter Samorat and Orfabrin.

Orsa. I'th' Shape of Lions too sometimes,
 And Bears?

Sam. Often, Sir. ——

Orsa. Pray unriddle ——

Sam. The wiser sort do think them Thieves,
 Which but assume these Forms to rob
 More powerfully. ——

Orsa. Why does not then the State
 Set out some Forces, and suppress them?

Sam. It often has, Sir, but without Success. ——

Orsa. How so? ——

Sam. During the time those Levies are abroad,
 Not one of them appears.

There have been
 That have attempted under Ground,
 But of those, as of the dead,
 There has been no Return. ——

Orsa. Strange!

Sam. The common People think them a Race
 Of honest and familiar Devils,
 For they do hurt to none,
 Unless resisted;

They seldom take away, but with exchange;
 And to the poor they often give,
 Return the hurt and sick recover'd,
 Reward, or Punish as they do find cause. ——

Orsa. How cause? ——

Sam. Why, Sir, they blind still those they take,
 And make them tell the Stories of their Lives;
 Which known, they do accordingly. ——

Orsa.

Orsa. You make me wonder, Sir,—
How long is't since they thus have troubled you?

Sam. It was immediately upon
The great deciding Day,
Fought 'twixt the two pretending Families,
The *Samorats*, and the *Orsabrins*.

Orsa. Ha! *Orsabin*?

Sam. But, Sir, that Story's sad, and tedious,
We're entring now the Town,
A Place less safe than were the Woods,
Since *Torcular* is slain —

Orsa. How, Sir?

Sam. Yes. —

He was the Brother to the Prince's Mistress,
The lov'd one too.

If we do prize our selves at any rate,
We must embark, and change the Clime,
There is no Safety here. —

Orsa. Hum. —

Sam. The little stay we make
Must be in some dark Corner of the Town:
From whence, the Day hurry'd to th' other World,
We'll sally out to order for our Journey.

That I am forc'd to this, it grieves me not;
But, gentle Youth, that you shou'd for my sake. —

Orsa. Sir, lose not a Thought on that,
A Storm at Sea threw me on Land,
And now a Storm on Land drives me
To Sea again. —

Sam. Still noble. — — — [Exeunt.

Enter Nassurat and Pellegrin.

Nas. Why? suppose 'tis to a Wench,
You wou'd not go with me, wou'd you?

Pella. To chuse, — to chuse, —

Nas. Then there's no Remedy. —

[Flings down his Hat, unbuttons himself, draws.

Pel. What dost mean? —

Nas. Why since I cannot leave you alive,
I will try to leave you dead.

Pel.

Pel. I thank you kindly, Sir, very kindly
Now the Sedgly Curse upon thee,
And the great Fiend ride through thee
Booted and spur'd with a Scythe on his Neck;
Pox on thee I'll see thee hang'd first;
S'foot you shall make none of your fine
Points of Honour up at my Charge;
Take your Course if you be so hot.
Be doing, —— be doing, ——

[*Exit.*

Nas. I am got free of him at last:
There was no other way;
H'as been as troublesome as a Woman that
Wou'd be lov'd whether a Man wou'd or not,
And has watch'd me as if he had been
My Creditors Serjeant, if they shou'd have dispatch'd
In the mean time there wou'd be fine
Opinions of me. —— I must cut his Throat
In earnest if it shou'd be so.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Peridor, Tamoren, with other Thieves, a
Horn sounds.*

Thie. A Prize, —— a Prize, —— a Prize, ——

Per. Some Duel, Sir, was fought this Morning, this
Weakned with Loss of Blood, we took, the rest
Escap'd. ——

Tam. He's fitter for our Surgeon, than for us,
Hereafter we'll examine him ——

[*Again a shout.*

Thie. A Prize, —— a Prize, —— a Prize ——

[*They set down Ardelan and Piramont.*

Tam. Bring them, bring them, bring them in,
See if they have mortal Sin,
Pinch them as you dance about,
Pinch them 'till the Truth come out ——

Per. What art?

Ard. Extreemly poor and miserable.

Per. 'Tis well, 'tis well, proceed,
No Body will take that away from thee,
Fear not, —— What Country? ——

Ard.

Ard.—*Francelia*—

Per. Thy Name?

Ard. *Ardelan.*

Per. And thine.—

Pira. *Piramont.*

Per. Thy Story.—

Ard. What Story!—

Per. Thy Life, thy Life.—

[*Pinch him.*

Ard. Hold, hold —

You shall have it;—

[*He sighs.*

It was upon the great Defeat

Given by the *Samorats* unto the *Orfabrins*,

That the old Prince for safety of the young,

Committed him unto the trust of *Garradan*,

And some few Servants more,

'Mongst whom I fill'd a Place.—

Tam. Ha! *Garradan*!

Ard. Yes.

Tam. Speak out, and set me nearer.

So void the Place, proceed.—

Ard. We put to Sea, but had scarce lost the Sight
Of Land, e'er we were made a Prey

To Pirates; there *Garradan*

Resisting the first board changed Life with Death;

With him the Servants too,—

All but my self and *Piramont*,

Under these Pirates ever since

Was *Orfabrin* brought up,

And into several Countries did they carry him.

Tam. Knew *Orfabrin* himself?—

Ard. Oh! No, his Spirit was too great;

We durst not tell him any thing,

But waited for some Accident

Might throw us on *Francelia*,

'Bout which we hover'd often,

And we were near it now,

But Heav'n decreed it otherwise —

[*He sighs.*

Tam.

Tam. Why dost thou Sigh?—

Ard. Why do I sigh? (indeed,)

For tears cannot recal him;
Last night about the second watch, the
Winds broke loose,
And vext our Ship so long,
That it began to reel and totter,
And like a drunken Man,
Took in so fast his Liquor,
That it sunk down i'th' place.—

Tam. How did you scape?—

Ard. I bound my self unto a mast,
And did advise my Master to do so,
For which he struck me only,
And said I did consult too much with fear.—

Tam. 'Tis a sad story. —

[*Within there.*

Let them have wine and
Fire, — But heark you —

[*Whispers.*

Enter Thieves, with a Poet.

Thie. A prize, — A prize, — A prize. —

Per. Set him down. —

Poet. — And for the blue, —

[*Singing.*

Give him a cup of Sack, 'twill mend his Hue. —

Per. Drunk as I live, —

[*Pinch him, pinch him.*

What art?

Poet. I am a Poet,
A poor dabler in Rime.

Per. Come confes, confes.

Poet. I do confes I do want Mony.

Per. By the description he's a Poet indeed.

Well proceed. —

[*Pinch him.*

Poet. What do you mean?

Pox on you.

Prithee let me alone,

Some Candles here, —

And fill us t'other Quart, and fill us

Rogue, Drawer, the t'other Quart,

Some

Some Small Beer.——

And for the blue,

Give him a Cup of Sack, 'twill mend his Hue.——

Tam. Set him by 'till he's sober.

Come let's go see our Duelist

Drest.——

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Taylor, and two Serjeants.

Tay. He's something tall, and for his Chin,
It has no bush below:

Marry a little wool, as much as an unripe
Peach doth wear;

Just enough to speak him drawing towards a Man.——

Ser. Is he of fury?

Will he foin,

And give the mortal touch?

Tay. Oh no,

He seldom wears his Sword.

Ser. *Topo* is the word if he do;

Thy debt, my little *Mirmidon*?

Tay. A yard and a half I assure you, without abatement.

Ser. 'Tis well, 'tis wondrous well:

Is he retir'd into this House of Pleasure?

Tay. One of these he's entred;

'Tis but a little waiting,

You shall find me at the next Tavern——

[*Exit.*]

Ser. Stand close, I hear one coming.

Enter Orfabrin.

Orsa. This House is sure no Seminary for *Lucreces*;
Then the Matron was so over diligent,
And when I ask'd for Meat or Drink,
She look'd as if I had mistook my self,
And call'd for a wrong thing.

Well, 'tis but for a Night, and part of it I'll spend
In seeing of this Town,
So famous in our tales at Sea.——

Ser. Look, look, muffled, and as melancholy after't
As a Gamester upon loss; upon him, upon him.

Orsa.

Orsa. How now my Friends,
Why do you use me thus?

Ser. Quietly; 'twill be your best way.

Orsa. Best way? for what?

Ser. Why, 'tis your best way,
Because there will be no other,
Topo is the word,
And you must along.—

Orsa. Is that the word?
Why then this is my Sword.—

[*Run away.*]

Ser. Murder, murder, murder;
He's kill'd the Prince's Officer,
Murder—murder—murder—

Orsa. I must not stay,
I hear them swarm—

[*Exit.*]

Enter Constable and People.

Con. Where is he, where is he?

Ser. Here,—here,—Oh a Man-mender,
A Man-mender,
He's broacht me in so many places,
All the Liquor in my Body will run out.

Con. In good sooth, neighbour, has tapt you at the
Wrong end too;
He has been busie with you here behind,
As one would say; lend a Hand some of you,
And the rest follow me.—

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Orfabrin.

Orsa. Still pursu'd!
Which way now?
I see no passage;
I must attempt this Wall,—
Oh! a lucky Door,
And open.—

[*Exit.*]

Enters again.

Where am I now?
A Garden, and a handsome House,
If't be thy will a Porch to't,
And I'm made;

R

'Twill

'Twill be the better lodging of the two. [*Goes to the Porch.*

Enter Phemilia.

Phe. Oh! welcome, welcome Sir.
My Lady hath been in such frights for you.

Orsa. Hum! for me? —

Phe. And thought you would not come to night. —

Orsa. Troth, I might very well have fail'd her.

Phe. She's in the Gallery alone in the Dark.

Orsa. Good, very good.

Phe. And is so Melancholy —

Orsa. Hum. —

Phe. Have you shut the Garden Doors?

Come I'll bring you to her, enter, enter. —

Orsa. Yes, I will enter:

He who has lost himself makes no great venter. --- [*Exe.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Sabrina, and Orsabrinn.

Sab. OH welcome, welcome, as open Air to Prisoners,
I have had such fears for you.

Orsa. She's warm, and soft as Lovers language:
She spoke too prettily;

Now have I forgot all the danger I was in. —

Sab. What have you done to day, my better part?

Orsa. Kind little Rogue!

I could say the finest things to her methinks

But then she would discover me,

The best way will be to fall too quietly. — [*Kisses her.*

Sab. How now my Samorat,
What faucy heat hath stolen into thy Blood,
And heightned thee to this?

I fear you are not well. —

Orsa. S'foot! 'tis a *Platonick*:

Now cannot I so much as talk that way neither.

Sab.

Sab. Why are you silent, Sir?
Come, I know you have been in the Field to Day.

Orsa. How does she know that?

Sab. If you have kill'd my Brother, speak;
It is no new thing that true Love
Should be unfortunate.

Orsa. 'Twas her Brother I kill'd then,
Would I were with my Devils again;
I got well of them,
That will be here impossible.—

Enter Phemillia.

Phe. Oh! Madam, Madam,
You're undone;
The Garden walls are scal'd,
A flood of People are entring the House.

Orsa. Good—why here's variety of ruin yet.—

Sab. 'Tis so,
The Feet of Justice
Like to those of Time,
Move quick,
And will destroy, I fear, as sure:
Oh Sir, what will you do?
There is no vent'ring forth,
My Closet is the safest,
Enter there,
While I go down and meet their fury,
Hinder the search if possible—

[Exit.

Orsa. Her Closet,
Yea, where's that?
And, if I could find it,
What should I do there?
She will return,—
I will venture out.—

[Exit.

*Enter the Prince, Philatell, Phontrell, Company,
and Musick.*

Pbi. The lightest Airs; 'twill make them
More secure.—

Upon my Life he'll visit her to Night----

[*Musick plays and Sings.*]

Prin. Nor she, nor any lesser light
Appears,—

The calm and silence about the place,
Perswades me she does sleep.

Phil. It may be not; but hold,
It is enough,—let us retire.

Behind this Pillar, *Phontrell*, is thy place,
As thou didst love thy Master shew thy care;

You to the other Gate,

There's thy Ladder.—

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sabrina.

Sab. Come forth my *Samorat*, come forth,
Our fears were false,

It was the Prince with Musick.

Samorat, Samorat,

He sleeps,—*Samorat,*

Or else he's gone to find me out

I'th' Gallery, *Samorat, Samorat*; it must be so— [Exit.]

Enter Orfabrin.

Orsa. This House is full of Thresholds,
And Trap-doors,

I have been in the Cellar,

Where the Maids lie too,

I laid my hand groping for my way

Upon one of them,

And she began to squeak;

Would I were at Sea again i'th' Storm.

Oh! a Door:

Though the Devil were the Porter,

And kept the Gate, I'd out.—

Enter Samorat.

Orsa. Ha! guarded? taken in a trap?

Nay, I will out,

And there's no other

But this.—

[Retires and draws, runs at him; Another pass, they close.]

Sam. *Philatell* in Ambush, on my life.

En-

Enter Sabrina, and Phemillia with a Light.

Sab. Where should he be?

Ha!—

Good Heavens what spectacle is this? my *Samorat*!

Some apparition sure—

[They discover one another by the Light, throw away their Weapons, and embrace.]

Sam. My noble Friend!

What angry and malicious Planet

Govern'd at this point of time?

Sab. My wonder does grow higher.

Orsa. That which governs ever:
I seldom knew it better.

Sam. It does amaze me, Sir, to find you here;
How entred you this place?

Orsa. Forc'd by unruly Men i'th' street.

Sab. Now the mistake is plain.

Orsa. Are you not hurt?

Sam. No——but you Bleed?

Orsa. I do indeed.

But 'tis not here,

This is a scratch,

It is within, to see this beauty;

For by all circumstance, it was her Brother

Whom my unlucky Sword found out to day.

Sab. Oh! my to cruel fancy.

[Weeps.]

Sam. It was indeed thy Sword, but not thy fault;
I am the cause of all these ills,

Why d'you weep, *Sabrina*?

Sab. Unkind unto thy self, and me,

The Tempest, this said News has rais'd within me,

I would have laid with Tears,

But thou disturb'st me,

Oh! *Samorat*,

Hadst thou consulted but with Love as much

As Honour, this had never been.

Sam. I have no Love for thee that has not had
So strict an union with Honour still,

That in all things they were concern'd alike,
And if there could be a Division made,
It would be found

Honour had here the leaner share:

'Twas Love that told me 'twas unfit

That you should Love a Coward.

Sab. These handsome words are now

As if one bound up Wounds with Silk,

Or with fine Knots,

Which do not help the cure,

Or make it heal the sooner:

Oh! *Samorat*, this accident

Lies on our Love,

Like to some foul Disease,

Which though it kill it not,

Yet will't destroy the Beauty;

Disfigure't so,

That 'twill look ugly to the World hereafter.

Sam. Must then the Acts of Fate be Crimes of Men,

And shall a death be pull'd upon himself,

Be laid on others?

Remember Sweet, how often

You have said it in the Face of Heav'n,

That 'twas no Love,

Which length of time, or cruelty of chance,

Could lessen or remove.

Oh kill me not that way, *Sabrina*,

This is the nobler;

Take it and give it entrance any where

[*Kneels and presents his Sword.*]

But here,

For you so fill that place,

That you must wound your self.

Orsa. Am I so flight a thing?

So Bankrupt?

So unanswerable in this World?

That being principally i'th' Debt,

Another must be call'd upon,

And

And I not once look'd after?
Madam, why d'you throw away your Tears
On one that's irrecoverable?

Sab. Why? Therefore, Sir,
Because he's irrecoverable.

Orsa. But why on him?
He did not make him so.

Sab. I do confess my anger is unjust,
But not my sorrow, Sir.

Forgive these Tears, my *Samorat*,
The debts of Nature must be paid,
Though from the stock of Love:
Should they not, Sir?

Sam. Yes.—

But thus the precious Minutes pass,
And Time, e'er I have breath'd the sighs
Due to our parting,
Will be calling for me.

Sab. Parting!—

Sam. Oh! Yes, *Sabrina*, I must part,
As Day does from the World;
Not to return 'till Night, be gone,
'Till this dark Cloud be over;

Here to be found,
Were foolishly to make a present
Of my Life unto mine Enemy,
Retire into thy Chamber, Fair,
There thou shalt know all.—

Sab. I know too much already— [Exit.

Enter Phontrell.

Phon. Hold Rope for me, and then hold Rope for him.
Why, this is the wisdom of the Law now,
A Prince loses a Subject, and does not
Think himself paid for the loss,
'Till he loses another:
Well, I will do my endeavour
To make him a faver;
For this was *Samorat*.—

[Exit.
Enter

Enter Samorat, with Orfabrin bleeding.

Orsa. Let it bleed on,—you shall not stir, I swear.

Sam. Now by the Friendship that I owe thee,
And the Gods beside, I will,
Noble Youth; were there no danger in thy wound,
Yet would the loss of Blood make thee
Unfit for Travel:

My Servants wait me for direction,
With them my Surgeon, I'll bring him instantly,
Pray go back.— *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Philatell, Guard. Places them at the Door.

Phil. There —
You to the other Gate,
The rest follow me.— *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Orfabrin, and Sabrina.

Sab. Hark, a noise, Sir.

This tread's too loud to be my *Samorat's*.

Enter the Searchers to them.

Searchers. Which way? — which way? —

Sab. Some Villany in hand.

Step in here Sir, quick, quick.— *[Locks him in her Closet.]*

Enter Philatell, Guard, and pass over the Stage.

Phil. Look every where.—

[Philatell dragging out his Sister.]

Protect thy Brother's Murderer!

Tell me where thou hast hid him,

Or by my Father's Ashes I will search

In every Vein thou hast about thee, for him.—

[Orfabrin bounces thrice at the Door, it flies open.]

Enter Orfabrin.

Orsa. E'er such a Villany should be,
The Gods would lend unto a single Arm
Such strength, it should have power to punish
An Army such as thou art —

Phil. Oh! Are you here, Sir?

Orsa. Yes, I am here, Sir.—

Phil. Kill her.—

[Fight.]

[She interposes.]

Orsa.

Orsa. Oh! save thy self, fair Excellence,
And leave me to my Fate.

Base. -- [*The Guard comes behind him, catches hold of his Arms.*

Phil. So bring him one,
The other is not far.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sabrina and Phemilia.

Sab. Run, run, *Phemilia*
To the Garden Walls,
And meet my *Samorat*,
Tell him, oh tell him any thing,
Charge him by all our Loves
He instantly take Horse,
And put to Sea,
There is more safety in a Storm,
Than where my Brother is.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Peridor and the other Thieves. Stramador led in,
they dance about him and sing.

Thie. **A** Prize — a Prize, — a Prize —
Per. Bring him forth, bring him forth;

Welcome, welcome, mortal Wight,
To the Mansion of the Night:
Good or bad, thy Life discover,
Truly all thy Deeds declare;
For about thee Spirits hover
That can tell, tell what they are.
— Pinch him, if he speak not true,
— Pinch him, pinch him black and blue.

Per. What art thou?

Stra. I was a Man.

Per. Of whence?

Stra. The Court.

Per. Whether now bound?

Stra. To my own House.

Per.

Per. Thy Name?

Stra. *Stramador.*

Per. Oh! You fill a Place about his Grace,
'And keep out Men of Parts, d'you not?

Stra. Yes.

Per. A foolish Utensil of State,
Which like old Plate upon a gaudy Day,
'Sbrought forth to make a show, and that is all;
For of no use y'are; y'had best deny this.

Stra. Oh no!

Per. Or that you do want Wit,
And then talk loud to make that pass for it;
You think there is no Wisdom but in form;
Nor any Knowledge like to that of Whispers.

Stra. Right, right.

Per. Then you can hate, and fawn upon a Man
At the same time,
And dare not urge the Vices of another,
You are so foul your self,
So the Prince seldom hears Truth.

Stra. Oh! very seldom.

Per. And did you never give his Grace odd Counsels?
And when you saw they did not prosper,
Persuade him take them on himself?

Stra. Yes, yes, often.

Per. Get Baths of Sulphur quick,
And flaming Oils,
This Crime is new, and will deserve it.
He has inverted all the Rule of State,
Confounded Policy;
There is some Reason why a Subject
Shou'd suffer for the Errors of his Prince;
But why a Prince shou'd bear
The Faults of's Ministers, none, none at
All. — Cauldrons of Brimstone there.

Thie. Great Judge of this Infernal Place
Allow him yet the Mercy of the Court.

Stra. Kind Devil. —

Per.

Per. Let him be boil'd in scalding Lead a while,
T'enure, and prepare him for the other.

Stra. Oh! Hear me, hear me.

Per. Stay!

Now I have better thought upon't,
He shall to Earth again:

For Villany is catching, and will spread:

He will enlarge our Empire much,

Then we're sure of him at any time.

So 'tis enough — Where's our Governor? — [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Goaler, Samorat, Nassurat, Pellegrin, and three
others in Disguise.*

Goa. His Hair curls naturally,
A handsome Youth. —

Sam. The same, —
Is there no speaking with him?
He owes me a trifling Sum. —

[*Drinks to him.*

Goa. Sure, Sir, the Debt is something desperate,
There is no Hopes he will be brought
To clear with the World,
He struck me but for persuading him
To make even with Heav'n,
He is as furly as an old Lion,
And as fullen as a Bulfinch,
He never eat since he was taken — Gentlemen,

Sam. I must needs speak with him,
Hark in thy Ear. —

Goa. Not for all the World.

Sam. Nay, I do but motion such a thing.

Goa. Is this the Business, Gentlemen?

Fare you well —

[*Run after him, draw their Daggers, and set it to his Breast.*

Sam. There is no choice of Ways then. —

Stir not, if thou but think'st a Noise,

Or breath'st aloud, thou breath'st thy last.

So, bind him now. —

[*They bind the Goaler.*

Undo

Undo, quickly, quickly,
His Jerkin, his Hat.

Nas. What will you do?
None of these Beards will serve,
There's not an Eye of white in them.

Pel. Pull out the silver'd ones in his,
And stick them in the other.

Nas. Cut them, cut them out.

[They put a false Beard on the Goaler.]

The Bush will sute well enough
With a Grace still.

Sam. Desperate Wounds must have desperate
Cures, Extreames must thus be serv'd, —
You know your Parts.

[Exit.]

Nas. Fear not, let us alone. — *[They sing a Catch.]*
Some Drink, — what Boy — some Drink —

FILL it up, fill it up to the brink,

When the Poets cry clink,

And the Pockets chink,

Then 'tis a merry World.

To the best, to the best, have at her,

And a Pox take the Woman-Hater: —

The Prince of Darknes is a Gentleman,

Mahu, Mahu is his Name.

How d'you, Sir?

You gape as if you were sleepy,

Good Faith he looks like an — O yes.

Pel. Or as if he had overstrain'd himself
At a deep Note in a Ballad. —

Nas. What think you of an Oyster at a low Ebb?
Some Liquor for him;

You will not be a Pimp for Life, you Rogue,

Nor hold a Door to save a Gentleman;

You are — Pox on him, what is he, *Pellagrin*?

If you love me, let's stifle him,

And say 'twas a sudden Judgment upon him

For swearing; the Posture will confirm it.

Pel.

Pel. We're in an excellent Humour,
Let's have another Bottle,
And give out that *Ann* my Wife is dead,
Shall I, Gentlemen?

Nas. Rare Rogue in Buckram, let me bite thee,
Before me thou shalt go out Wit,
And upon as good Terms
As some of those in the Ballad too. —

Pel. Shall I so? — Why then foutree for the Guise,
Saines shall accrue, and ours shall be,
The Black-Ey'd Beauties of the Time.
I'll tickle you for old Ends of Plays. —

[*They sing.*

A Round — A Round, — A Round, —

A Round, — A Round, — A Round, —

Some Body's at the Door, [*Knocking at the Door.*
Prithee, prithee, Sirrah, Sirrah,
Try thy Skill.

Nas. Who's there?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. One *Sturjelot* a Goaler here? —

Nas. Such a one there was, my Friend,
But he's gone above an Hour ago:
Now did this Rogue whisper in his Heart
That's a Lie, — and for that very Reason
I'll cut his Throat. —

Pel. No prithee now, — for thinking?
Thou shalt not take the Pains, the Law shall do't —

Nas. How? — how? —

Pel. Marry we'll write it over when we're gone,
He join'd in the Plot, and put himself
Into this Posture, meerly to disguise it to
The World. —

Nas. Excellent!

Here's to thee for that Conceit.
We shou'd have made rare Statesmen,
We are so witty in our Mischief.

Ano-

An other Song, and so let's go,
It will be time.

[*They sing.*]

A Health to the Nut-brown Lads,
With the Hazle Eyes let it pass.

She that bath good Eyes
Has good Thighs,
Let it pass, ——— let it pass. ———

As much to the lively Gray,

'Tis as good i'th' Night as Day,

She that has good Eyes,

Has good Thighs,

Drink away, ——— drink away. ———

I pledge, I pledge, what ho! some Wine,

Here's to thine, and to thine,

The Colours are Divine. ———

But oh the Black, the Black,

Give me as much again, and let't be Sack,

She that has good Eyes,

Has good Thighs

And it may be a better Knack.

[*They Knock.*]

Enter a Drawer.

Nas. A Reckoning Boy. ———

There. ———

[*Pays him the Reckoning.*]

Dost hear?

Here's a Friend of ours has forgotten himself

A little (as they call it)

The Wine has got into his Head,

As the Frost into a Hand, he is benumb'd,

And has no use of himself for the present.

Draw. Hum, Sir. ———

[*Smiles.*]

Nas. Prithee lock the Door, and when he
Comes to himself,

Tell him he shall find us at the old Place,

He knows where.

Draw. I will, Sir. ———

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Orfabrin in Prison.

Orsa. To die! yea, what's that?

For yet I never thought on't seriously;

It

It may be 'tis — hum —

It may be 'tis not too. —

Enter Samorat, as Goaler, he undoes his Fetters.

Ha! —

[*As amaz'd.*

What happy Intercession wrought this Change?

To whose kind Prayers owe I this, my Friend?

Sam. Unto thy Virtue — noble Youth:

The Gods delight in that as well as Prayers.

I am —

Orsa. Nay, nay, —

Be what thou wilt,

I will not question it:

Undo, undo.

Sam. Thy Friend *Samorat*.

Orsa. Ha —

Sam. Lay by thy Wonder

And put on these Cloaths,

In this Disguise thou'lt pass unto the

Prison Gates, there you shall find

One that is taught to know you;

He will conduct you to the Corner

Of the Wood, and there my Horses wait us.

I'll throw this Goaler off in some odd Place.

Orsa. My better Angel. —

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Peridor with the other Thieves.

Per. It is e'en as hard a World for Thieves

As honest Men, — nothing to be got —

No Prize stirring. —

1 Thie. None, but one with Horses,

Who seem'd to stay for some

That were to come,

And that has made us wait thus long.

Per. A lean Day's Work, but what Remedy?

Lawyers that rob Men with their own Consent,

Have had the same;

Come, call in our Perdues,

We will away. —

[*They whistle.*

Enter

Enter Orfabrin, as seeking the Horses.

Orsa. I hear them now,
Yonder they are

Per. Hallow! Who are these?
Any of ours?

Thie. No, stand close,
They shall be presently.
Yield, — yield. —

Orsa. Again betray'd! There is no end of my Misfortune,
Mischief vexes me
Like a Quotidian,
It intermits a little, and returns
E'er I have lost the Memory of
My former Fit. —

Per. Sentences, Sentences,
Away with him, — away with him. — [*Exeunt.*

Enter Goaler and Drawers over the Stage.

Goa. I am the Goaler, undone, undone,
Conspiracy, a Cheat, my Prisoner, my Prisoner. —

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Samorat.

Sam. No Men, — nor Horses!
Some strange Mistake, —
May be they're shelter'd in the Wood. —

*Enter Peridor and other Thieves, examining the young
Lord Torcular that was hurt.*

Per. And if a Lady did but step aside,
To fetch a Masque or so,
You follow'd after still,
As if she had gone proud?
Ha, is't not so?

Tor. Yes.

Per. And if you were us'd but civilly in a Place,
You gave out doubtful Words upon't.
To make Men think you did enjoy. —

Tor. Oh! yes, yes.

Per. Made Love to ev'ry Piece of cry'd-up Beauty.
And swore the same things over to them.

Tor.

Tor. The very same. —

Per. Abominable.

Had he but sworn new things, yet 'thad been
Tollerable. —

[*One of them reads the sum of the Confession.*]

Thie. Let me see, — let me see.

Hum.

Court Ladies Eight,

Of which two great ones. —

Country Ladies twelve.

Tearmers all. —

Per. Is this right?

Tor. Very right.

Thie. Citizens Wives of several Trades,

He cannot count them. —

Chamber-Maids, and Country-Wenches,

About thirty.

Of which the greater Part,

The Night before they were Marry'd,

Or else upon the Day.

Per. A modest Reckoning, is this all?

Tor. No. —

I will be just t'a Scruple.

Per. Well said, — well said, —

Out with it. —

Tor. Put down two old Ladies more.

Per. I'th' Name of Wonder,

How cou'd he think of Old

In such Variety of Young?

Tor. Alas ! I cou'd never be quiet for them.

Thie. Poor Gentleman.

Well, what's to be done with him now?

Shall he be thrown into the Cauldron

With the Cuckolds,

Or with the Jealous?

That's the hotter Place.

Per. Thou mistakes't,

'Tis the same, they go together still:

S

Jealous

Jealous and Cuckolds differ no otherwise
Than Sheriff and Alderman;

A little time makes th' one th' other.

What think you of gelding him,

And sending him to Earth again,

Amongst his Women?

'Twou'd be like throwing a dead Flie
Into an Ants Nest.

There wou'd be such tearing, pulling,

And getting up upon him,

They wou'd worry the poor thing to Death---

i Thie. Excellent,

Or leave a String, as they do sometimes

In young Colts:

Desire and impotence,

Wou'd be a rare Punishment.

Fie, fie, the common Disease of Age,

A very old Man has it.

Enter Tamorin and more Thieves, leading Orfabrin.

A Prize, — a Prize — a Prize, —

[*Horns blow, brass Pots beat on.*]

Orsa. This must be Hell by the Noise.

Tam. Set him down, set him down;

Bring forth the newest Wrack,

And flaming pinching Irons.

This is a stubborn Piece of Flesh,

'Twou'd have broke loose.

Orsa. So, this comes of wishing my self
With Devils again. —

Pet. What art?

Orsa. The Slave of Chance,

One of Fortune's Fools;

A thing she kept alive on Earth

To make her Sport.

Per. Thy Name?

Orsa. Orfabrin.

Per. Ha! he that liv'd with Pirates?
Was lately in a Storm?

Orsa.

Orsa. The very same. —

Tam. Such Respect as you have paid to me —

[*Whispers with Peridor.*

Prepare to Revels, all that can be thought on,

But let each Man still keep his Shape. —

[*Exit.*

[*They unbind him, all bow to him.*

Musick and a Dance.

Orsa. Ha!

Another false Smile of Fortune? —

[*They bring out several Suits of Cloaths, and a Banquet.*

Is this the Place the gowned Clerks

Do fright Men so on Earth with?

Wou'd I had been here before.

Master Devil to whose Use are these set out?

Per. To yours, Sir.

Orsa. I'll make bold to change a little, —

[*Takes a Hat and dresses himself.*

Cou'd you not afford a good plain Sword

To all this Gallantry? —

Per. We'll see, Sir.

Orsa. A thousand times civiller than Men,

And better natur'd.

Enter Tamoren and Reginella.

Tam. All leave the Room. —

Per. I like not this.

[*Exennt.*

Tam. Cupid, do thou the rest.

A blunter Arrow, and but slackly drawn,

Wou'd perfect what's begun;

When young and handsome meet,

—The Work's half done. —

Orsa. She cannot be less than a Goddess;

And't must be *Proserpine*:

I'll speak to her, though *Pluto's* self stood by.

Thou beauteous Queen of this dark World,

That mak'st a Place so like a Hell,

So like a Heav'n, instruct me

In what Form I must approach thee,

And how adore thee. —

Reg. Tell me what thou art first; for such a Creatur^e
Mine Eyes did never yet behold——

Orsa. I am that which they name above a Man;
I'th' watry Elements I much have liv'd,
And there they term me *Orfabrin*.
Have you a Name too?——

Reg. Why do you ask?

Orsa. Because I'd call upon it in a Storm,
And save a Ship from perishing sometimes.

Reg. 'Tis *Reginella*.

Orsa. Are you a Woman too?
I never was in earnest until now.

Reg. I know not what I am,
For like my self I never yet saw any.

Orsa. Nor ever shall,
Oh! How came you hither?
Sure you were betray'd.
Will you leave this Place,
And live with such as I am?

Reg. Why may not you live here with me?

Orsa. Yes——
But I'd carry thee where there is a glorious Light,
Where all above is spread a Canopy,
Studded with twinkling Gems,
Beauteous as Lovers Eyes;
And underneath Carpets of flow'ry Meads
To tread on.——

A thousand thousand Pleasures
Which this Place can ne'er afford thee.——

Reg. Indeed!

Orsa. Yes indeed.——
I'll bring thee unto shady Walks,
And Groves fring'd with Silver purling Streams,
Where thou shalt hear soft feather'd Quiristers
Sing sweetly to thee of their own accord.
I'll fill thy Lap with early Flowers;
And whilst thou bind'st them up mysterious Ways,

I'll

I'll tell thee pretty Tales, and sigh by thee;
Thus press thy Hand, and warm it thus with Kisses.

Reg. Will you indeed? ———

Enter Tamoren and Peridor above, with others.

Tam. Fond Girl:

Her Rashness sullies the Glory of her Beauty,
'Twill make the Conquest cheap,
And weaken my Designs;
Go part them instantly,
And bind him as before;
Be you his Keeper, *Peridor*.

Per. Yes, I will keep him.

Orsa. Her Eyes like Lightning shoot into my Heart,
They'll melt it into nothing, e'er I can
Present it to her; sweet Excellence. ———

Enter Thieves and blind him.

Ha! why is this hateful Curtain drawn before my Eyes?
If I have sinn'd, give me some other Punishment;
Let me but look on her still,
And double it, oh whither, whither do you hurry me?

Per. Madam, you must in. ——— [*Carry him away.*

Reg. Ay me what's this? ———
Must! ———

[*Exit.*

Enter other Thieves.

1 *Thie.* We have had such Sport;
Yonder's the rarest Poet without,
'Has made all his Confession in blank Verse;
Not left a God, nor a Goddess in Heav'n,
But fetch'd them all down for Witnesses;
'Has made such a Description of Styx, and the Ferry,
And verily thinks has past them.
Enquires for the blest Shades,
And asks much after certain *British* Blades,
One *Shakespear* and *Fletcher*;
And grew so peremptory at last,
He wou'd be carry'd where they were.

2 *Thie.* And what did you with him?

S 3

1 *Thie.*

Thie. Mounting him upon a Cowle-Staff,
Which (tossing him something high)
He apprehended to be *Pegasus*.
So we have left him to tell strange Lies,
Which he'll turn into Verse,
And some wise People hereafter into Religion. *[Exeunt.]*

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Enter Samorat, Nassurat and Pellagrin.

Nas. **G**OOD Faith 'tis wondrous well,
We have e'en done like eager Disputers;
And with much ado
Are got to be just where we were.
This is the Corner of the Wood.

Sam. Ha! 'tis indeed. ———

Pel. Had we no walking Fire,
Nor sawcer-ey'd Devil of these Woods that led us?
Now am I as weary
As a marry'd Man after the first Week,
And have no more Desire to move forwards,
Than a Post-Horse that has past his Stage.

Nas. 'Sfoot yonder's the Night too, stealing away
With her black Gown about her;
Like a kind Wench, that had staid out the
Last Minute with a Man.

Pel. What shall we do, Gentlemen?
I apprehend falling into this Jailor's
Hands strangely, he'd use us worse than we did him.

Nas. And that was ill enough of Conscience:
What think you of turning Beggars?
Many good Gentlemen have don't; or Thieves?

Pel. That's the same thing at Court:
Begging is but a kind of robbing the Exchequer

Nas. Look four Fathom and a half OOS——
In Contemplation of his Mistress:
There's a Feast, you and I are out now, *Pellagrin,*

'Tis

'Tis a pretty Trick, this enjoying in Absence.
 What a rare Invention 'twou'd be,
 If a Man cou'd find out a Way to make it real.

Pel. Dost think there's nothing in't as 'tis?

Nas. Nothing, nothing,
 Did't it never hear of a dead *Alexander*,
 Rais'd to talk with a Man?
 Love's a learned Conjuror,
 And with the Glafs of Fancy will do as strange things.
 You thrust out a Hand,
 Your Mistress thrusts out another;
 You shake that Hand, that shakes you again;
 You put out a Lip, she puts out hers;
 Talk to her, she shall answer you:
 Marry, when you come to grasp all this, it is but Air.

Sam. It was unlucky, ———
 Gentlemen, the Day appears,
 This is no Place to stay in;
 Let's to some neighbouring Cottage,
 May be the Searchers will neglect
 The nearer Places,
 And this will but advance unto our Safety.

Enter Fiddlers.

Nas. Who are there?

1 *Fid.* Now if the Spirit of Melancholy shou'd possess 'em.

2 *Fid.* Why if it shou'd
 An honourable Retreat.

Nas. I have the rarest Fancy in my Head---
 Whither are you bound my Friends so early?

Fid. To a Wedding, Sir.

Nas. A Wedding?
 I told you so.
 Whose?

Fid. A Country Wenches here hard by,
 One *Erblin's* Daughter.

Nas. Good *Erblin*; the very Place,
 To see how Things fall out,

Hold, here's Mony for you:
Hark you, you must assist me in a small Design.

Fid. Any thing.

Sam. What do'st mean?

Nas. Let me alone,
I have a Plot upon a Wench. ———

Fid. Your Worship is merry.

Nas. Yes Faith, to see her only,
Look you, some of you shall go back to th' Town
And leave us your Coats,
My Friend and I are excellent at a little Instrument,
And then we sing Catches rarely.

Pel. I understand thee not.

Nas. Thou hast no more forecast than a Squirrel,
And hast less wise Consideration about thee.
Is there a Way safer than this?
Dost think what we have done
Will not spread beyond this Place with ev'ry Light,
Shou'd we now enter any House
Thus near the Town, and stay all Day,
'Twou'd be suspicious: What Pretence have we?

Pel. He speaks Reason, *Samorat.*

Sam. I do not like it.

Shou'd any thing fall out 'twou'd not look well,
I'd not be found so much out of my self,
So far from home as this Disguise wou'd make me
Almost for certainty of safety.

Nas. Certainty? Why, this will give it us,
Pray let me govern once.

Sam. Well, you suffer'd first with me, now 'tis my turn.

Pel. Prithee name not suffering.

Nas. Come, come, your Coats,
Our Beards will suit rarely to them:
There's more Mony,
Not a Word of any thing, as you tender ———

Fid. O Sir.

Nas. And see you carry't gravely too. ———
Now afore me *Pellagrin's* rarely translated.

'Sfoot they'll apprehend the Head of the Base-Viol
As soon as thee, thou art so likely,
Only I must confess that has a little the better Face.

Pel. Has it so? ———

Pox on thee, thou look'st like I cannot tell what.

Nas. Why, so I wou'd Fool,
The end of my Disguise is to have none
Know what I am.

Look, look, a Devil airing himself.

Enter a Devil.

I'll catch him like a Mole e'er he can get under Ground.

Pel. *Nassurat, Nassurat.* ———

Nas. Pox on that Noise, he's Earth'd.
Prithee let's watch him, and see
Whether he'll heave again.

Pel. Art mad? ———

Nas. By this Light, three or four of their Skins
And we'd rob.

'Twou'd be the better way. ———

Come, come, let's go ———

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Captain and Soldiers.

Cap. Let the Horse skirt about this Place,
We'll make a Search within ———

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter again.

Now disperse
In the hollow of the Wood,
We'll meet again.

Enter Nassurat, Pellagrin, Samorat and Fidlers.

Sol. Who goes there?
Speak, ——— Oh! they are Fidlers ———
Saw you no Men nor Horse
In the Wood to Day ——— as you came along?

[*Nassurat pulls one of the Fidlers by the Skirt.*]

Nas. Speak, speak Rogue.

Fid. None, Sir. ———

Sam. Pass on. ———

[*Exeunt.*]

Nas. Gentlemen what say you to the Invention now?
I'm a Rogue if I do not think

I was design'd for the Helm of State:
 I am so full of nimble Stratagems,
 That I shou'd have order'd Affairs, and
 Carry'd it against the Stream of a Faction,
 With as much Ease as a Skippar
 Wou'd laver against the Wind ——— [Exeunt.]

Enter Captain and Soldiers meet again.

Cap. What, no News of any?

Sol. No ——— not a Man stirring.

Enter other Soldiers.

Sa ho! away, ——— away. ———

Cap. What, any Discovery?

Sol. Yes, the Horse has staid three Fellows,
 Fiddlers they call themselves;
 There's something in't; they look suspiciously;
 One of them has offer'd at Confession once or twice,
 Like a weak Stomach at vomiting,
 But 'twou'd not out. ———

Cap. A little cold Iron thrust down his Throat
 Will fetch it up. ———

I am excellent at Discovery.

And can draw a Secret out of a Knave,
 With as much Dexterity as a Barber-Surgeon
 Wou'd a hollow Tooth,

Let's join Forces with them. ——— [Exeunt.]

Orfabrin discover'd in Prison bound.

Orsa. Sure 'tis eternal Night with me;
 Wou'd this were all too ———
 For I begin to think the rest is true
 Which I have read in Books,
 And that there's more to follow. ———

Enter Reginella.

Reg. Sure this is he. ———

[She unbinds him.]

Orsa. The pure and first created Light
 Broke through the Chaos thus.
 Keep off, keep off, thou brighter Excellence,
 Thou fair Divinity; if thou com'st near,
 (So tempting is the Shape thou now assum'st)

I shall grow sawcy in desire again,
And entertain bold Hopes, which will but draw
More and fresh Punishment upon me. —

Reg. I see you're angry, Sir;
But if you kill me too, I meant no Ill;
That which brought me hither,
Was a Desire I have to be with you,
Rather than those I live with: This is all
Believe it. —

Orsa. With me? Oh thou kind Innocence!
Witness all that can punish Falshood,
That I cou'd live with thee,
Even in this dark and narrow Prison;
And think all Happiness confin'd within the Walls. —
Oh, hadst thou but as much of Love as I!

Reg. Of Love? What's that?

Orsa. Why 'tis a thing that's had before 'tis known;
A gentle Flame that steals into a Heart,
And makes it like one Object so, that it scarce cares
For any other Delights, when that is present,
And is in Pain when 'tis gone; thinks of that alone,
And quarrels with all other Thoughts that wou'd
Intrude, and so divert it. —

Reg. If this be Love, sure I have some of it,
It is no ill thing, is it, Sir?

Orsa. Oh most divine;
The best of all the Gods strangely abound in it,
And Mortals cou'd not live without it:
It is the Soul of Virtue, and the Life of Life.

Reg. Sure I shou'd learn it, Sir, if you wou'd teach it.

Orsa. Alas, thou taughtest it me;
It came with looking thus. —

[*They gaze upon one another.*]

Enter Peridor.

Per. I will no longer be conceal'd,
But tell her what I am,
Before this smooth fac'd Youth
Hath taken all the room up in her Heart.

Ha!

Ha! unbound! and sure by her!

Hell and Furies!

What ho! — within there. —

Enter other Thieves.

Practise escapes?

Get me new Irons to load him unto Death.

Orsa. I am so used to this,

It takes away the Sense of it;

I cannot think it strange,

Reg. Alas he never did intend to go.

Use him for my sake kindly;

I was not wont to be deny'd.

Ah me! they are hard-hearted all.

What shall I do? I'll to my Governour,

He'll not be thus cruel. — *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Samorat, Nassurat and Pellagrin.

Nas. 'Tis a rare Wench she i'th' blue Stockings:

What a Complection she had when she was warm —

'Tis a hard Question of these Country Wenches,

Which are simpler, their Beauties or themselves.

There's as much Difference betwixt

A Town Lady, and one of these,

As there is betwixt a wild Pheasant and a tame.

Pel. Right: —

There goes such essensing, washing, perfuming,

Dawbing to th'other, that they are the least part

Of themselves.

Indeed there's so much Sauce, a Man cannot taste the Meat.

Nas. Let me kiss thee for that;

By this Light I hate a Woman dress'd up to her height,

Worse than I do Sugar with Muscadine,

It leaves no room for me to imagine,

I cou'd improve her if she were mine:

It looks like a Jade with his Tail ty'd up with Ribbons,

Going to a Fair to be sold.

Pel. No, no, thou hatest it out of another Reason, *Nassurat.*

Nas. Prithee what's that?

Pel. Why they're so fine, they're of no use that Day.

Nas. *Pellagrin* is in good feeling.

Sirrah, didst mark the Lass 'ith green upon yellow,
How she bridled in her Head,
And danc'd a Stroak in, and a Stroak out,
Like a young Fillet training to a Pace?

Pel. And how she kiss'd,
As if she had been sealing and delivering her self up
To the use of him that came last,
Parted with her Sweet-Hearts Lips still
As unwillingly, and untowardly,
As soft Wax from a dry Seal.

Nas. True; and when she kisses a Gentleman,
She makes a Curtsie, as who shou'd say,
The Favour was on his side.
What dull Fools are we to besiege a Face
Three Months for that Trifle?
Sometimes it holds out longer, —
And then this is the sweeter Flesh too.

Enter Fiddlers.

Fid. You shall have Horses ready at the time,
And good ones too (if there be Truth in Drink)
And for your Letters, they are there by this —

Sam. An excellent Officer. —

Enter Wedding.

Clown. Tut, tut, tut. [*Dance in at that time.*

Enter Soldiers muffled up in their Cloaks.

That's a good one y'faith, not Dance?
Come, come, strike up.

Sam. Who are those that eye us so severely?
Belong they to the Wedding?

Fid. I know'em not. [*Offer their Women to them to dance.*

Clown. Gentlemen will please you dance? —

Sol. No, keep your Women, we'll take out others here.
Samorat, if I mistake not.

Sam. Ha! betray'd? —

[*A Bustle.*

Clown. How now! What's the Matter? abuse our Fiddlers?

2^d Sol. These are no Fiddlers, Fools, obey the Prince's Offi-
Unless you desire to go to Prison too. (cers,

Sam. The thought of what must follow disquiets not at all,
But

But tamely thus to be surpriz'd
In so unhandsome a Disguise? — [*They carry him away.*

Pel. Is't e'en so? Why then
Farewell the plumed Troops, and the big Wars,
Which made Ambition Virtue. —

Nas. Ay, ay, let them go, let them go,

Pel. Have you ever a Stratagem, *Nassurat*?
'Twou'd be very seasonable. What think you now?
Are you design'd for the Helm of State?
Can you laver against this Tempest?

Nas. Prithee let me alone, I am thinking for Life.

Pel. Yes, 'tis for Life indeed, wou'd 'twere not.

Clown. This is very strange; let's follow after,
And see if we can understand it. — [*Exeunt.*

Enter Peridor and Orfabrin.

Per. A meer Phantasme rais'd by Art to try thee.

Orsa. Good kind Devil try me once more;
Help me to the Sight of this Phantasme again.

Per. Thou art undone.
Wert thou not amorous in th' other World?
Did'st not love Women?

Orsa. Who did hate them?

Per. Why there's it;
Thou thought'st there was no Danger in the Sin,
Because it was common.

Above the half of that vast Multitude
Which fills this Place, Women sent hither:
And they are highest punisht still,
That lov'd the handsomest.

Orsa. A very lying Devil this certainly. —

Per. All that had their Women with you,
Suffer with us.

Orsa. By your Friendship's Favour though,
There's no Justice in that:
Some of them suffer'd enough
In all Conscience by 'em there. —

Per. Oh, this is now your Mirth:
But when you shall be pincht into a Gelly,

Or

Or made into a Cramp all over,
These will be sad Truths.

Orsa. He talks odly now, I do not like it.
Dost hear?

Prithee exchange some of thy good Council
For Decds.

If thou bee'st an honest Devil,
(As thou seem'st to be)

Put a Sword into my Hand,
And help me to the Sight of this
Apparition again. —

Per. Well, something I'll do for thee,
Or rather for my self —

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter two other Devils.

1 *Dev.* Come, let's go relieve our Poet.

2 *Dev.* How, relieve him?
He's releas'd, is he not?

1 *Dev.* No, no;

Bersat bethought himself at the Mouth of the Cave,
And found he wou'd be necessary to our Masque to Night.
We have set him with his Feet in a great Tub of Water,
In which he dables and believes it to be *Helicon*:
There he's contriving i'th' Honour of *Mercury*,
Who I have told him comes this Night of a Message
From *Jupiter* to *Pluto*, and is feasted here by him.

Enter Poet and Thieves.

Dev. Oh, they have fetch'd him off.

Poet. Carer per so lo carer,
Or he that made the Fairy Queen.

1 *Thie.* No, none of these:
They are by themselves in some other Place;
But here's he that writ *Tamerlane*.

Poet. I beseech you bring me to him.
There's something in 'his Scene
Betwixt the Empress a little high and cloudy,
I wou'd resolve my self.

1 *Thie.* You shall, Sir.
Let me see — the Author of the bold *Beauchams*,
And *England's Foy*.

Poet.

Poet. The last was a well writ Piece, I assure you,
A Britain I take it, and *Shakespear's* very Way;
I desire to see the Man.

Thie. Excuse me, no seeing here.
The Gods in Complement to *Homer*,
Do make all Poets poor above,
And we all blind below.

But you shall confess, Sir. Follow. ——— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Peridor and Orfabrin.

Orsa. Ha! Light and fresh Air again?

[*Peridor unbinds him and slips away.*

The Place I know too,
The very same I fought the Duel in.
The Devil was in the right;
This was a meer Apparition.
But 'twas a handsome one, it left Impressions here,
Such as the fairest Substance I shall e'er behold
Will scarce deface.

Well, I must resolve, but what, or where?

Ay, that's the Question.

The Town's unsafe, there's no returning thither;

And then the Port ——— [*Some pass over hastily.*

Ha! what Means the busie Haste of these?

Honest Friend. ——— [*Orfabrin calls to one.*

Do'tt hear, — No —

What's the Matter pray?

Enter Clown.

Clown. Gentlemen, Gentlemen,
That's good Satisfaction indeed.

Orsa. Prithee good Fellow tell me,
What causes all this Hurry?

Enter another, and another.

Clown. One *Samorat* is led to Prison, Sir,
And other Gentlemen, about Lord *Torcular*.

Orsa. Ha! *Samorat*!

There is no mean nor end of Fortune's Malice;
Oh! tis insufferable;

I'm made a Boy, whip'd on another's Back,

Cruel,

Cruel, I'll not endure't by Heav'n,
 He shall not die for me:
 I will not hold a wretched Life upon such wretched Terms.
 [Exit.

Enter Tamoren, Peridor, and others.

Tam. Fly, fly, abroad, search every Place, and
 Bring him back:
 Thou hast undone us all with thy Neglect,
 Destroy'd the Hopes we had to be our selves again;
 I shall run mad with Anger:
 Fly, be gone. — [Exeunt all but Tamoren.

Enter Reginella.

My *Reginella* what brings you abroad?

Reg. Dear Governor, I have a Sute to you.

Tam. To me, my pretty Sweetness, what?

Reg. You will deny me, Sir, I fear;
 Pray let me have the Stranger that came last in keeping.

Tam. Stranger? alas he's gone, made an Escape.

Reg. I fear'd he wou'd not stay, they us'd him so unkindly.
 Indeed I wou'd have us'd him better, [She weeps.
 And then he had been here still.

Tam. Come do not weep, my Girl;
 Forget him, pretty Pensiveness, there will
 Come others every Day, as good as he.

Reg. Oh! Never: I'll close my Eyes to all now he's gone.

Tam. How catching are the Sparks of Love? still this
 Mischance shows more and more unfortunate.
 I was too curious. —

Come indeed you must forget him,
 The gallant'st and the goodliest to the Eye are not the best,
 Such handsome and fine Shapes as those
 Are ever false and foul within.

Reg. Why Governour d'you then put
 Your finest things still in your finest Cabinets?

Tam. Pretty Innocence; no, I do not;
 You see I place not you there.
 Come, no more Tears;

Let's in and have a Mate at Chess,

“Diversión cures a Loss, or makes it less. — [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Tamoren, Peridor, and other Thieves.

Per. **C**ROST all the Highways, searcht the Woods,
Beat up and down with as much Pain and Diligence
As ever Huntsman did for a lost Deer.

Tam. A Race of Cripples are y'all,
Issuc of Snails, he cou'd not else have 'scap'd us.
Now what News bring you?

Thie. Sir, we have found him out,
The Party is in Prison.

Tam. How? In Prison?

Thie. For certain, Sir.
It seems young *Samorat* and he
Were those that fought the Duel t'other Day,
And left our *Torcular* so wounded there.
For his supposed Death was *Samorat* taken,
Which when this Youth had found,
He did attempt to free him (scaling the Wall
By Night,) but finding it impossible,
Next Morning did present himself
Into the Hands of Justice, imagining
His Death that did the Fact, an equal Sacrifice.

Tam. Brave *Orfabrin*.

Thie. Not knowing that the greedy Law asks more,
And doth prescribe the Accessary
As well as Principal.

Tam. Just so i'th' Nick! i'th' very Nick of time!

Per. He's troubled.

Tam. It will be excellent,
Be all in Soldiers Habits streight.
Where's *Torcular*?

Thie. Forth coming, Sir.

Tam. How are his Wounds?
Will they endure the Air?

Under your Gaberdines wear Pistols a'l.

Per.

Per. What does he mean?

Tam. Give me my other Habit and my Sword.
I'th' least suspected way haste after me.

Thie. All?

Tam. All but *Peridor*; I will abroad,
My broken Hopes and Suff'rings
Shall have now some Cure;
Fortune, spite of her self, shall be my Friend,
And either shall redress, or give them end. [Exit.]

Per. I've found it out,
He does intend to fetch this Stranger back,
And give him *Reginella*,
Or else — No, no, it must be that
His Anger, and the search declare it;
The Secret of the Prison-House shall out, I swear.
I'll set all first on fire,
For middle ways to such an end are dull. [Exit.]

Enter Prince, Philatel and Servants.

Serv. Since she was refus'd to speak with you, Sir,
She will not look on any; she languishes so fast,
Her Servants fear she will not live
To know what does become of him. [Exit.]

Phi. Sir 'tis high time you visit her.

Prince. I cannot look upon her, and deny her.

Phi. Nor need you, Sir;
All shall appear to her most gracious.
Tell her the former part o'th' Law
Must pass, but when it comes t'execute,
Promise her that you intend to interpose.

Prince. And shall then *Samorat* live?

Phi. Oh! —
Nothing less! The Censure past,
His Death shall follow without Noise;
'Tis but not owning of the Fact,
Disgracing for a time a Secretary,
Or so — the things not new —
Put on forgiving looks, Sir, we are there —

Enter Sabrina's Chamber.

A mourning Silence; Sister *Sabrina*. ———

Sab. Hence, hence, thou cruel Hunter after Life:
Thou art a Pain unto my Eyes, as great
As my dear Mother had when she did
Bring thee forth — and sure that was
Extream, since she produc'd a Monster.

Phi. Speak to her your self,
She's so incens'd against me,
She will not welcome Happiness,
Because I bring it.

Prince. Fair Ornament of Grief,
Why are you troubled? —
Can you believe there's any thing within
My Power which you shall mourn for?
If you have any Fears, impart them;
Any Desires, give them a Name,
And I will give thee Rest:
You wrong the greatness of my Love,
To doubt the goodness of it.

Sab. Alas, I do not doubt your Love, my Lord,
I fear it; 'tis that which does undo me.
For 'tis not *Samorat* that's Prisoner now,
It is the Prince's Rival;
Oh! for your own sake, Sir, be merciful:
How poorly will this sound hereafter,
The Prince did fear another's Merit so,
Found so much Virtue in his Rival, that
He was forc'd to murder it, make it away?
There can be no Addition to you, Sir, by his Death,
By his Life there will; you get the Point
Of Honour; Fortune does offer here,
What Time perchance cannot again,
A handsome Opportunity to show
The Bravery of your Mind. ———

Prince. This pretty Rhetorick cannot persuade me,
To let your *Samorat* live for my sake: (fair one,
It is enough, he shall for yours.

Sab.

Sab. Though Virtue still rewards it self, yet here
May it not stay for that; but may the Gods
Shower on you suddenly such Happiness
That you may say, my Mercy brought me this. —

Prince. The Gods no doubt will hear when you do pray
Right ways: But here you take their Names in vain,
Since you can give your self that Happiness
Which you do ask of them.

Sab. Most gracious Sir, do not —

Prince. Hold, I dare not hear thee speak,
For fear thou now should'st tell me,
What I do tell my self;
That I wou'd poorly bargain for any Favours;
Retire, and banish all thy Fears.
I will be kind and just to thee, *Sabrina*,
What-foe'er thou prov'st to me.

Phi. Rarely acted, Sir. — [Exit Sabrina.

Prince. Ha! —

Phi. Good faith to th' very Life.

Prince. Acted! — No, — 'twas not acted.

Phi. How, Sir?

Prince. I was in earnest.

I mean to conquer her this Way,
The other's low and poor.

Phi. Ha! —

Prince. I told thee 'twou'd be so before.

Phi. Why, Sir, you do not mean to save him? —

Prince. Yes — I do —

Samorat shall be releas'd immediately. —

Phi. Sure you forget I had a Brother, Sir,
And one that did deserve Justice at least.

Prince. He did —

And he shall have it:

He that kill'd him shall die —

And 'tis high Satisfaction, that; look not —

It must be so. —

T 3

[Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Stramador and Peridor.

Per. No Devils, *Stramador*,
Believe your Eyes — to which
I cannot be so lost, but
You may call to Mind one *Peridor*.

Stra. Ha! *Peridor*! Thou didst
Command that Day
In which the *Tamorens* fell.

Per. I did —
Yet *Tamoren* lives.

Stra. Ha!

Per. Not *Tamoren* the Prince, he fell indeed;
But *Tamoren* his Brother, who that Day
Led our Horse:

Young *Reginella* too,
Which is the Subject of the Suit —
You have engag'd your self by Oath
The Prince shall grant.

Stra. Oh! 'tis impossible,
Instruct me how I should believe thee.

Per. Why thus —
Necessity upon that great Defeat
Forc'd us to keep the Woods, and hide our selves
In Holes, which since we much enlarg'd,
And fortify'd them in the Entrance so,
That 'twas a safe Retreat upon Pursuit;
Then swore we all Allegiance to this *Tamoren*.
These Habits, better to disguise our selves, we took at first;
But finding with what Ease we robb'd,
We did continue 'em, and took an Oath,
'Till some new Troubles in the State shou'd happen,
Or fair Occasion to make known our selves
Offer it self, we wou'd appear no other;
But come, let's not lose
What we shall ne'er recover,
This Opportunity —

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Nassurat and Pellagrin in Prison.

Pel. *Nassurat*, you have not thought of any
Stratagem yet? —

Nas.

Nas. Yes, I have thought —

Pel. What? —

Nas. That if you have any Accounts with Heav'n,
They may go on —

This villainous dying's like a strange Tune,
'Has run so in my Head,
No wholesome Consideration wou'd enter it.
Nothing angers me neither, but that
I pass by my Mistresses Window to't.

Pel. Troth, that's unkind.
I have something troubles me too.

Nas. What's that?

Pel. The People will say as we go along,
Thou art the properer Fellow.
Then I break an Appointment
With a Merchant's Wife; but who can help it, *Nassurat*?

Nas. Yea, who can help it indeed?
She's to blame, though 'faith, if she
Does not bear with thee,
Considering the Occasion. —

Pel. Considering the Occasion, as you say,
A Man wou'd think he might be born with.
There's a Scrivener I shou'd have paid
Some Mony too, upon my Word,
But —

Enter Orfabrin, Samorat, Princes Servants, with Samo-
rat's Releasement.

Orfa. By fair *Sabrina's* Name, I conjure you
Not to refuse the Mercy of the Prince. —

Sam. It is resolv'd, Sir, you know my Answer.

Orfa. Whither am I fallen?
I think if I shou'd live a little longer,
I shou'd be made the Cause of all the Mischief
Which shou'd arise to the World —
Hither I came to save a Friend,
And by a sleight of Fortune I destroy him.
My very ways to good prove Ills.
Sure I can look a Man into Misfortune,

The Plague's so great within me 'tis infectious.

Oh! I am weary of my self:

Sir I beseech you yet accept of it,

For I shall be this way a Sufferer,

And an Executioner too —

Sam. I'll beg of thee no more,

Thou dost beget in me desire to live;

For when I find how much I am behind

In noble Acts of Friendship,

I cannot chuse but wish for longer time, that I might

Struggle with thee, for what thou hast too clearly now

Got from me, the Point of Honour —

Oh! it is Wisdom and great Thrift to Die;

For who with such a Debt of Friendship and

Of Love, as you and my *Sabrina* must expect from me,

Cou'd e'er subsist?

Nas. They are complementing;

'Sfoot they make no more of it,

Than if it 'twere who shou'd go in first at

A Door, — I think *Pellagrin*, as you and I

Have cast it up, it comes to something more —

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Gentlemen, prepare, the Court is setting.

Sam. Friends this is no time for Ceremony;

But what a Rack have I within me to see you suffer.

And yet I hope the Prince will let this Anger die

In me, not to take the Forfeiture of you.

Nas. If he shou'd, *Pellagrin* and I are resolv'd,

And are ready, all but our Speeches to the People,

And those will not trouble as much,

For we intend not to trouble them.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Prince, Philatel, and Attendants.

Prince. Not accept it?

Lose this way too? — What shall I do;

He makes Advantages of mine,

And like a skilful Tennis-Player,

Returns my very best with excellent Design.

It must not be,

Bring

Bring to the Closet here above, the chief of the Jury;
I'll try another way. — [Exeunt.]

*Enter Judges, Lawyers, Samorat, Orfabrin, Nassurat
and Pellagrin.*

Nas. Of all Ways of destroying Mankind
These Judges have the easiest,
They sleep and do it.

Pel. To my thinking now,
This is but a solemn kind of Puppet-Play:
How the Devil came we to be Actors in't,
So it begins.

Judge. The Princes Council,
Are they ready?

Law. Here —

Judge. Begin then, —

Law. My Lords, that this so great and strange —

Sam. Most reverend Judges,
To save the Expence of Breath and time,
And dull Formalities of Law —

I here pronounce my self guilty.

[A Curtain drawn, Prince, Philatel with others appear above.]

Prince. Again he has prevented me —

Sam. So guilty, that no other can pretend a Share.
This noble Youth, a Stranger to every thing
But Gallantry, ignorant in our Laws and Customs,
Has made perchance

(In strange Severity) a Forfeit of himself;
But shou'd you take it,

The Gods, when he is gone, will sure revenge it.

If from the Stalk you pull this Bud of Virtue,

Before it has spread and shewn it self abroad,

You do an Injury to all Mankind;

And publick Mischief cannot be private Justice.

This Man's as much above a common Man,

As Man's above a Beast; and if the Law

Destroys not Man for killing of a Beast,

It shou'd not here, for killing of a Man.

Oh

Oh what a Mistake 'twou'd be!
 For here you sit to weed the Cankers out
 That wou'd do hurt i'th' State, to punish Vice,
 And under that you'd root out Virtue too.

Orsa. If I do blush, 'tis not, most gracious Judges,
 For any thing which I have done, 'tis for that
 This much mistaken Youth hath here deliver'd.
 'Tis true (and I confess) I ever had
 A little stock of Honour (which I still preserv'd)
 But that (by leaving me behind alive)
 He now most cunningly does think to get from me;
 And I beseech your Lordships to assist me;
 For 'tis most fraudulent all he desires.
 Your Laws I hope are reasonable,
 Else why shou'd reasonable Men
 Be subject to them; and then
 Upon what Grounds is he made guilty now?
 How can he be thought accessory
 To the killing of a Man, that did not know
 O' the fighting with him?
 Witness all those Powers which search Mens Hearts
 That I my self (until he becken'd me)
 Knew nothing of it; if such a thing
 As Sacrifice must be — why, Man for Man's enough:
 Though elder Times t'appease diviner Justice,
 Did offer up
 (Whether through Gallantry, or Ignorance)
 Vast Multitudes of Beasts in Sacrifice,
 Yet Numbers of Men is seldom heard of:
 One single *Curtius* purg'd a whole State's Sin:
 You will not say the Offence is now as great,
 Or that you ought to be more highly satisfy'd
 Than Heav'n —

Prince. Brave Youths —

Nas. Pellagrin, you and I will let our Speeches alone.

Judge. If that the Law were of so fine a Web,
 As Wit and Fancy spin it out to, here,
 Then these Defences wou'd be just, and save;

But

But that is more substantial,
Of another make —
And Gentlemen, if this be all,
Sentence must pass —

Enter Tamoren and Stramador.

Tam. Orsabrinn?

Orsa. Ha! who names me there?

Tam. A Friend; hear me:

I am an Officer in that dark World
From whence thou cam'st, sent
Thus disguis'd by *Reginella* our fair Queen,
And to redeem thee.

Orsa. *Reginella*!

I'the midst of all these Ills,
How preciously that Name does sound?

Tam. If thou wilt swear to follow me,
At the Instant thou art releas'd,
I'll save thee and thy Friends, in spite of Law. —

Orsa. Doubt not of that:
Bring me where *Reginella* is,
And if I follow not, perpetual Misery follow me,
It cannot be a Hell where she appears —

Tam. Be confident. [*Goes out and brings Torcular*]
Behold, grave Lords, the Man
Whose Death question'd the Life of these,
Found and recover'd by the Thieves i'th' Woods;
And rescued since by us, to rescue Innocence.

Orsa. Rare Devil,
With what Dexterity h'as rais'd this
Shape up, to delude them —

Prince. Ha! *Torcular* alive?

Phil. *Torcular*?

I shou'd as soon believe my Brother
Ne'er in being too.

Tor. You cannot wonder more to find me hear,
Than I do to find my self.

Nas. Come unbind, unbind, this Matter's answer'd.

2 Judge.

2 Judge. Hold ; they are not free, the Law exacts
The same for Breach of Prison, that it did before.

Orsa. There is no scaping out of Fortune's Hands.
Dost hear ; hast never a Trick for this? —

Tam. Doubt me not, I have without at my Command,
Those which never fail'd me ;
And it shall cost many a Life yet,
Sir, e'er yours be lost. —

*Enter Prince and Philatell, from above : Stramador, Peri-
dor and Reginella meet them below.*

Prince. Stramador, you have been a Stranger here of late.

Stra. Peruse this Paper, Sir, you'll find there was good rea-

Prince. How ! old Tamoren's Brother, Captain (son for't.
Of the Thieves, that has infested thus
Our Country?

Reginella too, the Heir of that fear'd Family !
A happy and a strange Discovery.

Tam. Peridor, and Reginella, the Villain
Has betray'd me.

Reg. 'Tis Orsabrin, they have kept their Words,

Orsa. Reginella? she was a Woman then.

O let me go.

Jailor. You do forget sure what you are.

Orsa. I do indeed: oh to unriddle now !

Stra. And to this Man you owe it, Sir,
You find an Engagement to him there ;
And I must hope you'll make me just to him.

Prince. He does deserve it, seize on him. —

Tam. Nay then all Truths must out.
That I am lost and forfeit to the Law,
I do confess,

Yet since to save this Prince.

Prince. Prince!

Orsa. (Our Mephisto-philus is mad.)

Tam. Yes, Prince, this is the Orsabrin.

Orsa. Ha! —

Tam. So long ago supposed lost,
Your Brother, Sir ;
Fetch in there Ardelan and Piramont.

Enter Ardelan and Piramont.

Nas. What mad Planet rules this Day!

Ardelan and Piramont?

Orsa. The Devil's wanton,
And abuses all Mankind to Day.

Tam. These Faces are well known to all *Francelians*,
Now let them tell the rest. ———

Pira. My noble Master living! found in *Francelia*?

Ard. The Gods have satisfy'd our tedious Hopes.

Phi. Some Imposture.

Orsa. A new Design of Fortune ———
I dare not trust it.

Tam. Why speak you not?

Pira. I am so full of Joy, it will not out.

Know ye *Francelians*,

When *Sanborn* fatal Field was fought,
So desperate were the Hopes of *Orsabrins*,

That 'twas thought fit to send away this Prince,
And give him Safety in another Clime;

That spight of an ill Day, an *Orsabrins* might be
Preserv'd alive. Thus you all know,

To *Garradan's* chief Charge he was committed:

Who when our Bark by Pirates was surpriz'd,

(For so it was) was slain i'the first Encounter;

Since that we have been forc'd to wait

On Fortune's Pleasure.

And, Sir, that all this time we kept

You from the Knowledge of your self,

Your Pardon; it was our Zeal that err'd,

Which did conclude it wou'd be prejudicial.

Ard. My Lords, you look as if you doubted still:

If *Piramont* and I be lost unto your Memory,

Your Hands I hope are not ———

Here's our Commission:

There's the Diamond Elephant,

That which our Princes Sons are ever known by,

Which we, to keep him undiscover'd,

Tore from his Ribbon in that fatal Day

When

When we were made Prisoners;
 And here are those that took us,
 Which can witness all Circumstance,
 Both how, and when, Time and Place;
 With whom we ever since have liv'd by force;
 For on no Kingdom, Friend unto *Francelia*,
 Did Fortune ever land us, since that Hour;
 Nor gave us means to let our Country know
 He liv'd——

Tam. These very Truths, when they cou'd have no ends,
 (For they believ'd him lost)
 I did receive from them before,
 Which gave me now the Boldness to appear
 Here, where I'm lost by Law.

Shouts without, { Long live Prince *Orsabrín*,
 { Long live Prince *Orsabrín*.

Nas. Pellagrin, let's second this;
 Right or wrong 'tis best for us.

Per. Observe, observe.

Prince. What Shouts are those?

Stra. Soldiers of *Tamoren's*, the first;
 The second was the Peoples, who
 Much press to see their long lost Prince.

Phi. Sir, 'tis most evident, and all agrees:
 This was his colour'd Hair,
 His Air, though alter'd much with time:
 You wear too strange a Face upon this News;
 Sir, you have found a Brother,
 I, *Torcular*, the Kingdom's Happiness;
 For here the Plague of Robberies will end.
 It is a glorious Day——

Prince. It is indeed, I am amazed, not sad,
 Wonder does keep the Passage so,
 Nothing will out.

Brother (for so my kinder Stars will have it)
 I here receive you as the Bounty of the Gods;
 A Blessing I did not expect,

And

And in return to them, this Day
Francelia ever shall keep holy.

Orsa. Fortune, by much abusing me, has
 So ——— dull'd my Faith, I cannot
 Credit any thing.

I know not how to own such Happiness.

Prince. Let not your Doubts lessen your Joys;
 If you have had Disasters heretofore,
 They were but given to heighten what's to come.

Nas. Here's as strange a Turn, as if 'twere the
 Fifth Act in a Play. ———

Pel. I'm sure 'tis a good Turn for us.

Orsa. Sir, why stands that Lady so neglected there,
 That does deserve to be the Business of Mankind?

Oh ye Gods, since you'll be kind
 And bountiful, let it be here.

As fearfully, as jealous Husbands ask
 After some Secrets which they dare not know;
 Or as forbidden Lovers meet i'th' night,
 Come I to thee, (and 'tis no ill Sign this,
 Since Flames when they burn highest tremble most)
 Oh! shou'd she now deny me!

Reg. I know not perfectly what all this means;
 But I do find some Happiness is near,
 And I am pleas'd, because I see you are ———

Orsa. She understands me not ———

Prince. He seems t'have Passion for her.

Tam. Sir, in my dark Commands these Flames broke out
 Equally violent, at first sight;
 And 't was the Hope I had to reconcile my self.

Orsa. It is a holy Magick that will make
 Of you and I but one. ———

Reg. Any thing that you wou'd ask me, sure I might

Orsa. Hark Gentlemen, she does consent, (grant.
 What wants there else?

Per. My Hopes grow cold, I have undone my self.

Prince. Nothing; we all will join in this;
 The long-liv'd Feud between the Families

Here

Here dies; this Day the Hymenæal
 Torches shall burn bright;
 So bright, that they shall dim the Light
 Of all that went before ———
 See *Sabrina* too. ———

Enter Sabrina.

Tam. Sir, I must have much of Pardon,
 Not for my self alone, but for all mine ———

Prince. Rise; had'st thou not deserv'd what now thou
 This Day shou'd know no Clouds. (su'ft for

[*Peridor kneels to Tamoren.*

Tam. Taught by the Prince's Mercy, I forgive too.

Sab. Frighted hither, Sir?

They told me you wou'd not accept the Prince's Mercy.

Sam. Art thou no further yet in thy Intelligence?

See, thy Brother lives ———

Sab. My Brother? ———

Tor. And 'tis the least of Wonders has fall'n out.

Orsa. Yes, such a one as you are, fair,

[*Reginella looks at Sabrina.*

And you shall be acquainted.

Sam. Oh cou'd your Hate, my Lords, now,
 Or your Love die.

Phi. Thy Merit has prevail'd with me.

Tor. And me.

Prince. And has almost with me.

Samorat, thou dost not doubt thy Mistress Constancy?

Sam. No, Sir.

Prince. Then I will beg of her,
 That 'till the Sun returns to visit us,
 She will not give away her self for ever.

Although my Hopes are faint,

Yet I wou'd have 'em Hopes:

And in such jolly Hours as now attend us,

I wou'd not be a desperate thing,

One made up wholly of Despair.

Sab. You that so freely gave me *Samorat's* Life,
 Which was in Danger,

Prince.

Most justly, justly may be suffer'd to attempt
Upon my Love, which is in none.

Prince. What says my noble Rival?

Sab. Sir, you are kind in this, and wisely do
Provide I shou'd not surfeit:

For here is Happiness enough besides to last the Sun's return.

Nas. You and I are but savers with all this, *Pellagrin*,
But by the Lord 'tis well we came off as we did,
All was at Stake —————

Prince. Come, no more Whispers here,
Let's in, and there unriddle to each other —————
For I have much to ask.

Orsa. A Life! a Friend! a Brother! and a Mistress!
Oh what a Day was here! gently my Joys distill,
Lest you shou'd break the Vessel you shou'd fill.

U

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

AND how, and how, in faith — a pretty Plot,
And smartly carry'd through too, was it not?
And the Devils, how, well; and the fighting,
Well too; — a Fool, and't had been just old Writing.
Oh what a Monster-Wit must that Man have,
That cou'd please all which now their twelve Pence gave:
High Characters (cries one) and he wou'd see
Things that ne'er were, nor are, nor ne'er will be.
Romances, cry easie Souls, and then they swear,
The Play's well writ, though scarce a good Line's there,
The Women — Oh if Stephen shou'd be kill'd!
Or miss the Lady, how the Plot is spill'd?
And into how many Pieces a poor Play
Is taken still before the second Day?
Like a strange Beauty newly come to Court;
And to say Truth, good faith 'tis all the Sport:
One will like all the ill Things in a Play,
Another, some o'th' good, but the wrong Way;
So from one poor Play there comes to arise
At several Tables several Comedies.
The Ill is only here, that't may fall out
In Plays as Faces; and who goes about
To take asunder oft destroys (we know)
What altogether made a pretty Shew.

BRENNORALT.

A

TRAGEDY.

Presented at the

PRIVATE-HOUSE

IN

BLACK-FRARS.

By His Majesty's Servants.

L O N D O N:

Printed in the YEAR, 1709.

Dramatis Personæ.

Sigismond, *King of Poland.*

Mieſſa
Melidor, } *Counſellors to the King.*
A Lord, }

Brennoralt, *a Discontent*

Doran, *his Friend.*

Villanor, }
Grainevert, } *Cavaliers and Officers under Brennoralt.*
Marinell, }
Stratheman.

Freſolin, *Brother to Francelia.*

Iphigene, *young Palatine of Florence.*

Palatine of Menſecke Governor, *one of the chief Rebels.*

Palatine of Tork, *a Rebel.*

Almerin, *a gallant Rebel.*

Morat, *his Lieutenant-Colonel.*

Francelia, *the Governor's Daughter.*

Orilla, *a waiting Woman to Francelia.*

Raguelin, *a Servant in the Governor's Houſe, but Spy to Brennoralt.*

Faylor, Guard, Soldiers.

SCENE POLAND.



BRENNORALT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Brennoralt and Doran.

Bren. **I** Say the Court is but a narrow Circuit;
Though something elevate above the common;
A kind of Ants Nest in the great wild Field,
O'er charg'd with Multitudes of quick Inhabi-
Who still are miserably busied to get in[tants,
What the loose Foot of Prodigality
As fast does throw abroad.

Dor. Good:
A most eternal Place of low Affronts,
And then as low Submissions.

Bren. Right.
High Cowards in Revenges 'mongst themselves,
And only valiant when they mischief others.

Dor. Stars, that wou'd have no Names,
But for the Ills they threaten in Conjunction.

Bren. A Race of shallow, and unskilful Pilots;
Which do misguide the Ship even in the Calm,
And in great Storms serve but as Weight to sink it.
More, prithee more. ————— [*Alarm within.*
'Tis Musick to my Melancholly.

Enter Soldier.

Sold. My Lord; a Cloud of Dust and Men
The Sentinels from the East Gate discover;
And as they guess, the Storms bends this way.

Bren. Let it be.

Sold. My Lord? ———

Bren. Let it be,

I will not fight to Day:

Bid *Stratheman* draw to the Trenches,

On, prithee on.

Dor. The King employs a Company of formal Beards,
Men, who have no other Proofs of their
Long Life, but that they are old.

Bren. Right; and if they're wise,

'Tis for themselves not others, ———

[*Alarum.*

As old Men ever are.

Enter second Soldier.

2 *Sold.* Colonel, Colonel,

The Enemy's at hand, kills all the Centries:

Young *Almerin* leads them on again.

Bren. Let him lead them off again.

2 *Sold.* Colonel ———

Bren. Be gone.

If thou'rt afraid, go hide thy self.

2 *Sold.* What a Devil ails he? ———

[*Exit.*

Bren. This *Almerin's* the Ague of the Camp:
He shakes it once a Day.

Dor. He's the ill Conscience rather:

He never lets it rest; wou'd I were at home again.

'Sfoot we lye here i'th' Trenches, as if it were

For a Wind to carry us into th'other

World: every Hour we expect ———

I'll no more on'r.

Bren. Prithee ———

Dor. Not I, by Heav'n.

Bren. What Man! the worst is but fair Death.

Dor. And what will that amount to? A fair Epitaph.

A fine Account ——— I'll home, I swear.

Enter Stratheman.

Stra. Arm, arm, my Lord,
And shew your self, all's lost else.

Dor. Why so?

Stra.

Stra. The Rebels, like an unruly Flood,
Rowl o'er the Trenches, and throw down
All before them.

Bren. Ha!

Stra. We cannot make a stand.

Bren. He wou'd out-rival me in Honour too,
As well as Love; but that he must not do.
Help me *Stratbeman* ——— [Puts on Armour.

The Danger now grows worthy of our Swords;
And, oh *Doran*! I wou'd to Heav'n there were
No other Storms than the worst Tempest here. [Exeunt.

Enter Marinell, throwing down one he carries.

Mar. There;

The Sun's the nearest Surgeon I know,
And the honestest; if thou recover'st, why so:
If not, the Cure's paid, they have mauld us.

Enter Grainevert, with another upon his Back.

Grain. A Curse light on this Powder;
It stays Valour e'er it's half way on its Journey:
What a Disadvantage fight we upon in this Age!
He that did well heretofore,
Had the broad fair Day to shew it in:
Witnesses enough; we must believe one another——

'Tis Night when we begin:
Eternal Smoak and Sulphur.
Smalky; by this Hand I can bear with thee
No longer; how now? dead, as I live;
Stol'n away just as he us'd to Wench.
Well, go thy ways, for a quiet Drinker and Dier,
I shall never know thy Fellow: [Searches his Pockets,
These Trifles too about thee?
There was never an honefter poor Wretch
Born, I think——look i'th' tother Pocket too——hum,
Marinell!

Mar. Who's that?

Grain. 'Tis I, how goes Matters?

Mar. Scurvily enough;

Yet since our Colonel came, they've got no Ground

Of us; a weak Sculler against Wind and Tide,
 Wou'd have done as much; hark:
 This way the Torrent bears. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Fresolin, Almerin, Rebels.

Fres. The Villains all have left us.

Alm. Wou'd they had left their Fears
 Behind them. But come, since we must —

Enter Brennoralt and Soldiers.

Bren. Ho! *Stratheman*;
 Skirt on the left Hand with the Horse,
 And get betwixt these and that Body;
 They're new rallied up for rescue.

Dor. They're ours. [*Brennoralt charges through.*]
 I do not see my Game yet. — [*Exeunt.*]

[*A shout within.*]

Enter Brennoralt, Doran, Stratheman and Marinell.

Bren. What Shout is that?

Stra. They have taken *Almerin*, my Lord.

Bren. *Almerin*! The Devil thank 'em for't:
 When I had hunted hard all Day,
 And now at length unherded the proud Deer,
 The Curs have snatch'd him up; found a Retreat;
 There's nothing now behind. Who saw *Doran*?

Stra. Shall we bring *Almerin* in?

Bren. No; gazing is low Triumph:
 Convey him fairly to the King,
 He fought it fairly. —

Dor. What Youth was that, whom you bestrid my Lord,
 And sav'd from all our Swords to Day?
 Was he not of the Enemy?

Bren. It may be so —

Stra. The Governor's Son, *Fresolin*, his Mistress Brother.

Bren. No matter who. 'Tis pity the rough Hand

[*In Doran's Ear.*]

Of War, shou'd early Courages destroy,
 Before they bud, and shew themselves i'th' heat
 Of Action. —

Mar. I threw, my Lord, a Youth upon a Bank;
 Which seeking after the Retreat I found Dead,

Dead, and a Woman, the pretty Daughter
Of the Forester; *Lucillia*.

Pren. See, see *Doran*; a sad Experiment:
Woman's the Cowardly'st and coldest thing
The World brings forth; yet Love, as Fire works Water,
Makes it boil o'er, and do things contrary
To its proper Nature ——— I shou'd shed a Tear,
Cou'd I tell how. ——— Ah poor *Lucilla*!
Thou didst for me what did as ill become thee.
Pray see her gently bury'd. ———

Boy, send the Surgeon to the Tent; I bleed:
What lowlie Cottages they've given our Souls?
Each petty Storm shakes them into Disorder;
And't costs more Pains to patch them up again,
Than they are worth by much. I'm weary of
The Tenement. ———

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Villanor, Grainevert, Marinell and Stratheman.

Gra. Villanor! welcome, welcome, whence cam'st thou?

Vil. Look, I wear the King's Highway still on my Boots.

Gra. A pretty riding Phrase! and how? and how?
Ladies cheap?

Vil. Faith, reasonable;
Those Toys were never dear, thou know'st;
A little time and Industry they'll cost;
But in good Faith not much: Some few there are
That set themselves at mighty Rates. ———

Gra. Which we o'th' Wise pass by,
As things o'er-valued in the Market.
Is't not so?

(marry'd,

Vil. You've said, Sir. Hark you, your Friend the Rival's
Has obtain'd the long lov'd Lady, and is such an Ass after't.

Gra. Hum.

'Tis ever so.

The Motions of marry'd People, are as of
Other Naturals; violent Gentlemen to the Place,
And calm in it.

Mar. We know this too; and yet we must be fooling.

Gra.

Gra. Faith, Women are the Baggage of Life:
They are troublesome, and hinder us
In the great March, and yet we cannot
Be without 'em.

Mar. You speak very well,
And Soldier like.

Gra. What? Thou art a Wit too, I warrant;
In our Absence?

Vil. Hum ——— no, no, a poor Pretender,
A Candidate or so, 'gainst the next Sessions:
Wit enough to laugh at you here.

Gra. Like enough; Valour's a Crime:
The Wise have still reproached unto the Valiant
And the Fools too.

Vil. Raillery a part, *Grainevert*;
What Accommodations shall we find here?

Gra. Clean Straw, Sweet-heart, and Meat
When thou canst get it.

Vil. Hum — Straw!

Gra. Yes.

That's all will be betwixt Incest:
You, and your Mother Earth must lye together.

Vil. Prithee let's be serious; will this last?
How goes Affairs?

Gra. Well.

Vil. But well?

Gra. Faith 'tis now upon the turning of the Ballance;
A most equal Business, betwixt Rebellion
And Loyalty.

Vil. What dost mean?

Gra. Why which shall be the Virtue, and which the Vice.

Vil. How the Devil can that be?

Gra. Oh! Success is a rare Paint; hides all the Uglinefs.

Vil. Prithee what's the Quarrel?

Gra. Nay, for that excuse us;

Ask the Children of Peace,
They have the Leisure to study it,
We know nothing of it; Liberty, they say.

Vil.

Vil. 'Sfoot, let the King make an Act,
That any Man may be unmarry'd again;
There's Liberty for them. A Race
Of half-witted Fellows quarrel about Freedom?
And all that while allow the Bonds of Matrimony?

Gra. You speak very well, Sir.

Enter King, Lords, and Brennoralt.

Mar. Soft, the King and Council.—

Gra. Look, they follow after like tired Spannels;
Quest sometimes for Company; that is concur:
And that's their Business.

Mar. They are as weary of this Sport
As a young Unthrif of's Land;
Any Bargain to be rid on't.

Vil. Can you blame them? —
Who's that?

Mar. *Brennoralt* our brave Colonel;
A Discontent; but, what of that? who is not?

Vil. His Face speaks him one.

Gra. Thou art i'th' right.
He looks still as if he were saying to
Fortune; Hufwife, go about your Business.
Come, let's retire to *Barathens* Tent,
Taste a Bottle, and speak bold Truths;
That's our way now. [*Exe. Manet King and Lords.*]

Mies. ——— Think not of Pardon, Sir,
Rigour and Mercy us'd in States uncertainly
And in ill times, look not like th' Effects
Of Virtue, but Necessity: Nor will
They thank your Goodness, but your Fears——

Mel. My Lords;
Revenge in Princes shou'd be still imperfect:
It is then handsomest, when the King comes to
Reduce, not Ruin——

Bren. Who puts but on the Face of punishing
And only gently cuts, but prunes Rebellion,
He makes that flourish which he wou'd destroy.
Who wou'd not be a Rebel, when the Hopes

Are

Are vast, the Fears but small?

Mel. Why, I wou'd not.

Nor you my Lord, nor you, nor any here.

Fear keeps low Spirits only in, the Brave

Do get above it, when they do resolve,

Such Punishments in fancy of War,

Make Men more desperate, not the more yielding.

The common People are a kind of Flies;

They're caught with Honey, not with Wormwood, Sir.

Severity exasperates the stir'd Humour;

And State Distempers turn into Diseases.

Bren. The Gods forbid, great *Poland's* State shou'd be

Such as it dares not take right Physick. Quarter

To Rebels, Sir? when you give that to them,

Give that to me, which they deserve. I wou'd

Not live to see it ———

3 Lord. Turn o'er your own, and other Chronicles,

And you shall find, great Sir,

“ That nothing makes a Civil War long liv'd,

“ But Ransom, [and returning back the Brands,

Which unextinct, kindled still fiercer Fires.

Mies. Mercy bestow'd on those that do dispute

With Swords, does lose the Angels Face it has,

And is not Mercy, Sir, but Policy;

With a weak Vizard on ———

King. ——— You've met my Thoughts

My Lords; nor will it need larger Debate.

To Morrow in the Sight of the besieged,

The Rebel dies; *Miesla*, 'tis your Care.

The Mercy of Heav'n may be offended so,

That it cannot forgive Mortals much more,

Which is not infinite, my Lords. [Exeunt.

Enter Iphigene and Almerin, as in Prison.

Iph. O *Almerin*; wou'd we had never known

The Ruffle of the World! But were again

By *Stolden* Banks, in happy Solitude;

When thou and I, Shepherd and Shepherdess

So oft by turns, as often still have wisht,

That

That we as easily cou'd have chang'd our Sex,
As Clothes; but, alas, all those innocent Joys,
Like glorious Mornings, are retir'd into
Dark sullen Clouds, before we knew to value
What we had.

Alm. Fame and Victory are light [To himself.
Huswives, that throw themselves into the Arms,
Not of the valiant, but the fortunate.
To be ta'en thus!

Iph. *Almerin.*

Alm. Nipt i'th' Bud of Honour!

Iph. My Lord.

Alm. Foil'd! and by the Man
That does pretend unto *Francelia*.

Iph. What is't you do, my *Almerin*; sit still?
And quarrel with the Winds, because there is
A Shipwrack towards, and never think of saving
The Bark!

Alm. The Bark? What shou'd we do with that
When the rich Freight is lost? My Name in Arms?

Iph. ——— Who knows
What Prizes are behind, if you attend
And wait a second Voyage?

Alm. Never, never,
There are no second Voyages in this,
The Wounds of Honour do admit no Cure.

Iph. Those slight ones which Misfortune gives must needs,
Else why shou'd Mortals value it at all?
For who wou'd toil to treasure up a Wealth,
Which weak Inconstancy did keep, or might
Dispose of —

Enter Melidor.

Oh my Lord, what News?

Mel. As ill as your own Fears could give you;
The Council has decreed him sudden Death,
And all the Ways to Mercy are blockt up.

[She weeps and sighs.

Alm. My *Iphigene* —

This was a mis-becoming Piece of Love:

Women wou'd manage a Disaster better —

[*Iphigene weeps and sighs again.*

Again thou art unkind —

Thy Goodness is so great, it makes thee faulty:

For while thou think'st to take the Trouble from me,

Thou givest me more by giving me thine too.

Iph. Alas! I am indeed a useless Trifle;

A dull, dull thing: For cou'd I now do any thing

But grieve and pity, I might help: My Thoughts

Labour to find a Way; but like to Birds

In Cages, though they never rest, they are

But where they did set out at first —

Enter Faylor.

Fai. My Lords your Pardon:

The Prisoner must retire;

I have receiv'd an Order from the King,

Denies access to any.

Iph. — He cannot be

So great a Tyrant

Alm. I thank him; nor can

He use me ill enough: I only grieve

That I must die in Debt; a Bankrupt; such

Thy Love hath made me: My dear *Iphigene*

Farewel; it is no time for Ceremony.

Shew me the way, I must — [Exit.

Iph. Grief strove with such Disorder to get out,

It stopt the Passage, and sent back my Words

That were already on the Place —

Mel. Stay, there is yet a way.

Iph. O speak it.

Mel. But there is Danger in't, *Iphigene*,
To thee high Danger.

Iph. Fright Children in the Dark with that, and let
Me know it: There is no such thing in Nature,
If *Almerin* be lost.

Mel.

Mel. Thus then; you must be taken Prisoner too,
And by exchange save *Almerin*.

Iph How can that be?

Mel. Why —

Step in, and pray him set his Hand, about [To the Jailor.]
This Distance; his Seal too —

Fai. My Lord, I know not what this is.

Mel. Setling of Mony — Business, Fool, betwixt us.

Fai. If't be no more — [Exit.]

Mel. Tell him that *Iphigene* and I desire it:
I'll send by *Strathocles* his Servant,
A Letter to *Morat*, thus sign'd and seal'd,
That shall inform the sudden Execution;
Command him, as the only Means
To save his Life, to fall out this Night
Upon the Quarters, and endeavour Prisoners.
Name you as most secure and flightest guarded,
Best Pledge of Safety; but charge him,
That he kill not any, if it be avoidable;
Lest't shou'd inrage the King yet more,
And make his Death more certain.

Enter Jailor with the Writing.

Fai. He understands you not
He says; but he has sent it.

Mel. So —

Iph. But shou'd *Morat* mistrust now?
Or this miscarry?

Mel. — Come?

Leave it to me; I'll take the Pilots Part;
And reach the Port, or perish in the Art. [Exeunt.]

A C T

A C T II. S C E N E I

Enter Almerin in Prison.

Alm. SLEEP is as nice as Woman;
 The more I court it, the more it flies me;
 Thy elder Brother will be kinder yet,
 Unsent for Death will come — to Morrow —
 Well — what can to Morrow do —
 'Twill cure the Sense of Honour lost —
 I and my Discontents shall rest together;
 What Hurt is there in this?
 But Death against the Will,
 Is but a slovenly kind of Potion;
 And through prescrib'd by Heav'n,
 It goes against Mens Stomachs:
 So does it at fourscore too; when the Soul's
 Mew'd up in narrow Darkness,
 Neither sees nor hears, — pish, 'tis meer Fondness in our
 A certain clownish Cowardise, that still (Nature,
 Wou'd stay at home, and dares not venture
 Into foreign Countries, though better than
 It's own, — ha, what Countries? for we receive
 Descriptions of the other World from our Divines,
 As blind Men take Relation of this from us:
 My Thoughts lead me into the Dark,
 And there they leave me, I'll no more on't.
 Within, [Knocks, Enter.
 Some Paper and a Light, I'll write to the King:
 Desire him, and provoke a quick dispatch.
 I wou'd not hold this lingring doubtful State
 So long again, for all that Hope can give.

Enter three of the Guard, with Paper and Ink.

That Sword does tempt me strangely — [Writing.
 Wer't in my Hands, 'twere worth the other two.
 But then the Guard, — it sleeps or drinks; may be

To

To contrive it so that if I shou'd not pass, ———
 Why if I fall in't,
 'Tis better yet than Pageantry;
 A Scaffold and Spectators;

[One of the Guards peeps over his Shoulder.

More Soldier like.

Uncivil Villain, read my Letter? [Seizes his Sword.

1 Guard. Not I, not I, my Lord.

Alm. Deny it too?

Guard. Murder, Murder.

Guard. Arm, arm ——— [The Guard runs out.

Alm. I'll follow;

Give the Alarum with them,

'Tis least suspicious ——— Arm, arm, arm.

All. The Enemy, the Enemy ———

Enter Soldiers running over the Stage, one throwing away
 his Arms.

Sold. Let them come,

Let them come.

Let them come. ———

Enter Almerin.

Alm. I hear fresh Noise,

The Camp's in great Disorder; where am I now?

'Tis strangely dark ——— Goddess without Eyes

Be thou my Guide, for ——— Blindness and Sight

Are equal Sense, of equal use, this Night.

Enter Grainevert, Stratheman, Villanor and Marinell.

Grain. Trouble not thy self, Child of Discontent:

'Twill take no hurt I warrant thee;

The State is but a little Drunk,

And when 'thas spu'd up that, that made it so,

'Twill be well again, there's my Opinion in short.

Mar. Th'art i'the right.

The State's a pretty forehanded State,

And will do reason hereafter.

Let's Drink, and talk no more on't.

All. ——— A good Motion, a good Motion,

Let's drink.

Vil. Ay, ay, let's drink again.

Stra. Come, to a Mistress.

Grain. Agreed.

Name, name.

Vil. Any Body. ——— *Vermillia.*

Grain. Away with it.

She's pretty to walk with:

And witty to talk with:

And pleasant too to think on.

But the best use of all,

Is, her Health, is a stale,

And helps us to make us drink on.

Stra. Excellent.

Gentlemen, if you say the Word,

We'll vant Credit, and affect high Pleasure.

Shall we?

Vil. Ay, ay, let's do that.

Stra. What think ye of the Sacrifice now?

Mar. Come we'll ha't, — for trickling Tears are vain.

Vil. The Sacrifice? what's that?

Stra. Child of Ignorance, 'tis a Camp Health.

An *A——la ——mode* one. *Grainevert* begin it.

Grain. Come give it me.

Let me see ———

[*Pins up a Rose.*

Which of them this Rose will serve.

Hum, hum, hum.

Bright Star o'the lower Orb, twinkling Inviter,

Which drawest (as well as Eyes) but set'st Men righter;

For who at thee begins, comes to the Place,

Sooner than he that sets out at the Face:

Eyes are seducing Lights, that the good Women know,

And hang out these a nearer way to show.

Mar. Fine, and pathological:

Come *Villanor.*

Vil. What's the Matter?

Mar. Come, your Liquor, and your Stanza's.

Lines, Lines.

Vil.

Vil. Of what?

Mar. Why, of any thing your Mistress has given you.

Vil. Gentlemen, she never gave me any thing, but a box O'th' Ear, for offering to kiss her once.

Stra. Of that Box then.

Mar. Ay, ay, that Box, of that Box.

Vil. Since it must be.

Give me the Poison then——— [Drinks and spits.

THAT Box, fair Mistress, which thou gav'st to me,
In human Guests, is like to cost me three:

Three Cups of Wine, and Verses six,
The Wine will down, but Verse for Rhime still sticks.
By which you all may easily Gentiles know,
I am a better Drinker than a Po——

Enter Doran.

Mar. Doran, Doran.

Gra. A Hall, a Hall,
To welcome our Friend,
For some Liquor call,
A new or fresh Face,
Must not alter our Pace,
But make us still drink the quicker.

Wine, Wine, ob 'tis Divine
Come fill it unto our Brother:
What's at the Tongues end,
It forth does send,
And will not a Syllable smother.

Then,
It unlocks the Breast
And throws out the rest,
And learns us to know each other;
Wine,———Wine.

Dor. Mad Lads, have you been here ever since?

Stra. Yes faith, thou see'st the worst of us.

We——debauch——in Discipline:

Four and twenty Hours is the time.

Barruthen had the Watch to Night,
To Morrow 'twill be at my Tent.

Dor. Good,
And d'you know what has fall'n out to Night?

Stra. Yes,
Grainevert, and my Lieutenant-Colonel ———
But they are Friends again.

Dor. Pish, pish — the young *Palatine of Plocence*,
And his grave Guardian surpriz'd to Night,
Carry'd by the Enemy out of his Quarters.

Grain. As a Chicken by a Kite out of a backside,
Was't not so?

Dor. Is that all?

Grain. Yes.
My Colonel did not love him;
He eats Sweetmeats upon a March too.

Dor. Well, hark ye;
Worse yet; *Almerin's* gone:
Forc'd the Court of Guard where he was Prisoner,
And has made an Escape.

Grain. So pale and spiritless a Wretch,
Drew *Priam's* Curtain in the dead of Night,
And told him half his *Troy* was burnt —
He was of my Mind, I wou'd' have done so my self

Dor. Well,
There's high Suspicions abroad:
Ye shall see strange Discoveries
I'the Council of War.

Grain. What Council?

Dor. One call'd this Morning.
Y'are all sent to.

Grain. I will put on clean Linnen, and speak wisely.

Vil. 'Sfoot we'll have a Round first.

Grain. By all means, Sir.

*Come let the State stay,
And drink away,
There is no Business above it:*

[Sings.]

*It warms the cold Brain,
Makes us speak in high Strain,
He's a Fool that does not approve it.*

*The Macedone Youth
Left behind him this Truth,
That nothing is done with much thinking;
He drunk, and he fought,
'Till he had what he sought,*

The World was his own by good drinking. [Exeunt.

*Enter General of the Rebels, Palatine of Trocke, Palatine
of Menfেকে, Francelia, Almerin, Morat and Iphigene.*

Gen. As your Friend, my Lord, he has the Privilege of ours,
And may enjoy a Liberty we wou'd deny
To Enemies.

Alm. I thank your Excellence; oh *Iphigene*,
He does not know,
That thou the nobler Part of Friendship hold'st,
And dost oblige, whilst I can but acknowledge.

Men. Opportunity to Statesmen, is as the just degree
Of Heat to Chymists ——— it perfects all the Work,
And in this Prisoner 'tis offer'd.

We now are there, where Men shou'd still begin;
To treat upon Advantage.

*The Palatine of Trocke, and Menfেকে,
With Almerin, shall to the King;*

*Petitions shall be drawn,
Humble in Form, but such for matter,
As the bold Macedonian Youth wou'd send
To Men he did despise for Luxury.*

*The first begets Opinion of the World,
Which looks not far, but on the outside dwells:*

*Th'other inforces Courage in our own,
For bold demands must boldly be maintain'd.*

Trock. Let all go on still in the publick Name,
But keep an Ear open to particular Offers:

Liberty and publick good are like great Oleos,

Must have the upper end still of our Tables,
Though they are but for shew.

Fran. Wou'd I had ne'er seen this Shape, 'thas Poison in't,
Yet where dwells Good, if Ill inhabits there?

Men. ——— Press much Religion.

For though we dress the Scruples for the Multitude,
And for our selves reserve the Advantages,
(It being much Pretext) yet is it necessary;
For things of Faith are so abstruse, and nice,
They will admit dispute eternally:

So howsoe'er other Demands appear,
These never can be prov'd unreasonable;
The Subject being of so fine a Nature,
It not submits it self to Sense, but scapes
The Trials which conclude all common Doubts.

Fran. My Lord, you use me as ill Painters paint,
Who while they labour to make Faces fair,
Neglect to make them like.

Iph. Madam, there is no Shipwrack of your
Virtues near, that you shou'd throw away
Any of all your Excellencies,
To save the dearest Modesty.

Gen. If they proceed with us, we can retreat unto
Our Expositions, and the Peoples Votes.
If they refuse us wholly, then we plead,
The King's besieg'd, blockt up so straightly
By some few, Relief can find no way
To enter to the King, or to get out to us.
Exclaim against it loud,
'Till the *Polonians* think it high Injustice,
And wish us better yet.

Then easily do we rise unto our Ends,
And will become their Envy through their Pity.
At worst you may confirm our Party there:
Increase it too: There is one *Brennoralt*,
Men call him Gallant, but a Discontent;
My Cousin the King hath us'd him ill.
Him a handsome Whisper will draw,

The Afternoon shall perfect
What we have loosely now resolv'd. —

Iph. If in Discourse of Beauty?
(So large an Empire) I do wander,
It will become your Goodness, Madam,
To set me right;
And in a Country where you your self is Queen,
Not suffer Strangers lose themselves.

Gen. What, making Revenges, *Palatine*?
And taking Prisoners fair Ladies Hearts?

Iph. Yes, my Lord,
And have no better Fortune in this War,
Than in the other; for while I think to take,
I am surpriz'd my self.

Fran. Dissembler, wou'd thou wert.

Men. You are a Courtier, my Lord;
The *Palatine* of *Plocence*, *Almerin*,
Will grace the *Hymeneals*;
And that they may be while he stays here,
I'll court my Lord in Absence;
Take off for you the little Strangeness
Virgins wear at first — [*Iphigene swoons.*
Look to the *Palatine*.

Mer. How is't, my dearest *Iphigene*?

Iph. Not well, I wou'd retire.

Gen. A Qualm.

Lord. His Colour stole away; sank down,
As Water in a Weather-glass
Prest by a warm Hand.

Enter a Trumpet blinded.

Men. A Cordial of kind Looks —
From the King.

Mor. Let's withdraw,
And hear him. — [*Exit.*

Enter Brennoralt, Doran and Raguelin.

Dor. Yes, to be marry'd;
What are you mute now?

Bren. Thou cam'st too hastily upon me, put't

So close the Colours to mine Eye, I could
Not see. It is impossible.

Dor. Impossible?

*If't were impossible, it shou'd be otherwise,
What can you imagine there of Constancy?
Where 'tis so much their Nature to love Change,
That when they say but what they are,
They excuse themselves for what they do.*

Bren. She hardly knows him yet, in such an Instant

Dor. Oh you know not how Fire flies.
When it does catch light Matter Woman.

Bren. No more of that; she is
Yet the most precious thing in all my Thoughts,
If it be so ——— [Studies,
I am a lost thing in the Word, *Doran.*

Dor. How?

Bren. Thou wilt in vain persuade me to be other.
Life, which to others is a Good that they
Enjoy, to me will be an Evil, I
Shall suffer in ———

Dor. Look on another Face, that's present Remedy.

Bren. How ill thou dost conclude?
'Cause there are pestilent Airs, which kill Men suddenly
In Health, must there be Sovereign as suddenly
To cure in Sicknes? 'tnever was in Nature.

[Exit, and enters again hastily.

Bren. I was a Fool to think, Death only kept
The Doors of ill-pay'd Love, when or Disdain,
Or Spite cou'd let me out as well ———

Dor. Right; were I as you,
It shou'd no more trouble me
To free my self of Love,
Than to spit out that which made me sick.

Bren. I'll tell her so; that she may laugh at me,
As at a Prisoner threatning his Guard,
He will break loose, and so is made the faster.
She hath Charms.

[Studies.
Doran

Doran can fetch in a rebellious Heart,
Even while it is conspiring Liberty.

——— Oh she hath all
The Virtues of her Sex, and not the Vices,
Chaste and unfully'd, as first opening Lillies,
Or untouch'd Buds———

Dor. Chaste? Why do you honour me,
Because I throw my self not off a Precipice?
'Tis her Ruin to be otherwise;
Though we blame those that kill themselves, my Lord,
We praise not him that keeps himself alive,
And deserves nothing.

Bren. And 'tis the least.
She does triumph, when she does but appear:
I have as many Rivals as Beholders.

Dor. All that increases but our Jealousies;
If you have now such Qualms for that you have not,
What will you have for that you shall possess?

Bren.——— Dull Heretick;
Know I have these, because I have not he:
When I have her, I shall have these no more.
Her Fancy now, her Virtue then will govern:
And as I us'd to watch with doubtful Eye,
The wavering Needle in the best Sun-Dial,
'Till it has settled, then the Trouble's o'er,
Because I know when it is fix'd, it's true:
So here my Doubts are all afore me. Sure,
Doran, crown'd Conquerors are but the Types
Of Lovers, which enjoy, and really
Possess, what the other have in Dreams. I'll send
A Challenge to him.———

Dor. Do, and be thought a Madman.
To what Purpose?
If she Love him she will but hate you more.
Lovers in Favour, *Brennoralt*, are Gamesters
In good Fortune; the more you set them,
The more they get.

Bren.

Bren. I'll see her then this Night, by Heav'n I will.

Dor. Where? in the Cittadel?

Bren. Know what, and why —

Dor. He raves. *Brennoralt!*

Bren. Let me alone —

I conjure thee, by the Discretion

Left betwixt us, (that's thine,

For mine's devour'd by Injuries of Fortune,)

Leave me to my self.

Dor. I have done.

Bren. Is there such a Passage

As thou hast told me of, into the Castle?

Rag. There is, my Lord.

Bren. And dar'st thou let me in?

Rag. If you, my Lord, will venture.

Bren. There are no Centries near it.

Rag. None.

Bren. How to the Chamber afterward?

Rag. Her Woman.

Bren. What's she?

Rag. A Wicket to my Lady's Secrets,

One that stands up to Marriage with me.

Bren. There — upon thy Life be secret —

[*Flings a Purse.*

Rag. Else — all Punishment to Ingratitude. —

Bren. Enough.

I am a Storm within 'till I am there.

Oh *Doran!*

That that, which is so pleasant to behold,

Shou'd be such Pain within!

Dor. Poor *Brennoralt!*

Thou art the Martyr of a thousand Tyrants:

Love, Honour and Ambition reign by turns,

And shew their Power upon thee.

Bren. Why, let them: I'm still *Brennoralt*: "Even Kings

"Themselves, are by their Servants rul'd sometimes;

"Let their own Slaves govern them at odd Hours:

"Yet not subject their Persons or their Powers.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Iphigene, as in a Garden.

Iph. **W**HAT have I got by changing Place?
 But as a Wretch which ventures to the Wars,
 Seeking the Misery with Pain abroad,
 He found, but wisely thought h'had left at home.
 Fortune, thou hast no Tyranny beyond
 This Usage. — [Weeps.
 Wou'd I had never hop'd
 Or had betimes despair'd, let never in
 The gentle Thief, or kept him but a Guest,
 Not made him Lord of all.
 Tempests of Wind thus (as my Storms of Grief
 Carry my Tears which shou'd relieve my Heart)
 Have hurry'd to the thankless Ocean Clouds
 And Shores, that needed not at all the Curtesie,
 When the poor Plains have languish'd for the Want,
 And almost burnt asunder. —
 I'll have this Statue's Place, and undertake
 At my own Charge to keep the Water full. — [Lyes down.

Enter Francelia.

Fran. These fond Impressions grow too strong upon me,
 They were at first without Design or End;
 Like the first Elements, that know not what
 And why they act, and yet produce strange things;
 Poor innocent Desires, journeying they know
 Not whether; but now they promise to themselves
 Strange things, grow insolent, threaten no rest
 'Till they be satisfy'd.
 What difference was between these Lords?
 The one made Love, as if he by Assault
 Wou'd take my Heart, so forc'd it to defence;
 While t'other blew it up with secret Mines,
 And left no Place for it, here he is. —

Tears

Tears steal too from his Eyes,
 As if not daring to be known
 To pass that way: Make it good, cunning Grief,
 Thou know'st thou cou'dst not dress thy self
 In any other Looks, to make thee lovely.

Ipb. Francelia?

[*Spies Francelia.*

If through the Ignorance of Places,
 I have intruded on your Privacies,
 Found out forbidden Paths; 'tis fit your Pardon, Madam:
 For 'tis my Melancholly, not I, offends.

Fran. So great a Melancholly wou'd well become
 Mischances, such as time cou'd not repair:
 Those of the War are but the petty Cures
 Of every coming Hour. —

Ipb. Why shou'd I not tell her all? since 'tis in her
 To save my Life: Who knows but she may be
 Gallant so far, as to undo her self
 To make another happy? — Madam,
 The Accidents of War contribute least
 To my sad Thoughts, (if any such I have,)
 — Imprisonment can never be —
 Where the Place holds what we must love, and yet —

Fran. My Lord?

Ipb. In this Imprisonment —

Fran. Proceed, my Lord.

Ipb. I dare not, Madam.

Fran. I see I do disturb you, and enter upon Secrets —
 Which when I know, I cannot serve you in them.

Ipb. Oh most of any,
 You are the cause of all.

Fran. I, my Lord?

Ipb. You, Madam — you alone.

Fran. Alas! that 'tis too soon to understand.

Ipb. Must not you marry *Almerin*?

Fran. They tell me 'tis design'd.

Ipb. If he have you, I am for ever lost.

Fran. — Lost?

The Heav'ns forbid they shou'd design so ill!

Or when they shall, that I should be the Cause.

Iph. Ha! her Eyes are strangely kind
She prompts me excellently.

Stars be propitious, and I am safe.

—A way I not expected.

Fran. His passion labours for vent.

Iph. Is there a Hope you will not give your self
To *Almerin*?

Fran. My Lord, this Air is common,
The Walks within are pleasanter. —

[*Exit.*

Iph. —Invitation!

God of Desires, be kind, and fill me now
With Language; such thou lend'st thy Favourites,
When thou wouldst give them easie Victories,
And I forgive thee all thy Cruelties. —

[*Exit after.*

*Enter Palatine of Trocke, Menfেকে, Almerin, Brennoralt
and Lords.*

Men. — Consider too, that those
Who are necessitated to use Violence
Have first been violent by necessity.

Trock. — But still you judge not right
Of the Prerogative; “For oft it stands
“With Power and Law, as with our Faith and Reason;
“It is not all against, that is above, my Lord.

2 Lord. You *Lithuanians* had of all least Reason;
For wou'd the King be unjust to you, he cannot:
Where there's so little to be had. —

Alm. Where there is least, there's Liberty, my Lord;
And 'tis more Injury to pull Hairs
From the bald, than from the bushy Heads.

[*They go off talking.*

Trock, Brennoralt — a Word. [Pulling *Brennoralt*.
My Lord the World hath cast its Eye upon you,
And mark'd you out one of the foremost Men:
You've busie Fame the earliest of any,
And send her still on Errands.
Much of the Bravery of your Nation,

Has

Has taken up its Lodging in you.

And gallant Men but copy from you.

Bren. 'Tis goodly Language this, what wou'd it mean?

Trock. The *Lithuanians* wish you well, and wonder so much desert shou'd be so ill rewarded.

Bren. Good.

Trock. While all the Gifts the Crown was Mistress of,
Are plac'd upon the empty —

Bren. Still I take you not.

Trock. Then to be plain; our Army wou'd be proud of
Pay the neglected Scores of Merit double. (you:

All that you hold here of Command, and what

Your Fortune in this *Sigismund* has suffer'd;

Repair, and make it fairer than at first.

Bren. How?

Then nothing, Lord; Trifle below ill Language:

How came it in thy Heart to tempt my Honour?

Trock. My Lord?

Bren. Dost think, 'cause I am angry

With the King and State sometimes,

I am fallen out with Virtue, and my self?

Draw, draw, or by Goodness —

Trock. What means your Lordship?

Bren. Draw, I say.

— He that wou'd think me a Villain, is one;

Enter King, Lords, Melidor and Miesla.

And I do wear this Toy, to purge the World

Of such. They've sav'd thee: wert thou good natur'd

Thou wou'dst love the King the better during Life.

King. If they be just, they call for gracious Answers:
Speedy, (how-e'er) we promise [They kiss the King's Hand.

All. Long live great *Sigismund*.

Bren. — The *Lithuanians*, Sir,

Are of the wilder sort of Creatures, must

Be rid with Cavons, and with harsh Curbs.

And since the War can only make them tride,

What can be used but Swords? where Men have fall'n

From not respecting Royalty, unto

A Liberty of offending it. What though
 Their Numbers (possibly) equal yours, Sir?
 And now forc'd by necessity, like Cats
 In narrow Rooms, they fly up in your Face?
 Think you Rebellion and Loyalty
 Are empty Names? and that in Subjects Hearts
 They don't both give and take away the Courage?
 Shall we believe there is no difference
 In good and bad? that there's no Punishment,
 Or no Protection? Forbid it Heav'n!
 If when great *Poland's* Honour, Safety too,
 Hangs in Dispute, we shou'd not draw our Swords,
 Why were we ever taught to wear 'em, Sir?

Mie. This late Commotion in your Kingdom, Sir,
 Is like a growing Wen upon the Face,
 Which as we cannot look on but with trouble,
 So take't away we cannot but with Danger
 War there hath foulest Face, and I most fear it
 Where the Pretence is fairest. Religion
 And Liberty, most specious Names, they urge;
 Which like the Bills of subtle Mountebanks,
 Fill'd with great Promises of curing all,
 — Though by the wise,
 Pass'd by unread as common Cozenage,
 Yet by th'unknowing Multitude they're still
 Admir'd and flock't unto. —

King. Is there no way
 To disabuse them?

Melid. All is now too late.
 “The Vulgar in Religion are like
 “Unknown Lands; those that first possess them have them.
 Then, Sir, consider justness of Cause is nothing:
 When things are risen to the point they are;
 'Tis either not examin'd or believ'd
 Among the Warlike —
 The better Cause the *Grecians* had of *Tore*,
 Yet were the Gods themselves divided in't;
 And the foul Ravisher found as good Protection
 As the much injur'd Husband. —

Nor

Nor are you, Sir, assur'd of all behind you:
 For though your Person in your Subjects Hearts
 Stands highly honour'd, and belov'd, yet are
 There certain Acts of State, which Men call Grievances
 Abroad; and though they bear them in the times
 Of Peace, yet will they now perchance, seek to
 Be free, and throw them off. "For know, dread Sir,
 "The common People are much like the Sea,
 "That suffers things to fall and sink unto
 "The Bottom in a Calm, which in a Storm
 "Stir'd and inrag'd, it lifts, and does keep up.
 Then; Time distempers cures more safely, Sir,
 Than Physick does, or instant letting Blood:
 Religion now is a young Mistress there,
 For which each Man will fight, and die at least;
 Let it alone a while, and 'twill become
 A kind of marry'd wife: People will be
 Content to live with it in Quietness.
 (If that at least may be) my Voice is therefore, Sir,
 For Peace. —

Mie. Were, Sir, the Question simply War or Peace,
 It were no more than shortly to be ask'd,
 Whether we wou'd be well or ill:
 Since War the Sicknes of the Kingdom is,
 And Peace the Health: But here I do conceive
 'Twill rather lye, whether we had not better
 Endure sharp Sicknes for a time, to enjoy
 A perfect Strength, than have it languish on us:
 For Peace and War in an incestuous Line,
 Have still begot each other. —
 Those Men that highly now have broke all Laws
 (The great one only 'tis 'twixt Man and Man)
 What Safety can they promise, though you give it?
 Will they not still suspect, and justly too,
 That all those civil bonds, new made, shou'd be
 Broken again to them; so being still
 In Fears and Jealousies themselves, they must
 Infect the People: "For in such a case

"The

“ The private Safety is the publick Trouble.
Nor will they ever want Pretext; “ Since he
“ That will maintain it with his Sword he’s injur’d,
“ May say’t at any time ———

Then, Sir, as terrible as War appears,
My Vote is for’t; nor shall I ever care
How ugly my Phyfician’s Face fhall be,
So he can do the Cure.

Lord. In entring Phyfick,
I think, Sir, none fo much confiders
The Doctor’s Face as his own Body.
To keep on foot the War with all your Wants,
Is to let Blood, and take ftrong Potions
In dangerous Sicknefs.

King. I fee and wonder not to find, my Lords,
This Difference in Opinion; the Subject’s large:
Nor can we there too much difpute, where, when
We err, ’tis at a Kingdom’s Charges; Peace
And War are in themfelves indifferent,
And time doth ftamp them either good or bad:
But here the Place is much confiderable;
“ War in our own is like to too much Heat
“ Within it makes the Body fick; when in
“ Another Country, ’tis but exercife;
Conveys that Heat abroad, and gives it Health.
To that I bend my Thoughts; but leave it to
Our greater Council, which we now afsemble;
Mean time exchange of Pris’ners only we
Affent unto ———

Lord. Nothing of Truce, Sir?

King. No; we’ll not take up
Quiet at Intereft: Perfect Peace, or nothing.
“ Ceffations for fhort times in War, are like
“ Small Fits of Health, in desp’rate Maladies:
“ Which while the infant Pain feems to abate,
“ Flatters into Debauch and worfe Eftate. — [Exeunt.

Enter Iphigene as leading to her Chamber, Francelia, Servants with Lights, Morat and another Soldier.

Iph. I have not left my self a fair Retreat,
And must be now the blest Object
Of your Love, or Subject of your Scorn.

Fran. I fear some Treachery;
And that mine Eyes have given intelligence,
Unless you knew there wou'd be weak Defence,
You durst not think of taking in a Heart,
As soon as you set down before it.

Iph. Condemn my Love not of such fond Ambition,
It aims not at a Conquest,
But exchange, *Francelia* ——— [Whisper.

Mor. They're very great in this short time.

Sold. 'Tis ever so:
Young and handsome
Have made Acquaintances in Nature:
So when they meet, they have the less to do.
It is for Age or Ugliness to make approaches,
And keep a Distance.

Iph. When I shall see other Perfection,
Which at the best will be but other Vanity,
Not more, I shall not love it ———

Fran. 'Tis still one Step not to despair, my Lord.

[*Exeunt Iphigene, Francelia, and Servants.*

Mor. Do'st think he will fight?

Sold. Troth it may be not:
Nature in those fine Pieces, does as Painters;
Hangs out a pleasant Excellence
That takes the Eye, which is indeed,
But a coarse Canvas in the naked Truth,
Or some slight Stuff.

Mor. I have a great Mind to taste him.

Sold. Fie! a Prisoner?

Mor. By this Hand if I thought

Enter Iphigene, a Waiting-woman coming after him.
He courted my Colonel's Mistress in earnest.

Wom.

Wom. My Lord, my Lord,
My Lady thinks the Gessemine Walks
Will be the finer, the Freshness
Of the Morning takes off the Strength
O'th' heat, she says.

Ipb. 'Tis well.

Mor. Mewe ——— do it so? I suspect vildly,
We'll follow him, and see if he be
So far qualify'd towards a Soldier,
As to drink a Crath in's Chamber ———

[*Raguelin pulls the Waiting-Woman back.*]

Rag. Where are those Keys?

Wom. Hark you, I dare not do it.

Rag. How?

Wom. My Lady will find ———

Rag. Scruples?

Are my Hopes become your Fears?
There was no other way I shou'd be any thing
In this lewd World ——— and now ———

'Sfoot, I know she longs to see him too.

Wom. Does she?

Rag. Do you think he wou'd desire it else?

Wom. Ay, but ———

Rag. Why, let me secure it all.
I'll say I found the Keys, or stole them: Come--

Wom. Well, if you ruin all now ———
Here, these enter the Garden from the Works,
That the Privy-Walks, and that the back Stairs,
Then you know my Chamber. ———

Rag. Yes, I know your Chamber. ———

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Brennoralt.

Bren. He comes not.

One wise Thought more, and I return:
I cannot in this Act separate the foolish
From the bold so far, but still it tastes a'th' rash.
Why let it taste, it tastes of Love too;
And to all Actions 'tgives a pretty Relish that.

*Enter Raguelin.**Rag.* My Lord?*Bren.* Oh ——— here.*Rag.* 'Sfoot you're upon our Centries.
Move on this Hand. ———[*Exeunt.*]*Enter again Brennoralt and Raguelin.**Bren.* Where are we now?*Rag.* Entering part of the Fort,
Your Lordship must be wet a little. —[*Exeunt.*]*Enter again.**Bren.* Why are there here no Guards?*Rag.* There needs none:
You presently must pass a Place,
Where one's an Army in defence,
It is so steep and strait.*Bren.* 'Tis well.*Rag.* These are the Steps of Danger;
Look to your way, my Lord.*Bren.* I do not find such Difficulty![*Francelia as in a Bed.*]*Bren.* Wait me hereabouts — [He draws the Curtains.
So Misers look upon their Gold.Which while they joy to see, they fear to lose,
The Pleasure of the Sight scarce equalling
The Jealousie of being dispossest by others;
Her Face is like the milky way i'th' Sky,
A meeting of gentle Lights without Name.Heav'ns! shall this fresh Ornament
Of the World; this precious Love-Lines
Pass with other common things
Amongst the Wastes of time, what Pity 'twere. [She wakes.*Fran.* Bless me!Is it a Vision, or *Brennoralt*?*Bren.* *Brennoralt*, Lady.*Fran.* *Brennoralt*? Innocence guard me;
What is't you have done, my Lord?*Bren.* Alas I were in too good Estate,
If I knew what I did.

But why ask you, Madam?

Fran. It much amazes me to think
How you came hither.
And what cou'd bring you to endanger thus
My Honour, and your own Life?
Nothing but saving of my Brother
Cou'd make me now preserve you.

Bren. Reproach me not the Follies, you your self
Make me commit —

I am reduc'd to such Extremity,
That Love himself (high Tyrant as he is)
If he cou'd see, wou'd pity me.

Fran. I understand you not.

Bren. Wou'd Heav'n you did, for't is a Pain to tell you:
I come t'accuse you of Injustice, Madam,
You first begot my Passion, and was
Content (at least you seem'd so) it shou'd live;
Yet since wou'd ne'er contribute unto it,
Not look upon't, as if you had desired
Its being for no other end, but for
The Pleasure of its Ruin —

Fran. Why do you labour thus to make me guilty of
An Injury to you, which when it is one,
All Mankind is alike engag'd, and must
Have Quarrel to me?

Bren. I have done ill; you chide me justly, Madam.
I'll lay't not on you, but on my wretched self.
For I am taught that Heav'nly Bodies
Are not malicious in their Influence,
But by the Disposition of the Subject.
They tell me you must marry *Almerin*:
Sure such Excellence ought to be
The Recompence of Virtue,
Not the Sacrifice of Parents Wisdom;
Shou'd it not, Madam?

Fran. 'Twou'd injure me, were it thought otherwise.

Bren. And shall he have you then that knew you yesterday?
Is there in Martyrdom no juster way?

But he that holds a Finger in the Fire
A little time, shou'd have the Crown from them
That have endur'd the Flame with Constancy?

Fran. If the Discovery will ease your Thoughts
My Lord; know, *Almerin* is as the Man
I never saw.

Bren. You do not marry then?
Condemn'd Men thus hear, and thus receive
Reprieves. One Question more and I am gone,
Is there to Latitude of Eternity
A hope for *Brennoralt*?

Fran. My Lord?

Bren. Have I a Place at all,
When you do think of Men?

Fran. My Lord, a high one,
I must be singular did I not value you:
The World does set great Rates upon you,
And you have first deserv'd them.

Bren. Is this all?

Fran. All.

Bren. Oh be less kind, or kinder:
Give me more Pity, or more Cruelty, *Francelia*,
I cannot live with this, nor die——

Fran. I fear, my Lord,
You must not hope beyond it.

Bren. Not hope? this, sure is not the Body to
[*Views himself.*

This Soul; it was mistaken, shuffled in
Through haste: Why, else, shou'd that have so much Love,
And this want Loveliness, to make that Love
Receiv'd? —— I will raise Honour to a Point,
It never was —— do things [Studies.

Of such a virtuous Greatness she shall love me.
She shall —— I will deserve her, though
I have her not: There's something yet in that.
Madam, will't please you, pardon my Offence?
—— (O Fates!

That I must call thus my Affection!)

Fran.

Fran. I will do any thing, so you will think
Of me, and of your self, my Lord, and how
Your stay in dangers both —

Bren. Alas!

Your Pardon is more necessary to
My Life, than Life to me: But I am gone.
Blessings, such as my Wishes for you, in
Their Extasies, cou'd never reach, fall on you.
May every thing contribute to preserve
That Excellence (my Destruction) 'till't meet Joys
In Love, great as the Torments I have in't. *[Exit.]*

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Enter Brennoralt.

Bren. **W**H Y so, 'tis well, Fortune I thank thee still,
I dare not call thee Villain neither.

'Twas plotted from the first,
That's certain, — it looks that way?
Hum — caught in a Trap?

Here's something yet to trust to — *[To his Sword.]*

This was the Entry, these the Stairs:
But whether afterwards?

He that is sure to perish on the Land,
May quit the Nicety of Card and Compass:
And safe, to his Discretion put to Sea:

He shall have my Hand to't. *[Exit.]*

Enter Raguelin, and Orilla the Waiting-Woman.

Rag. Look:

By this Light 'tis Day.

Ori. Not by this, by t'other 'tis indeed.

Rag. Thou art such another Piece of Temptation:
My Lord raves by this time,
A hundred to one the Centinels
Will discover us too,
Then I do pay for Night-watch:

Ori. Fie upon thee,
 Thou art as fearful as a young Colt;
 Boglest at every thing, Fool.
 As if Lovers had confider'd Hours: I'll peep in——
[*She peeps.*]

Rag. I am as weary of this Wench,
 As if I were marry'd to her:
 She hangs upon me like an Ape upon a Horse——
 She's as common too, as a Barber's Glass——
 Conscienc't too like a Dy-dapper.

Ori.——There's no Body within:
 My Lady sleeps this Hour at least.

Rag. Good, the Devil's even with me——
 Not be an honest Man neither——

Enter Brennoralt and a Guard.
 What course now?

1 Guard. Nay, Sir, we shall order you now.

Bren. Dogs——

Enter Fresolin.

Fres. What tumult's this——ha! *Brennoralt!* 'tis he
 In spite of his Disguise; what makes he here?
 He's lost for ever if he be discover'd;

How now Companions, why do you use my Friends thus?

1 Guard. Your Friend, my Lord? if he be your Friend,
 H'as used us ill:

He has play'd the Devil amongst us.

Six of our Men are Surgeons Work this Month;

We found him climbing the Walls.

2 Guard. He had no Word neither,
 Nor any Language but a Blow.

Fres. You will be doing these wild things, my Lord,
 Good Faith you're to blame, if you'ad desir'd
 To view the Walls, or Trenches, 'twas but
 Speaking; we are not nice:

I wou'd my self have waited on you:

They're the new Out-Works you wou'd see perchance,
 Boy, bring me black Tempest round about,
 And the gray Barbary; a Trumpet come along too;

My

My Lord, we'll take the nearer way.
And Privateer, here through the Sally-Port.

Bren. What a Devil is this? sure I dream--- [*Exeunt.*
Manet Guard.

1 *Guard.* Now, you are so officious.

2 *Guard.* Death! cou'd I guess he was a Friend?

1 *Guard.* 'Twas ever to be thought so,
How shou'd he come there else?

2 *Guard.* Friend or no Friend, he might have left us
Something to pay the Surgeon with:

Grant me that, or I'll beat you to't ——— [*Exeunt.*
Enter Fresolin and Brennoralt.

Fres. *Brennoralt* ——— start not
I pay thee back a Life I owe thee;
And bless my Stars, they gave me Power to do't,
The Debt lay heavy on me.

A Horse waits you there ——— a Trumpet too,
(Which you may keep, least he shou'd prate)
No Ceremony, 'tis dangerous.

Bren. Thou hast astonish'd me;
Thy Youth hath triumph'd in one single Act,
O'er all the Age can boast; and I will stay
To tell thee so, were they now firing all
Their Cannons on me; farewell, gallant *Fresolin*.
And may Reward, great as thy Virtue, crown thee.

[*Exeunt divers ways.*

Enter Iphigene and Francelia.

Fran. A Peace will come,
And then you must be gone;
And whether, when you once are got upon the Wing,
You will not stoop to what shall rise,
Before ye fly to some lure

With more Temptation garnish'd, is a sad Question.

Ipb. Can you have Doubts, and I not my Fears?
By this — the readiest and the sweetest Oath, I swear
I cannot so secure my self of you,
But in my Absence I shall be in Pain.
I have cast up what it will be to stand

The Governor's Anger ; and which is more hard,
The Love of *Almerin*.

I hold thee now but by thy own free Grant,
A slight Security, alas it may fall out,
Giving thy self, not knowing thine own Worth,
Or want of mine, thou may'st, like Kings deceiv'd,
Resume the Gift on better Knowledge back again.

Fran. If I so easily change, I was not worth your Love.
And by the Loss you'll gain.

Ipb. But when you're irrecoverably gone,
'Twill be slight Comfort to persuade my self
You had a Fault, when all that Fault must be
But want of Love to me ; and that again
Find in my much Defect, so much Excuse,
That it will have no worse Name
Than Discretion, if inconcern'd do
Cast it up — I must have more Assurance.

Fran. You have too much already ;
And sure my Lord you wonder, while I blush,
At such a Growth in young Affections.

Ipb. Why shou'd I wonder, Madam ?
Love that from two Breasts sucks,
Must of a Child quickly become a Giant.
Dunces in Love stay at the Alphabet,
The inspir'd know all before ;
And do begin still higher.

Enter a Waiting-woman.

Wom. Madam ;
Almerin, returned, has sent to kiss
Your Hands. I told him you were busie.

Fran. Must I, my Lord, be busie ?
I may be civil, though not kind.
Tell him I wait him in the Gallery.

Ipb. May I not kiss your Hand this Night ? [*Whisper.*

Fran. The World is full of jealous Eyes, my Lord ;
And were they all lock'd up ; you are a Spy
Once entred in my Chamber at strange Hours.

Ipb.

Ipb. The Virtue of *Francelia* is too safe,
To need those little Arts of Preservation.
Thus to divide our selves, is to distrust our selves.
A Cherubin dispatches not on Earth
The Affairs of Heav'n with greater Innocence,
Than I will visit; 'tis but to take a Leave,
I beg.

Fran. When you are going, my Lord — [Exeunt.

Enter Almerin and Morat.

Alm. Pish, thou ly'st, thou ly'st.
I know he plays with Woman-kind, not loves it.
Thou art impertinent —

Mor. 'Tis the Camp Talk, my Lord, though.

Alm. The Camp's an Ass, let me hear no more on't.
[Exeunt talking.

Enter Grainevert, Villanor and Marinell.

Grain. And shall we have Peace?
I am no sooner sober, but the State is so too.
If't be thy Will, a Truce for a Month only.
I long to refresh my Eyes; by this Hand
They have been so tir'd with looking upon Faces
Of this Country.

Vil. And shall the *Donaxella*,
To whom we wish so well a,
Look Babies again in our Eyes-a?

Grain. Ah — a sprightly Girl above Fifteen,
That melts when a Man but takes her by the Hand!
Eyes full, and quick; with Breath
Sweet as double Violets,
And wholesome as dying Leaves of Strawberries.
Thick filken Eye-Brows, high upon the Forehead;
And Cheeks mingled with pale Streaks of red,
Such as the blushing Morning never wore. —

Vil. Oh my Chops; my Chops.

Grain. With narrow Mouth, small Teeth,
And Lips swelling, as if she pouted —

Vil. Hold, hold, hold.

Grain. Hair curling, and cover'd, like Buds of *Majoram*,
Part

Part ty'd in Negligence,
Part loosely flowing. ———

Mari. Tyrant! Tyrant! Tyrant!

Grain. In Pink Colour Taffata Petticoat.
Lac'd Smock-Sleeves dangling;
This Vision stol'n from her own Bed
And rustling into ones Chamber ———

Vil. Oh good *Grainevert*, good *Grainevert*.

Grain. With a Wax Candle in her Hand,
Looking as if she had lost her way;
At twelve at Night.

Mari. Oh! any Hour, any Hour.

Grain. Now I think on't, by this Hand
I'll marry, and be long-liv'd.

Vil. Long-liv'd? How?

Grain. Oh, he that has a Wife, eats with an Appetite,
'Has a very good Stomach to't first:
This living at large is very destructive,
Variety is like rare Sauces; provokes too far,
And draws on Surfeits, more than th'other.

Enter Doran.

Dor. So; is this a time to Fool in?

Grain. What's the Matter?

Dor. Draw out your choice Men, and away to
Your Colonel immediately, there's Work
Towards, my Boys, there's Work.

Grain. Art in earnest?

Dor. By this light.

Grain. There's something in that yet.

This Moiety War

Twilight,

Neither Night nor Day

Pox upon it:

A Storm is worth a thousand

Of your Calm;

There's more Variety in it.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Almerin and Francelia, as talking earnestly.

Alm. Madam, that shews the Greatness of my Passion.

Fran. The Imperfection rather: Jealousie's
No better Sign of Love, my Lord, then Feavers are
Of Life; they shew there is a Being, though
Impair'd, and perishing: And that Affection,
But sick and in Disorder. I like't not.

Your Servant. ———

[*Exit.*

Alm. So short and sow'r ? the Change is visible.

Enter Iphigene.

Iph. Dear *Almerin*, welcome, you've been absent long.

Alm. Not very long.

Iph. To me it hath appear'd so;
What says our Camp? am I not blamed there?

Alm. They wonder ———

Iph. While we smile ———
How have you found the King inclining?

Alm. Well.

The Treaty is not broken, nor holds it.
Things are where they were;
'Twas a kind of Face of Peace,
You my Lord may when you please return.

Iph. I, *Almerin*?

Alm. Yes, my Lord, I'll give you an Escape.

Iph. 'Tis least in my Desires.

Alm. Hum!

Iph. Such Prisons are beyond all Liberty.

Alm. Is't possible?

Iph. Seems it strange to you?

Alm. No, not at all.

What? you find the Ladies kind?

Iph. Civil ———

[*Smiles.*

Alm. You make Love well too they say, my Lord.

Iph. Pass my time.

Alm. Address unto *Francelia*?

Iph. Visit her.

Alm. D'you know she is my Mistress, *Pallatine*?

Iph. Ha.

Alm.

Alm. D'you know she is my Mistress?

Ipb. I have been told so.

Alm. And do you court her then?

Ipb. Why? —

[Smiles.]

If I saw the Enemy first,
Wou'd you not charge?

Alm. He does allow it too, by Heav'n:
Laughs at me too; thou filcher of a Heart,
False as thy Title to *Francelia*,

Or as thy Friendship; which with this I do [Draws.]
Throw by — draw.

Ipb. What do you mean?

Alm. I see the Cunning now of all thy Love,
And why thou cam'st so tamely kind,
Suffering Surprize. Draw.

Ipb. I will not draw, kill me;
And I shall have no trouble in my Death,
Knowing it is your Pleasure:
As I shall have no Pleasure in my Life,
Knowing it is your Trouble.

Alm. Oh poor — I look'd for this.
I knew th' wouldst find 'twas easier to do a Wrong
Than justifie it — but —

Ipb. I will not fight — hear me:
If I love you not more, than I love her;
If I do love her more than for your sake;
Heav'n strangely punish me.

Alm. Take heed how thou dost play with Heav'n.

Ipb. By all that's just, and fair, and good,
By all that you hold dear, and Men hold great;
I never had lascivious Thought, or e'er
Did action that might call in doubt my Love
To *Almerin*.

Alm. That Tongue can charm me into any thing;
I do believ't, prithee be wiser then.
Give me no further cause of Jealousie,
Hurt not mine Honour more; and I am well.

Ipb.

Iph. But well ——— of all
Our Passions, I wonder Nature made
The worst foul Jealousie her Favourite.
And if it be not so, why took she care
That everything shou'd give the Monster Nourishment,
And left us nothing to destroy it with?

Alm. Prithee no more, thou plead'st so cunningly
I fear I shall be made the guilty,
And need thy Pardon.

Iph. If you cou'd read my Heart you wou'd.
I will be gone to Morrow, if that will satisfie. Indeed
I shall not rest until my Innocence
Be made as plain as Objects to the Sense.

Alm. ——— Come;
You shall not go, I'll think upon't no more.
“ Distrusts ruin not Friendship,
“ But build it fairer than it was before — [Exeunt.

Enter Brennoralt, Captains, Stratheman and Doran.

Bren. No more but ten from every Company,
For many Hands are Thieves, and rob the Glory,
While they take their Share. How goes the Night?

Stra. Half spent, my Lord.
We shall have straight,
The Moon's weaker Light.

Bren. 'Tis time then, call in the Officers.
Friends, if you were Men that must be talk'd
Into a Courage, I had not chosen you;
Danger with its Vizard, oft before this time
You've look'd upon, and out-fac'd it too;
We are to do the Trick again, that's all.

Here ——— [Draws his Sword.

And yet we will not swear:
For he that shrinks in such an Action
Is damn'd without the help of Perjury.

Doran; if from the Virgin-Tow'r thou spy'st
A Flame, such as the East sends forth about
The Time the Day shou'd break, go tell the King

I hold the Castle for him; bid him come on
 With all his Force, and he shall find a Victory
 So cheap 'twill lose the value. If I fall,
 The World has lost a thing it us'd not well;
 And I, a thing I car'd not for; that World.

Stra. Lead us on, Colonel;
 If we do not fight like —

Bren. No like.

We'll be our selves Similitude,
 And time shall say, when it wou'd tell
 That Men did well, they fought like us.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Enter again.

Bren. **W**HAT made the Stop?
 One in's Falling-Sickness had a Fit
 Which choak'd the Passage; but all is well:
 Softly, we are near the Place.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Alarum within, and fight, then enter Almerin in his
 Night-Gown.*]

Alm. What Noise is here to Night?
 Something on fire — what ho!
 Send to the Virgin-Tower, there is Disorder —
 Thereabouts.

Enter Soldier.

Sold. All's lost, all's lost:
 The Enemy's upon the Place of Arms;
 And is by this time Master of that,
 And of the Tower.

Alm. Thou ly'st. —

[*Strikes him.*]

Enter Morat.

Mor. Save your self, my Lord, and haste unto the Camp,
 Ruin gets in on every Side.

Alm.

Alm. There's something in it when this Fellow flies.
Villains, my Arms; I'll see what Devil reigns. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Iphigene and Francelia.

Ipb. Look, the Day breaks.

Fran. You think I'll be so kind, as swear
It does not now. Indeed I will not——

Ipb. Will you not send me neither,
Your Picture when you're gone?

That when my Eye is famish'd for a Look
It may have where to feed,

And to the painted Feast invite my Heart.

Fran. Here, take this Virgin-bracelet of my Hair,
And if like other Men thou shalt hereafter
Throw it with Negligence,
'Mongst the Records of thy weak Female Conquests,
Laugh at the kind Words and mystical Contrivement.
If such a time shall come,
Know I am sighing then thy Absence, *Iphigene*;
And weeping o'er the false but pleasing Image.

Enter Almerin.

Alm. *Francelia, Francelia,*
Rise, rise, and save thy self, the Enemy
That does not know thy Worth, may else destroy it.
Ha! mine Eyes grow sick: [*Throws open the Door.*
A Plague has, through them, stoll'n into my Heart;
And I grow dizzy; Feet lead me off again,
Without the Knowledge of my Body:
I shall act I know not what else—— [*Exit.*

Fran. How came he in?
Dear *Iphigene*, we are betray'd;
Let's raise the Castle lest he shou'd return.

Ipb. That were to make all publick.
Fear not, I'll satisfy his Anger:
I can do it.

Fran. Yes with some quarrel;
And bring my Honour, and my Love in Danger——
Look he returns, and Wrecks of Fury,

Z

Enter

Enter Almerin.

Like hurry'd Clouds over the Face of Heav'n,
Before a Tempest, in his Looks appears.

Alm. If they wou'd question what our Rage doth act
And make it Sin, they wou'd not thus provoke Men.
—— I am too tame.

For if they live I shall be pointed at,
Here I denounce a War to all the World,
And thus begin it. —————

*[Runs at Iphigene.**Ipb.* What hast thou done? ———*[Falls.**Fran.* Ah me, help, help! ———*[Wounds Francelia.**Ipb.* Hold.*Alm.* 'Tis too late.

Ipb. Rather then she shall suffer,
My fond Deceits involve the Innocent;
I will discover all.

Alm. Ha! — What will he discover

Ipb. That which shall make thee curse
The Blindness of thy Rage. — *I am a Woman.*

Alm. Ha, ha, ha, brave and bold!

Because thy Perjury deceiv'd me once,
And sav'd thy Life, thou think'st to escape again,
Imposture, thus thou shalt —————

*[Runs at him.**Ipb.* Oh hold! — I have enough.

Had I hope of Life, thou shoud'st not have this Secret.

Fran. What will it be now?

Ipb. — My Father having long desir'd
A Son to Heir his great Possessions;
And in six Births successively deceiv'd,
Made a rash Vow: Oh how rash Vows are punish'd!
That if the Burthen then my Mother went with
Prov'd not a Male, he ne'er wou'd know her more.
Then was unhappy *Iphigene* brought forth,
And by the Womens Kindness nam'd a Boy;
And since so bred: (a cruel Pity as
It hath fall'n out.) If now thou find'st that, which
Thou thought'st a Friendship in me, Love, forget it.
It was my Joy, — and — Death. —

*[Faints.**Alm.*

Alm.—For Curiosity

I'll save thee, if I can, and know the end
If't be but loss of Blood, — Breasts!

By all that's good a Woman! — *Iphigene*!

Iph. I thank thee, for I was fall'n asleep, before
I had dispatch'd. Sweetest of all thy Sex,
Francelia, forgive me now ; my Love
Unto this Man, and fear to lose him, taught me
A fatal Cunning, made me court you, — and
My own Destruction.

Fran. I am amaz'd!

Alm. And can it be? oh Mockery of Heav'n
To let me see what my Soul often wish'd,
And make't my Punishment, a Punishment,
That were I old in Sins, were yet too great.

Iph. Wou'd you have lov'd me then? pray say you wou'd,
For I, like testy Sick men at their Death,
Wou'd know no News but Health from the Physician.

Alm. Canst thou doubt that?
That hast so often seen me extasy'd,
When thou wert dress'd like Woman
Unwilling ever to believe thee Man?

Iph. I have enough.

Alm. Heav'ns!
What thing shall I appear unto the World!
Here might my Ignorance find some Excuse.

—— But, there,
I was distracted. None but one enrag'd
With Anger to a Savageness, wou'd e'er
Have drawn a Sword upon such gentle Sweetness.
Be kind, and kill me ; kill me, one of you:
Kill me, if't be but to preserve my Wits.
Dear *Iphigene*, take thy Revenge, it will
Not mis-become thy Sex at all ; for 'tis
An Act of Pity, not of Cruelty ;
Thus to dispatch a miserable Man.

Fran. And thou wou'dst be more miserable yet,
While like a Bird made Prisoner by it self,

Thou bat'st and beat'st thy self 'gainst every thing,
And dost pass by, that which shou'd let thee out.

Alm. — Is it my Fault?

Or Heav'ns? Fortune when she wou'd play upon me,
Like ill Musicians, wound me up so high,
That I must crack sooner than move in Tune.

Fran. Still you rave,
While we for want of present Help may perish.

Alm Right.

A Surgeon, I'll go find one instantly.
The Enemy too — I had forgot —
Oh what Fatality govern'd this Night.

[*Exit.*

Fran. How like an Unthrif's Case will mine be now?
For all the Wealth he loses shifts but's Place;
And still the World enjoys it; so will't you,
Sweet *Iphigene*, though I possess you not.

Iph. What Excellence of Nature's this! have you
So perfectly forgiven already, as to
Consider me a Loss? I doubt which Sex
I shall be happier in. Climates of Friendship
Are not less pleasant, 'cause they are less scorching,
Than those of Love; and under them we'll live:
Such precious Links of that we'll tye our Souls
Together with, that the Chains of the other
Shall be gross Fetters to it.

Fran. But I fear
I cannot stay the making. Oh wou'd you
Had never undeceiv'd me, for I had dy'd with
Pleasure, believing I had been your Martyr.
Now —

Iph. She looks pale! *Francelia* —

Fran. — I cannot stay;
A hasty Summons hurries me away:
And — gives — no —

[*Dies.*

Iph. — She's gone:

A Noise within. Enter Soldiers: She thinks them *Almerin*.
She's gone. Life like a Dial's Hand hath stoll'n
From the fair Figure e'er it was perceiv'd.

What

What will become of me? — Too late, too late
You're come; you may persuade wild Birds, that wing
The Air, into a Cage, as soon as call
Her wandering Spirits back. — Ha!
Those are strange Faces; there's a Horror in them:
And if I stay, I shall be taken for
The Murderer. O in what Streights they move,
That wander 'twixt Death, Fears and Hopes of Love?

[Exit.]

Enter Brennoralt, Grainevert and Soldiers.

Bren. Forbear, upon your Lives, the Place:
There dwells Divinity within it. All else
The Castle holds, is lawful Prize,
Your Valours Wages. This I claim as mine.
Guard you the Door. —

Grain. Colonel, shall you use all the Women your self?

Bren. Away — 'tis unseasonable — *[Draws the Curtain.]*
Awake fair Saint, and bless thy poor Idolater.
Ha! — pale! — and cold! — Dead!
The sweetest Guest fled, murdered by Heav'n;
The Purple Streams not dry yet.
Some Villain has broke in before me,
Robb'd all my Hopes; but I will find him out,
And kick his Soul to Hell — I'll do't —

[Dragging out Iphigene.]

Speak.

Iph. What shou'd I say?

Bren. Speak, or by all —

Iph. Alas! I do confess my self the unfortunate Cause.

Bren. Oh d'you so?

Hadst thou been cause of all the Plagues
That vex Mankind, thou'dst been an Innocent
To what thou art, thou shalt not think Repentance.

[Kills her.]

Iph. Oh! Thou wert too sudden.

And —

[Dies.]

Bren. Was I so?

The Lustful Youth wou'd sure have spoil'd her Honour;
Which

Which finding highly guarded, Rage, and Fear
To be reveal'd, counsell'd this Villany.
Is there no more of them?

[*Exit.*

Enter Almerin.

Alm. Not enter?

Yes Dog, through thee ——— ha! a Coarse laid out
Instead of *Iphigene*: *Francelia* dead too? —

Enter Brennoralt.

Where shall I begin to curse?

Bren. Here ——— if he were thy Friend.

Alm. *Brennoralt*!

A gallant Sword cou'd ne'er have come
In better time.

Bren. I have a good one for thee,
If that will serve the turn.

Alm. I long to try it,
That fight doth make me desperate;
Sick of my self and the World.

Bren. Didst value him?

A greater Villain did I never kill.

Alm. Kill?

Bren. Yes.

Alm. Art sure of it?

Bren. May be I do not wake.

Alm. Thou'st taken then a Guilt off from me,
Wou'd have weigh'd down my Sword,
Weaken'd me to low Resistance.
I shou'd have made no Sports, hadst thou conceal'd it.
Know, *Brennoralt*, thy Sword is stain'd in Excellence,
Great as the World cou'd Boast. —

Bren. Ha, — ha, — how thou art abus'd?
Look there, There lyes the Excellence
Thou speak'st of, murder'd; by him too;
He did confess he was the Cause.

Alm. Oh Innocence, ill understood, and much worse us'd!
She was alas, by accident, but I,
I was the Cause indeed —

Bren. I will believe thee too, and kill thee —

Destroy

Destroy all Causes, 'till I make a Stop
In Nature; for to what Purpose shou'd she
Work again?

Alm. Bravely then,
The Title of a Kingdom is a Trifle
To our Quarrel, Sir; know by sad Mistake
I kill'd thy Mistress, *Brennoralt*,
And thou kill'dst mine.

Bren. Thine!

Alm. Yes, that *Iphigene*,
Though shown as Man unto the World,
Was Woman, excellent Woman!——

Bren. I understand no Riddles; guard thee——

[*Fight and pause.*]

Alm. O cou'd they now look down,
And see how we two strive
Which first shou'd give Revenge,
They wou'd forgive us something of the Crime.
Hold prithee, give me Leave
To satisfy a Curiosity——
I never killed my *Iphigene* as Woman.

Bren. Thou motion'st well, nor have I taken leave,

[*Rising.*]

It keeps a Sweetness yet——
As stills from Roses, when the Flowers are gone.

Alm. Even so have two faint Pilgrims scorcht with Heat
Unto some Neighbour Fountain stept aside,
Kneel'd first, then laid their warm Lips to the Nymph,
And from her Coldness took fresh Life again
As we do now.——

Bren. Let's on our Journey, if thou art refresh'd.

Alm. Come; and if there be a Place reserv'd
For heighten'd Spirits better than other,
May that which wearies first of ours have it.

Bren. If I grow weary, laugh at me, that's all.

[*Fight a good while, Almerin falls.*]

Alm.—— Brave Souls above, which will

Be, sure, inquisitive for News from Earth,
Shall get no other but that thou art Brave.

Enter King, Stratheman, Lords, and Minse.

Stra. To preserve some Ladies, as we guest.

King. Still gallant, *Brennoralt*, thy Sword not sheath'd yet?
Busie still?—

Bren. Revenging, Sir,
The foulest Murder ever blasted Ears,
Committed here by *Almerin* and *Iphigene*.

Alm. False, false: The first created Purity
Was not more Innocent than *Iphigene*.

Bren. Lives he again?

Alm. Stay thou much weary'd Guest
'Till I have thrown a Truth amongst them—
We shall look black else to Posterity.

King. What says he?

Lord. Something concerning this he labours to
Discover.

Alm. Know it was I that kill'd *Francelia*,
I alone.——

Min. O barbarous Return of my Civ'ites!
Was it thy Hand?

Alm. Hear and forgive me *Minse*.
Entring this Morning hastily
With Resolution to preserve
The fair *Francelia*, I found a Thief
Stealing the Treasure (as I thought)
Belong'd to me. Wild in my Mind
As ruin'd in my Honour, in much mistaken Rage
I wounded both: Then, oh too late! I found
My Error. Found *Iphigene* a Woman
Acting toll'n Love, to make her own Love safe,
And all my Jealousies impossible.
Whilst I ran out to bring them cure;
Francelia dies; and *Iphigene* found here.
I can no more——

[*Dies.*

King. Most strange and intricate.
Iphigene a Woman?

Mel.

Mel. With this Story I am guiltily acquainted;
The first Concealments, since her Love,
And all the Ways to it, I have been trusted with:
But, Sir, my Grief join'd with the instant Business
Begs a Deferment.

King. I am amaz'd 'till I do hear it out.
—But i'th' mean time,
Lest in these Mists Merit shou'd lose it self,
—Those Forfeitures
Of *Trock* and *Menseck*, *Brennoralt* are thine.

Bren. A Princely Gift! But, Sir, it comes too late.
Like Sun-Beams on the blasted Blossoms, do
Your Favours fall: You shou'd have given me this
When't might have rais'd me in Mens Thoughts, and made
Me equal to *Francelia's* Love: I have
No end, since she is not —
Back, to my private Life I will return.

“Cattel, though weary, can trudge homewards, after.

King. This Melancholy, time must cure: Come take
The Bodies up, and lead the Prisoners on,
Triumph and Funerals must walk together,
Cypress and Laurel twin'd make up one Chaplet.

—For we have got
The Day; but bought it at so dear a Rate,
That Victory it self's unfortunate.

[*Exeunt.*]

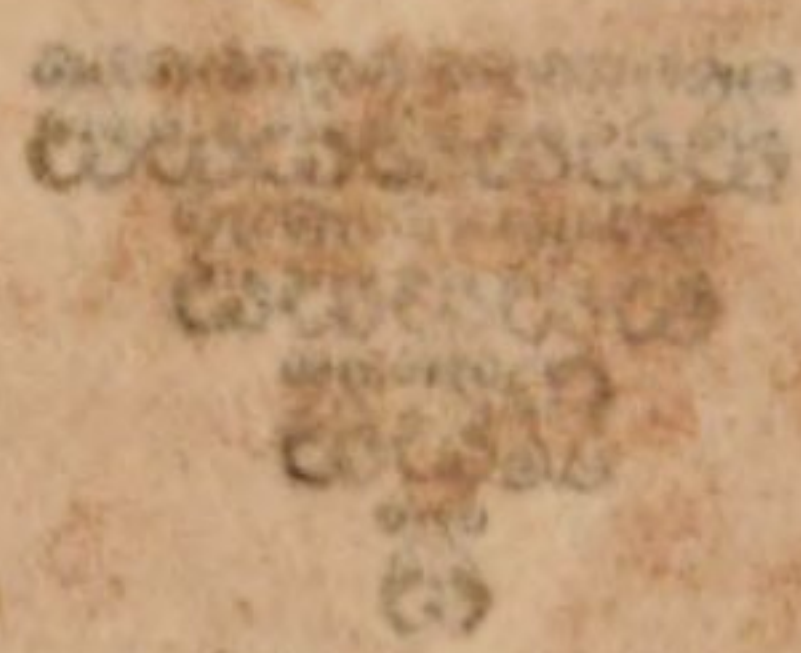
THE
SAD ONE.
A
TRAGEDY.



LONDON:
Printed in the YEAR, 1709.

AND OME

TRAGEDY



LONDON

Printed in the Year 1700.

T H E
A R G U M E N T

Introducing to the following

S C E N E S.

Sicily had been à long time tormented with Civil Wars, and the Crown was still in dispute, 'till Aldebrand getting the upper Hand in a set Battel, establis'd himself in the Throne, and gave a Period to all those Troubles in shew only; for the old Factions were set on Foot again shortly after, and the House of the Floretties and the Cleonaxes strove now as much who shou'd be most powerful with the King, as before who shou'd make him. In conclusion, the Favour of Aldebrand inclining to the Cleonaxes, and by degrees resting wholly upon them, the Floretties took Arms, but in a set Field lost all; The Father and the Son being both taken Prisoners, the one was banish'd, and the other condemned suddenly to lose his Head.

Thus far the Author drew the Curtain; the rest of the Plot is wrap'd up in the following Scenes.

Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

Aldebrand, *King of Sicily.*

Cleonax, *Senior, Treasurer.*

Cleonax, *Junior, his Son.*

Bellamino, *Favourite of Pleasure, and Cousin to Cleonax.*

Clarimont, *An old Lord.*

Clarimont, *Junior, his Son.*

Fidelio, *Friend to Clarimont.*

Florelia, *A Lord marry'd to Francelia.*

Florelia, *Junior, his Brother.*

Lorenzo, *An ambitious Courtier.*

Parmenio, *His supposed Creature.*

Drollio, } *Two Courtiers.*

Lepido, }

Doco Discopio, *one that pretends to be a great Statesman.*

Signior Multecarni, *the Poet.*

Petruchio, *Servant to Florelia.*

Ambassador from Spain.

Actors——

Amasia, *Queen to Aldebrand.*

Francelia, *Daughter to Clarimont.*

Keeper.

The SCENE SICILY.

The



The Sad One.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter old Clarimont in Prison, in his Night-Gown, his Servant following him.

Old Cla. **C**ONdemn'd unheard ! Just Heav'ns, it cannot be !
Why, Tyranny it self cou'd do no more ;
The pale Ghosts of *Tiberius* and *Nero*
Wou'd blush to see an act so foul and horrid,
So full of black Ingratitude as this.
'Twas I that set the Crown upon his Head ;
And bid him live King of his Enemies,
When he durst hardly hope it :
And does he thus requite me ! Now I see,
Who by the Compass of his Merit fails,
May guide his Fraught of Hopes in Seasons fair
And calm ; but when Storms come,
All his good Deeds, with his good Days must perish :
Oh my unhappy Stars ! ——— *[Beats his Breast.*

Serv. My Lord, let not a fruitless Passion
Make you to die less Man than you have liv'd.

Old Cla. Who art thou ?

Serv. I was lately one, my Lord,
Of the vast Crowd that waited on your Fortunes,

But

But am now become the whole Train,
The rest have left you.

Old Cla. Prithee do thou leave me too. [*Exit Servant.*
The Clap o'th' Vulgar, and loud popular Applause,
Are not the Eccho of our Acts, but Fortunes.
Great Men but Dials are, which when the Sun
Is gone, or hides his Face, are hardly look'd upon.
But Yesterday I was Time's Minister;
On me the whole Court gaz'd, as at
Some Comet set in *Cassiopeia's* Chair:
Who but old *Clarimont* cou'd with Nods create,
And with a speaking Eye, command bare Heads and Knees?
But now ——— [*Beats his Breast again.*

Greatness is but the Shadow of the Beams
Of Princes Favours, nourish'd in Extreams;
First taught to creep, and feed on Hopes, to live
Upon the Glance, and humbly to observe
Each Under-Minion, 'till its own desire
Work near enough to set it self on fire.

[*Studies a little.*

Fain wou'd I make my Audit up with Heav'n,
For 'tis a large one; but the small vain Hopes
Which yet I have of Life and of Revenge,
Sinother these Thoughts within me
Faster than they are born.

Enter Fidelio disguised like a Friar.

——A Ghostly Father!

My Minutes are but few, I see by this.

Sir, you are welcome:

I was but now considering how to die;
And, trust me, I do find it something hard,
I shall extreamly need some such good help
As yours, to do it well.

Fid. Faith, my Lord, Divines do hold,
The way to die well, is to live well first.

[*Discovers himself.*

Old Cla. *Fidelio!*

Fid. Not too loud, there's Danger in't:

The

The King has promised Life, but none as yet
Must know it; the Enemies are too potent,
And must be softned by Degrees.

Old Cla. Why then I see, he hath not quite forgot
Past Services.

Fid. ——— Not too much of that:
This is not Gratitude; or if it be, it does
As thankfulness in great ones use to do,
It looks asquint and seems to turn to Favours,
But regards new ends.

Old Cla. Prithee unriddle.

Fid. Why to be short, it is your Daughter's Beauty,
Not your Merit.

Old Cla. My Fears prompt me too quick;
She's not turn'd Whore, is she?

Fid. No, but her Honesty is so strait beset,
That if she be not victualled well within
And have some sudden Succours,
She will I fear e'er long surrender.

Old Cla. O *Fidelio*! when Kings do tempt,
Th'had need be Angels that endure the Shock,
Not Women ———

Fid. 'Tis true, my Lord,
Yet let not uncertain Fears create new Grievs:
Doubt is of all the sharpest Passion,
And often turns Distempers to Diseases:
Collect your self, and be assur'd my Zeal
Shall watch abroad; and when I may reveal
My self your Servant, I'll not do't in Breath,
But with the Adventure of my Life or Death.

Old Cla. Oh you are noble, Sir, I know't,
And mean to hope the best, Farewel. [Exeunt.

*Enter Lorenzo and his Father with Servants, whispering
together and frowning, pass over the Stage, and Exeunt.*

Enter Lorenzo solus, as going to a Prison.

Lor. Arm'd with the Love of Sovereignty and Revenge,
I'll ravish Fortune and all Engines try,
That Heav'n or Hell have yet discover'd.

A a

But

But I will scale my end, and plant Desire
As high as any Thought durst e'er aspire:
The Dotage of the King shall not secure thee, poor old
Man.

Clarimont, I come; this Night our Quarrel ends,
Nothing but Death cou'd ever make us Friends.

[Knocks at the Prison Door.]

Enter the Keeper.

Where's old *Clarimont*?

Keep. In's Bed, my Lord.

Lor. In's Grave, thou wou'dst have said.

Keep. Must he then die to Night?

Lor. The King will have it so,
He fears the People love him, and to save
His Life may prove tumultuous.

Keep. Poor Gentleman! how quick is Fate come on him!
———How sudden is all Woe!

Bad Days have Wings, the good on Crutches go.
My Lord, will't please you walk into that private Chamber.
The Executioner shall strait be here.

[Lorenzo goes forth, murders him within, enters again.]

Lor. You must be sure to keep it secret now:
Perchance the King, to try your Honesty,
And blind his Daughter's Eyes, will send to ask
Of's Welfare.

Keep. Oh my Lord!

Lor. Nay, I know you understand, Farewel.

[Turns back again.]

One thing I had forgot: If any ask
What Groan that was, say 'tis an usual thing
Against great Mens Deaths to hear a Noise
At Midnight——

So, now Royal Letcher set you safe.

'Tis your Death must secure my Life:

I'll on, Danger is but a bug-Word,

My Bark shall through,

Did Mountains of black Horrors me surround,

—— When Fortunes hang in Doubt,

Bravely to dare, is bravely to get out.

A C T

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter Lorenzo, Parmenio attending.

Lor. ALL leave the Chamber; if any come,
I'm busie. *Parmenio*, be nigher, nigher yet:
What dar'st thou do to make thy Master King,
Thy self a Favourite?

Par. 'Tis something blunt, my Lord, [Studies.
Why, I dare do ———
That which I dare not speak.

Lor. By all my Hopes, spoke like the Man I want!
'Twou'd be lost time to use much Circumstance
To thee; shall we this Night dispatch the King?

Par. This Minute, were he my Father;
He's not the first, nor shall he be the last.

Lor. Soul of my Soul! my better Angel sure
Forefaw my Wants, and sent thee hither.

Parmenio, there's none but he
Stands 'twixt a Crown and me.

The Cloud that interpos'd betwixt my Hopes before,
Is like a Vapour fall'n, and seen no more.

The House of *Clarimont* is lost,
The King hath sent one Son to Banishment,
And I have sent the Father.

Par. How, Sir. — You have not murder'd him! [Starts.

Lor. Why?

Par. Nothing, my Lord, only I'm sorry
I had no Hand in't
S'death, hath the Villain kill'd him? [Aside.

Lor. Oh thou art jealous,
Thy Hand comes well enough; this Night
I have determined that soon, e'er
The royal Blood's a-tilt, you shall to Horse,
'Tis easie to outride ———

Par. Imagination it self, my Lord.

Lor. For then Report will say thou kill'dst him.
No matter ———

Par. Oh none at all, my Lord.

Lor. When I am King,
I can restore at ease.

Par. True, my Lord.
What if your Excellence cast out when I'm gone,
That *Clarimont's* youngest Son did this, and took
His Flight upon't. His Discontent's known well enough,
To make of a Suspicion a most received Truth;
Besides, wheresoever I go, I'll swear 'twas he.

Lor. By *Jove* most rare, when I am King I shall
Be poorer than I am, by giving thee
Thy due: Away, let's lose no time in words.
We're both resolv'd to put this Cause to Swords.
I'll to the King; thou to prepare for Night,
Four Hours hence wait me in the Gallery. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter young Clarimont solus.

Cla. Break Heart and burst! my Father murther'd,
And in the midst of all his Hopes of Life!
Methinks I see Millions of Furies stand
Ready to catch my Rage's Sacrifice.
O for a Man that cou'd invent more Plagues
Than Hell cou'd hold ———
I have conceiv'd of Wrong, and am grown great
Already: O sweet Revenge! I humbly thee intreat
Be my Griefs Midwife, let the Mother die,
So thou bringest forth her long'd-for Progeny.
Methinks I feel the Villain grow within me,
And spread through all my Veins:
How cou'd I murder now, Poison or Stab!
My Head is full of Mischief, Sulphur and flaming Pitch
Shall be but Mercy to those Deaths I'll give. [*Exit.*]

SCENE

S C E N E III.

Enter the King and Fidelio.

King. Though it be not safe for Subjects
To prye into the Secrets of their Prince,
Much less to question about them,
Yet the implicate Faith of blind Obedience,
Poison'd with pleasing oft —

Fid. And't like
Your Majesty, why do you court this Lady thus?

King. Why dost thou ask?

Fid. I know 'tis Insolence to make Reply,
Yet hear me as the Eccho of the Court, great Sir,
They call your last given Mercy, and those Favours
But fairer ends to Lust.

King. Thy Zeal hath got thy Pardon:

[Starts upon him.]

No more, he that does offer to give Direction
To his Prince, is full of Pride, not of Discretion. *[Exit.]*

Fid. So, to give Kings good Advice,
May shew, I see, Men faithful, but not wise:
I'm honest yet, and I do fare the worse for't,
Oh the Court! —

There Humours reign, and Merits only serve
To mock with idle hopes those best deserve. *[Exit.]*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Francelia and Bellamino.

Fran. Sir, leave your Compliments;
Methinks the sweetest Speech is that that's meant.

Bella. Wrong not my Love, best Creature, so to think.
My Words are not the true Ambassadors
Of my Heart; by thy fair self I swear,
Nature has been too partial
In robbing Heav'n and Earth to give you all.

Fran. Their Weaknesses you mean, and I confess my
Lord.

Bella. Their richest Graces, Sweetest,

Oh do not wrack me thus:

I love, can you give Love again?

Fran. Yes, any Love that you dare ask,
Or I dare give, my Lord —

Bella. Oh but fair Lady; Love must have no Bounds,
It pines in Prison.

Fran. Oh but my Lord, hot Loves, if not contain'd,
Like fiery Meteors, promise no good to others,
And are themselves consum'd.

Enter the King, and Lords attending.

Bella. O leave me not in Doubt's distracting Trance.

King. How, my Boy, what courting!

Bella. No, Sir.

King. What was he a doing then, *Francelia*?

Fran. So please your Grace, he was i'th' midst
Of all your Praises, when your Highness enter'd.

Bella. Hum——

There's yet some Hope then.

[*Aside.*

King. Oh you are glad we are come then!
That Discourse was tedious.

Fran. No, my Lord, I shou'd have been well pleas'd
To have heard him longer.

King. You are grown a Courtier, fair one!
Sileo, are the Coaches ready?

Sil. Yes, and't please your Majesty.

King. Come, we'll abroad then,
This Day invites us forth; where's our Queen? [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

Enter Clarimont, Fidelio, and young Florelia.

Cla. Then with a Pause fill'd up with Sighs,
Ask him how strong his Guards are; but above all,
Be sure to apply inflaming Corrosives,
Scruce up his Anger to the height,
And make his Fears be double:
Officious Friends and Mediation
May else prove Remedies.

Fid. Enough; if we do fail to act

Our

Our Parts to the Life in's Tragedy,
May all those Horrors that do threaten him
Fall upon us, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

Cla. So, my Revenge flies high:
The Villain first shall kill his Father,
And while his Hands are hot i'th' Blood,
This Sword shall pierce him.
— Murdered he shall sink quick to Hell,
I will not give him leave t'unload himself
Of one poor single Sin of Thought:
But lest he shou'd wake out
Of's great Security, and shun his Fate,
I will rock him on —
Mischiefs are like the Cockatrice's Eye,
If they see first, they kill; if seen, they die.

[*Exit.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter King, young Florelia and Fidelio.

King. **A**ND must the Villain kill me too?

Flo. This very Night. [more?]

King. Why 'tis not possible, what wou'd he have had
He had my Heart, and might have had
All but the Name of King:
Oh, Heav'n had ty'd
So strict a Friendship, we cou'd not part with't;
I durst have thought that I had merited
Fidelity from him.

Fid. O my Lord, let ne'er so many Drops
Sweet as the Morning Dew fall on the Sea,
The brinish Water turns them all to Salt:
Where there's an Ocean of Ingratitude,
Favours must needs be lost.

King. Thou speakest but Truth;
Who does to Merit trust,
But writes an Obligation in the Dust.

Your Council now my faithful Life preserve,
Is there a way for Pardon?

Fid. Faith, Sir, it wou'd pollute Mercy to use it here;
The Fact's so foul, it cal's it self for Death.

King. And it shall have it:
Traitor's enough, but when Ungrateful comes,
It stops the Mouth of Pity: Go take our Guards
And apprehend him straight.

Flo. Soft, great Sir,
'Twere fit your Justice shou'd consider
What way is made, if you shall apprehend him,
For Treason unborn, and which he only did intend;
Foolish Report, which never was i'th' right,
May clear his Guiltiness, and censure Majesty.
If you'd permit him to approach the Chamber,
(Yet who wou'd advise Treason shou'd come so near?)
You wou'd take him in the Act,
And leave no Place for foul Suspicion:
That if your Grace sent for his Father,
And kept him with pretence of Business by you,
'Till he became the Witness of the Attempt,
Envy it self cou'd have no cause to bark.

King. Thou art my Oracle; I cannot tell
Whether my Debt be greater to thy Faith,
Or to thy Council: Go and watch abroad,
And let these Cares wait upon Fate and me.
The Captain of the Guard 'twere fit you sounded,
He may do Mischief: *Florelia*, you
Shall to his Father, the rest is mine to manage. [*Exeunt.*
These Men are honest, and must be rewarded,
They do deserve it; 'tis most rare to find
A Greatness that enjoys true Friends:
For commonly it makes us fear'd and hated;
The one does breed Offence, th' other leaves naked.
Let the impartial Eye but look upon
All we call ours, and then again behold
The many hungry Eyes of Expectation
That wait upon our Bounty, and it shall find

That

That we have scarce enough to keep Mens Hopes up high,
 We are rich if we can purchase Friends:
 Thrones, though they advance their Glory ne'er so
 Are but the Fears of Fear and Misery. [Exit]

S C E N E II.

Enter Parmenio and Lorenzo.

Par. In deep Security, my Lord,
 The Lady is at one Window courted;
 The King with *Florelia* and the Favourite
 Contriving of a Masque, which he must never see.

Lor. Which! he must never see.
 Oh thou dost hug my Fates;
 How I am ravish'd to think upon
 Ensuing Joys!

Parmenio, he's dead already.

Par. Six Hours ago, my Lord, you cannot think
 How much ado I had to keep my self
 From saying, and't shall please your Majesty,
 I'th' open presence to you:
 Methinks one while I see your Highness sit
 Like *Jupiter* in State,
 With all the petty Gods about you:
 And then again in a more temping Shape
 Than was the Shower of Gold,
 Lie in some *Danae's* Lap,
 More wanton than *Europa's* Bull;
 Another time with some great Train,
 As if you went to Battel,
 Rockt in a downy Coach, go take the Air,
 And have the thronging City
 Crowded into a Handful,
 Looking along to bless your Eyes,
 And striving who shall cry loudest,
 God bless your Majesty!

Lor. And all the while thou, like my *Ganimede*,
 Shalt taste *Ambrosia* with me, while the petty Gods
 Burst with repining at thy Happiness:

Thou

Thou shalt dispose of all, create, displace,
 Be call'd my Boy, revel and mask, what not?
 Oh for one half Year I will not speak unto the People,
 Take you that Office, keep that part for yours.
 Oh how I long for Night!
 Thou can'st not name the Pleasure
 Cou'd make time not tedious,
 Away unto thy Watch, and when the King's abed,
 Be here.

Par. I shall, my Lord,
 And't please your Majesty, I shall. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter the Queen, Bellamino her Favourite, Drollio and Attendants.

Bella. What is the Matter, Madam, that the Court
 Is in such Clouds to Night? The King
 Feigns Mirth and Freeness, but withal
 Flashes of Fury make Escapes.

Queen. 'Tis strange, my Lord, you shou'd not know.

Bella. Faith, Madam, I know nothing.

Queen. Troth not I, but I suspect:

The Clock no sooner struck, but all the Statesmen
 Started as if they had been to run a Race,
 And the King told me 'twere fit I took my Rest:
 There's something in't; but these Designs of State
 We Women know no more than our own Fate.
 To turn our Talk, Faith my Lord where lies
 That Beauty that so captivates you all?
 She has a graceful Garb, 'tis true.

Bella. Who, Madam, *Francelia*?

Oh she has a dainty Foot,
 And daintier Hand, an Eye round as a Globe
 And black as Jet, so full of Majesty and Life,
 That when it most denies it most invites.

Queen. These Parts she has indeed, but is here all?

Bella. All! Heav'n forbid:

Her Hair's so preciously fair and soft,

That

That were she fall'n into some River and
In Danger, one wou'd make a Conscience
To save her Life, for fear of spoiling it.

Her Lips are gently swell'd unto
Some blushing Cherry, that hath newly tasted
The Dew from Heav'n, and her Cheeks ———

Queen. Hold, hold my Lord, all this is Poetry,
A Painter cou'd not flatter more:
To my Eye now she is so slender,
She's scarce, I think, a Span about i'th' Middle.

Bella. Oh, Madam, you must think wise Nature
Of such rich Mould as she was framed
Wou'd make as little waste as cou'd be.

Queen. So, so,
What think you of the upper Part o'th' Nose then?
Does it not look as if it did give way
The Eyes shou'd shortly have an Interview?

Bella. You're too severe a Critick, Madam.
So good a Wit as yours cou'd make,
Where there were any, all blest Perfections.
After all, next to your Highness, I am resolv'd to think
She is the chiefest Beauty.

Queen. Not next to me, my Lord, now I am sure you
But it is too late too chide you for it. (flatter.
Good night ——— [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

Enter the King going to Bed, Cleonax, Lords and Attendants.

King. Good Night to all. Lord *Cleonax*, a Word in private; [Whisper.

Take away the Lights, and shut the Door. [Exeunt.

Enter Parmenio and Lorenzo.

Lor. Is the King gone to bed?

Par. An Hour ago, my Lord.

Lor. What if he shou'd not be asleep yet?

Par. No matter; e'er his Tongue can speak, our Swords
Shall kill: What though he calls us Traitors?

'Twill

'Twill be his last, and may be pardon'd.

Come, Sir, bravely on.

——— Fear's worse than Death,

You are Lord of all, or not of your own Breath.

Lor. Nay if I fear, may I not live.

Follow ———

[*The King calls out Treason! Old Cleonax rising to go out at the Door to call for help, is met by his Son, who took him for the King and kill'd him: Lorenzo is presently of set Purpose run through by Parmenio.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter the King in his Night-Gown, Lords and Attendants.

King. Trust me, most sad and strange!

A Flood of Grief beats at my Eyes for vent.

Poor Cleonax, I'm truly sorry for thee.

Lords. So are we all.

King. This Accident commands our Pity,

But what is done, is done:

Let it not be as yet divulg'd;

Remove the Corps, and let it be the Care

Of thee Florelia, to see his Burial

Honourable and private. ———

Good Thanks to all the rest.

Clarimont, stay you with me.

[*Exeunt.*]

The Traitor's dead by Parmenio; but you must know,

There's one yet lives within me, I love Clarimont.

Cla. That Passion of all others, Sir, Heav'n

Easily pardons;

He lives not sure, that loves not.

King. Ay, but my Love's not pure,

'Tis great not good, Clarimont,

I love Francelia.

Cla. Take heed of unchast Fires, great Sir,

They mischief, Sir; forget her:

Such Fits as these are ever cur'd like Agues,

But when they are most starved:

If you shall give them their desired Fuel

They'll

They'll not be quench'd with Ease, and it is ever seen
(Heav'n keep my Sovereign!)

The House they are bred in, feels them first and ever.

King. Clarimont, thou wert ne'er in Love;
Thou art Philosophical, and wou'dst have Reason
Guide where it was never yet Companion:
Thou shew'st thy want of Love;
But helpest not mine: Council is not too late,
It's like Smiths Water flung upon the Coals
Which more inflames, here ———
Thou twice hast sav'd my Life, if thou now speed'st;
Go to *Francelia*, and present
This Jewel to her, and withal my Love,

[*Gives him a Jewel.*]

Do't with thy best of Language and Respect.

Fair Means at first we'll use,

But foul shall come, if she the fair refuse:

Good night, and good Success.

Cla. Obedience is the best of what I am,

Your Will's my Law, Sir.

[*Exit King.*]

Clarimont solus.

Why then it be:

Was there no Women in the Court

To feed thy Lust with, but my Sister,

And none to be the Bawd but I?

Cou'dst thou not think of any other way

To express thy Greatness, but by doing me Wrong?

My Father's angry Ghost, I see

Is not full appeased yet:

[*Studies.*]

Why shou'd I make of Murther thus begun,

A Massacre? ———

He did my Father right in his Revenge;

Ay, but he wrong'd him first; and yet who knows

But it was Justice to attempt by Force?

The removal of great Favourites, though Enemies

To the State,

Is not so warrantable, ——— I'm in a Maze:

Something I'll do, but what I cannot tell,

I fear the worst, Lust never ended well.

[*Exit.*]

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Enter Francelia and Bellamino.

Fran. **F**IE, leave this Importunity, my Lord,
I shall yield else, by this Kifs I shall.

Bella. By this, and this, and this, thou shalt:
Heav'ns, what a Breath is here!

Thy Father fed on Musk and Amber
When he begot thee, sure; the wanton Air
Chaff'd by the hot Scents of *Arabick* Spices
Is nothing nigh so sweet; the *Ambrosia*
The Gods themselves were drunk with
Dwells on thy Lips.

Enter old Florelia.

Fran. Come, come, you flatter,
'Tis on yours, my Lord.

Bella. On mine! alas, Nature gave us the Prickles,
You the Roses, but meant that they shou'd grow together.
[*Kisses again.*]

Fran. So, so, what if the King or *Florelia* saw ye?

Bella. What if they did? I can fear nothing now
But Surfeits: Come, we lose time, my fairest,
Do we not? this is the Minute—— [Kisses her again.]

Old Flo. By Heav'n this is not fair, Madam.

Fran. Wonder strikes me dumb. [Exit.]

Old Flo. How does she kiss, Favourite?

Bella. Who, my Lord? (Hopes,

Old Flo. My Wife, my Lord: Draw, draw, or by all my
My Rage will make me turn a Murderer,

Bella. Not so easily—— [They fight.]

Old Flo. Let's breath: Why shou'd I do him right,
Who has done me such Wrong? or die for her
That will not live for me—— [Puts up.]

Go enjoy her—— [Offers to go out.]

Bella. Soft—— [Pulls him back.]

You have stoln a Secret here

That

That you must give again, or take my Life——draw.

Old Flo. Prithee disturb me not.

Bella. No, unless you promise never to disclose
What you have here discover'd,
This must be the Passage. [*Stands betwixt the Door and him.*

Old Flo. Hum! I will be mute, credit me,
I will not speak one Word. [*Offers to go out again.*

Bella. Nay—— [*Pulls him back.*
You must swear it too.

Old Flo. If I must, I must,——By Heav'n,
And by my Honour.——How tame a thing
A Cuckold is' [*Exit.*

Bella. 'Sdeath, why did I let him go?
We can no more subsist together
Than Fire and Water——
——One of us two must die;
And Charity tells me, better he than I.
But how? It is not for my Honour
To kill him basely—— [*Studies.*
Nor is it for hers to kill him otherwise;
The whole Court will guess the Quarrel.
If it be a Duel—— [*Studies again.*
It is decreed; no matter which way, so he fall:
Mine, in respect of hers, are no Respects at all. [*Exit.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Docodisapio and Drollio.

Doco. Abused! grossly abused! a base Affront,
Believe it, *Drollio*.

Drol. Why, what's the Matter, Signior?

Doco. Why, do you hear nothing?

Drol. No, why what shou'd it be?

Doco. *Pisaro* is the Man.

Drol. Fie, fie, it cannot be;
The State cou'd not commit so great an Oversight,
Neglect a Man of Merit for *Pisaro*, fie, fie!

Doco. Want of Judgment, *Drollio*;
An unlearned Council, I ever told you so,

Never

Never more Heads, nor never less Wit, believe't.

Drol. Say you so, Signior, that's hard:
What say you to *Diano*?

Doco. Alas, an ordinary Brain,
Talks and talks, it's true;
But speaks more than he is, believe't
Betwixt you and I, a meer Pratler.
There's *Falorio*; why, he cannot read his own Hand;
Vasquez cannot speak Sense without two Days
Premeditation; *Sillio*, *Vechio*, *Caronnio*,
All Stones in their Head ———

Drol. If I shou'd tell these Lords now, Signior,
What you say, it might cost an *Eareonso*.

Doco. Ay, why there's another Abuse i'th' State,
A Man shall have his Ears cut off for speaking
A Truth. A sick Government, *Drollio*.
And a weak one believ't; it never thrived
Since *Spain* and we grew so great.
There's a Mystery in that too, *Drollio*.

I will know all, before they have any more of my Mony.

Drol. Peace, Signior, the King. [Exeunt.
Enter the King, Queen, Lords, an Ambassador from Spain,
who has his Audience; after which the King goes out
talking with Fidelio, the rest follow. Then enter the
two Brothers, the Florellies, the Elder speak earnestly.

Old Flo. I prithee leave me, by all that's good
Thou can'st not know it, why shou'dst thou thus
In vain torment thy self and me. [They whisper.

Young Flo. Well, I guess, and 'tis enough. [Exit.

[The Elder Florelino goes out at another Door.

S C E N E III.

Enter Clarimont and Francelia.

Fran. Think not, good Sir, your elegant Inforcements
Can seduce my weaker Innocence; it's a Resolution
grounded,
And sooner shall the fixed Orbs be lifted off their Hinges,
Than I be moved to any Act

That

That bears the Name of foul:

You know the way you came, Sir.

Cla. Is this all the Respect the King shall have?
No, you wou'd do well to cloth his harsh Denial
In better Language.

Fran. You may please to say,
I owe my Life unto my Sovereign,
And shou'd be proud to pay it in
At any Warning, were it ne'er so short:
But for my Chastity, it doth so much concern another,
I can by no means part with it:
So fare you well, Sir —————

[*Exit.*

Cla. By Heav'n a Saint, no Woman!
Sure she was born o'th' Virtues of her Mother,
Not of her Nieces; the whole Sex
May come to be thought well of for her Sake.
I long to meet *Florelia*; my Joy is not compleat
'Till I have cured his Jealousies as well as mine. [*Exit.*

Enter Florelia and a Boy. [no being,

Flo. There was a time when Snakes and Adders had
When the poor infant World had no worse Reptiles
Than were the Melon and the Strawberry:
Then were the golden Times of Innocence,
There were no Kings then, nor lustful Peers,
No smooch'd-fac'd Favourites, nor no Cuckolds sure.
Oh! — how happy is that Man, whose humbler Thoughts
Kept him from Court, who never yet was taught
The glorious way unto Damnation;
Who never did aspire
Farther than the cool Shades of quiet Rest,
How have the Heav'ns his lower Wishes blest?
Sleep makes his Labour sweet, and Innocence
Does his mean Fortunes truly recompence:
He feels no hot Loves, nor no Palsie Fears,
No Fits of filthy Lusts, or of pale Jealousies:
He wants, it's true, our Cloaths, our Masks, our Diet,
And wants our Cares, our Fears, and our Disquiets.
But this is all but raving,
And does distemper more; I'll sleep:

[*Lies all along on the Ground.*

Boy, sing the Song I gave you.

B b

A

A Song to a Lute.

HAST thou seen the Down i'th' Air,
 When wanton Blasts have tost it;
 Or the Ships on the Sea,
 When ruder Waves have crost it?
 Hast thou markt the Crocodiles weeping;
 Or the Foxes Sleeping?
 Or hast view'd the Peacock in his Pride,
 Or the Dove by his Bride,
 When he courts for his Letchery?
 Oh so fickle, oh so vain, oh so false, so false is she!
 Good Boy leave me! [Boy exit.

Enter Clarimont.

Cla. How now, *Florelia*, melancholy?

Flo. No, I was studying, prithee resolve me
 Whether it be better to maintain
 A strong implicit Faith,
 That can by no means be oppress'd;
 Or falling to the Bottom at the first,
 Arm'd with Disdain and with Contemps, to scorn the worst?

Cla. This is a subtle one; but why studying about this?

Flo. Faith I wou'd find a good Receipt for the Head-ach.
 That's all. ———

Cla. Hum, I know now whereabouts you are;
 No more on't, I am come to clear those Doubts,
 Your Wife is chaste, chaste as the Turtle-Dove.

Flo. Ha, ha, ha!

Cla. Ha, why do you laugh? I know she is, 'tis not
 So many Hours, since I temped her with all my Eloquence,
 And for the King, yet found her cold as Ice.

Flo. Ha, ha, ha!

Cla. You do not well to tempt a Friend,
 You do forget, she is my Sister.

Flo. I wou'd I ne'er had known you had one.

Cla. You'll give a Reason now for this.

Flo. None.

Cla. By all that's good, since our dear Father left us,
 We are become his Scorn; look you, Sir, [Draws.
 I dare maintain it.

Flo.

Flo. But I dare not; put up, put up, young Man,
When thou hast known a Woman, thou wilt be tamer. [*Ex.*

Cl. Ha! what shou'd this mean?

I know he's valiant, wise, discreet; and what of that?
Passion, when it hath got the Bit, doth oft-times throw the
—— Rider.

—— Yet why shou'd I be peremptory?

She may, for ought I know, be yet unchaste
With some unworthy Groom. [*Studies.*

What if I stole into some Corner, and heard her at Confession
'Twou'd not be amiss ——

For Souls, at such a time, like Ships in Tempests
Throw out all they have. And now I think on't,

Her Trial shall be quick: Friend, I'll do thee right,

Come on't what will, she dies if she be right [*Exit.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Signior Multicarni the Poet, and two of the Actors.

Mul. Well, if there be no Remedy, one must act two
Rosselio shall be the Fool and the Lord, (Parts;
And *Tisso* the Citizen and the Cuckold.

1 *Act.* That cannot be, Signior, you know,
One still comes in, when the other goes out.

Mul. By *Jove*, 'tis true, let me see,
We'll contrive it, the Lord and the Usurer,
The Citizen and the Politician;
And sure they never were together,
But who shall act the honest Lawyer;
'Tis a hard part, that.

2 *Act.* And a tedious one,
It's admir'd you wou'd put it in Squire;
And 'tis against your own Rules,
To represent any thing on the Stage,
That cannot be. [*be honest?*

Mul. Why, dost think 'tis impossible for a Lawyer to

1 *Act.* As 'tis for a Lord Treasurer to be poor,
Or for a King not to be cozened.

There's little *Robin*, in debt within these three Years,
Grown Fat and full by Trade:

And then there's *Barockio*, an unknown Man,

Got it all by speaking loud and bawling:
Believe it, Signior, they have no more Conscience
Than an Inn-Keeper——

Mul. I grant you all this; an old Cook, and a good,
Will please all Palates:

There's that for the young Tapers of the Law;
Then there's a bawdy Jest or two
Extraordinary for the Ladies;
And when it comes to be acted in private,
I'll have a Jerk at the State
For the Country Gentleman: If it does not take,
My Masters, it lyes not upon me,
I have provided well;

And if the Stomach of the times be naught,
The Fault's not in the Meat, or in the Cook.

Come, let's find out *Lepido*

And dine at the *Mermaid*——

Come let us have one Rowse, my *Joves* in *Aristippus*
We shall conceive the better afterwards.

2 *Act.* Agreed, agreed—— [Exeunt Singing.]

Come, come away, to the Tavern I say,

For now at home is washing Day:

Leave your prittle, prattle, let's have a Pottle,

We are not so wise as Aristotle.

S C E N E V.

Enter Clarimont and Florelia.

Cla. By Heav'n she's false, false as the Tears of Crocodiles,
Or what is yet more feign'd: I do confess,
Your pardon, *Florelia*, come pray your Pardon,
Perchance I may deserve it.

Flo. You have it, so has she; wou'd Heav'n wou'd
Do it as easily as I.

Cla. Heav'n cannot do so foul an Act,
She has oh, she has done too much!
And shou'd not I see Justice done,
The Gods wou'd punish me. Brother, clear up,
The World shall not be one Day elder
E'er I see thy Injuries revenged:
This Night the King will revel
And be gamefome; he will change Beds with thee,

Deny him not, and leave the rest to me.

Flo. Thy Youth I see doth put thee on too fast,
Thou hast too much of Passion, gentle Brother:
Think'st thou the Death of a poor lustful King
Or Peer can give me ease?

No, for if it cou'd, my Hand durst go as far that way
As thine ———

Had she been chaste, there had no Tempers been,
Or if there had, I had not thought it Sin!

Draw not thy Sword at all, I do beseech thee,
'Twill not deserve one Drop of noble Blood;
Forget it, do, for my sake ———

Cla. May Heav'n forget me then!
Where is the Courage of thy House become?

When didst thou cease to be thy self?

Shall two brave Families be wrong'd,
Most basely wrong'd, ———

And shall we tamely like Philosophers
Dispute it without Reasons

First may I live the Scorn of all the World,
Then die forgotten, ——— No, no,

Were there as many Actors in thy Wrong,
As does the vast Stage of the World now bear,
Not one shou'd 'scape my Rage, I and my Ghost
Wou'd persecute them all.

By all our Ties of Love, of Brother, Friend,
By what thou holdst most dear, I do conjure thee
To leave this Work to me;

And if e'er thou canst think
That I present thee not a full Revenge,
Than take it out on me.

Flo. Thy Zeal hath overcome me,
What wou'dst thou have me do?

Cla. Nothing but this; obey the King in all
He shall desire, and let your Servants be at my dispose
This Night; one of your faithfullest Confidants
Send hither presently.

Flo. Well I shall, but what you'll do, Heav'n knows,
I know not, nor will I ———
It is enough that I, against my Will,

Am made a passive Instrument of ill.

Farewel. —

[Exit.]

Cla. So, there is but this,
The wanton King this Night thinks to embrace
My Sister; his Bed shall prove his Grave,
His own Favourite shall make it so:
I have perswaded him she yields,
And this Night doth expect him:
He, to make sure o'the Husband,
By my Advice, as if he did intend
Some Jest, means to change Lodgings
With wrong'd *Florelia*, the Favourite. — *Enter Petruchio.*
Oh *Petruchio*! welcome, you have other Cloaths.
These I thou'd borrow for a little while,
In Masking times Disguises are in Fashion?
I have a pretty Plot in Hand, and if it take,
'Twill be some Crowns in thy way.

Pet. I shall pray hard it may, Sir,
My Cloaths howsoever are at your Service.

Cla. And I at yours, *Petruchio*;
But you must be dumb
And secret now.

Pet. As any Statue, Sir,

Cla. Come then, let's about it.

[Exeunt.]

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Enter Lepido and Drollio.

Drol. A Rare Mask no doubt, who contriv'd it?

Lep. Marry he that says 'tis good, howsoe'er he
Signior *Multicarni*. (has made it,

Drol. Who, the Poet *Laureat*?

Lep. The same.

Drol. O then 'twere Blasphemy to speak against it:
What, are we full of *Cupids*?

Do we sail upon the vast, and resail,
And fetch the Mask from the Clouds?

Lep. Away Critick, thou never understoodst him.

Drol. Troth I confess it; but my Comfort is,
Others are troubled with the same Disease,

'Tis

'Tis Epedemical, *Lepido*, take't on my Word,
And so let's in, and see how things go forward. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Francelia sola, weeping.

Fran. Swell on my Griefs, and O ye gent'ler Tears
Drop still, and never cease to fall
'Till you become a boundless Ocean;
Then drown the Source that sent you out, and hide
Francelia from her Husband's sight:
Her wronged Husband's:
Oh cou'd my *Florelia* but see
How all hot Flames within me are gone forth,
Sure he wou'd love again:
Yet sure he wou'd not: Heav'ns! how just you are,
And oh how wicked I am!
My Heart beats thick as if my end was nigh,
And wou'd it were! a better time Death
Cannot take; an Absolution I have had,
And have confest my unchaste Love
Unto my ghostly Father; my Peace is made above,
But here below——what mak'st thou here
Petruchio?—— [*Enter Clarimont like to Petruchio.*]

Cla. She weeps, the Whore repents perchance:
Madam, it is my Master's Pleasure that this Night
You keep your Chamber.

Fran. Thy Voice and Countenance are not the same,
They tell me that thy Master is displeased.

Cla. Madam, it may be so; but that to me
Is as unknown as is the Newfound World:
I am his Servant, and obey Commands.

Fran. And so am I, I prithee tell him so,
I will not stir.—— [*Exit.*]

Cla. How cunning is the Devil in a Woman's Shape!
He had almost again perswaded me
To have become her Brother. [*Enter a Servant.*]

Ser. *Petruchio*, the Favourite is lighted at the Door,
And asks to see my Lady.

Cla. My Lady is retir'd, where is he?
This to my Heart's desire falls out.

Enter

Enter Bellamino the Favourite.

Bella. Where's *Francelia*?

Cla. My Lord, she is not well,
And craves your Lordship's Pardon.

Bella. What, sick upon a Mask-Night,
And when the King sends for her!

Come, come, that must not be;

Which way is she? [*Clarimont steps to him and whispers.*

Bella. By Heav'n —

[*He starts.*

Cla. By Heav'n, nor will she ever see you more, if he —

Bella. I understand you, I am *Bellamino*;

If e'er he see the Morning,

I had decreed it, nor shou'd he have surviv'd

Three Days, had he been ne'er so silent:

This Night's his last, *Petruchio*,

This Arm shall make it so,

I will not trust my Brother with the Act.

Cla. Nobly resolv'd; but how, or where, my Lord?

Bella. No matter where, rather than fail,

I'll make the Presence-Chamber be

The Place of Execution.

Cla. Still nobly, but my Lord —

Bella. But again, *Petruchio*.

Cla. — And again, my Lord, why

Think you that *Petruchio*, when he is

Entrusted in a Business, will not see

It rightly done, and for his Lady's Honour?

You'll kill him, and in publick, then forsooth

When you're i'th' Saddle, all the Court shall cry

Francelia was weary of her Husband:

No, no, my Lady loves you well,

But loves her Honour too; and there are ways, I hope

To keep the one, and yet not loose the other:

Do not I know my Lady lyes alone,

And will feign her self sick this Night,

And all on purpose too? am not I to let you

Into her Chamber, and to give out, the Fact once done,

That he kill'd himself. —

AA

✓ —

Suckling, John

The works of Sir John Suckley containing his poëms, letters and plays

London 1709

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